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NATURE A PARABLE.

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NATURE A PARABLE:

A POEM,

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

BY THE

REV. JOHN BRANDE MORRIS, M.A.

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Like is nature unto Scripture,
Like too are things within to things without.
S. EPHREM. *adv. Scrut.* XXXV.

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PREFACE.

THE present work was originally undertaken as a relief from engagements of a more laborious kind. It struck me that in all writers not of the very driest class, there are some things of an imaginative hue, and that I might therefore not disadvantageously employ my leisure hours in correcting and chastening whatever amount of imaginative tendencies I had myself, by noticing things of the kind in the works of the Fathers. I went to them in this as in other respects with a desire to consult them as oracles, not to judge of them as authors. As for a *blind* reverence for them, I cannot believe that such a thing exists, or was ever even talked of except by such as were either ignorant of their writings, or, with some knowledge of these, made no effort to follow

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their stern holiness and patient gentleness. The graciousness of our LORD's promise reaches even to the effort to do His FATHER's Will[1].

I hope that whatever defects of style, or judgment, or doctrine, there may be in this work, I have throughout it expressed a conviction that stern living is the way to understand the subjects of which it makes a feeble attempt to treat. If in expressing that conviction I have any where seemed deficient in gentleness, I have little doubt myself that it is to be attributed to my own want of sternness to myself. Still any one may make an effort to attain the two, though he succeed but ill in attaining them.

Of the seeming childishness, then, of some of the interpretations of Scripture, or other things contained in this book, (if they are taken from the Fathers,) *we* have no right to form opinions until we live the strict lives of the Fathers. And as there are people about England who one trusts are moving in that direction, I humbly hope that the book may not be unacceptable to such persons. It is addressed to them, and not to other people: and the possession of leisure for studying

[1] St. John vii. 17, Ἐάν τις θέλῃ τὸ θέλημα Αὐτοῦ ποιεῖν, &c.

the Fathers, or the liability to do it as a duty, seems in some measure a call upon one to venture, in spite of one's own great deficiencies, the attempt so to direct one's studies as to supply the wants of people of that description. I have endeavoured, therefore, throughout the notes, to put together such passages as I thought would be acceptable to *them:* with them I have wished to sympathize, even when they are less hopeful about our prospects, than, at present, whether rightly or wrongly, I *feel* myself. But I have said enough of the general object of the book: I will only add to this, that it will bear marks in the structure of it of having been written at different ecclesiastical seasons, as having been my relief on Sundays and Saints Days from more laborious occupations. I may also do well to say, that as I had an ulterior purpose in attending to typology, that purpose has been the reason why I have not consulted modern works upon the subject, but almost exclusively ancient ones.

This premised, it may perhaps be not undesirable to say somewhat as to the subject-matter of the book, what it attempts to do, and upon what suppositions it is founded and regulated.

The whole subject, then, of the typical meaning of Nature, is but a continuation, or rather an instance and illustration, of the subject of Bp. Butler's Analogy. For assuming that the Church system and the system of Nature proceed from the same Author, there arises, upon the principles of that great divine, an immediate probability that there will be a similarity in the two. Thus the cleansing, and refreshing, and invigorating powers of water, are analogous to correlative powers of Baptism. For the other Sacrament we need no further statement of the analogy than that which we are familiar with in the Catechism. And the thing assumed in this book is, that such analogies are not accidental, but designed; and that the Church system will clear up the meaning of Nature in the same *way* that Christianity clears up the meaning of Prophecy. "Facilius Prophetiæ credas discipulus naturæ," said Tertullian.

But as a rude and imperfect Christianity will not fully explain many of the minutiæ of Prophecy, so neither will an imperfect Church clear up the minuter meaning of nature. Whether all branches of the Church have or have not their imperfections, it would not be my business to discuss: but that our own has its imperfections, is what

Bp. Andrewes allowed, and what all acquainted with the ancient Catholic system must feel, and some, very distressingly. Hence I have been sometimes led to regret the loss of those rites and ceremonies which served as antitypes to the types of nature. And some people will, I am afraid, think this undutiful: it may to these last be some palliation of what perhaps they judge too hastily of, to know that I have endeavoured in all cases to discourage seeking for a recovery of them, except by improving our own hearts by discipline, and so looking for a blessing upon our prayers. Still it seems desirable to make people long for things, that they may so seek them. It is well also to show others, if so be we may, that there are those who sympathize with them, and feel those losses which, perhaps, sometimes lead *them* to mistrust their present position. And let me venture again to suggest, what has been suggested by others, to such as complain of their feelings being shocked at startling positions and statements, that others are often shocked by them in another way, and yet try to bear in silence their brother's burdens—a duty which all ought to aim at performing, however hard it may be

sometimes to perceive the occasions where there is call for it.

Such, then, are the objects of this volume, and such seem to be the author's liabilities to be mistaken or objected to, in trying to execute them.

It may be further objected, that the great divine above referred to would by no means sanction the extension of the principle of analogy to the degree here assumed allowable; that, on the contrary, he discourages the use of imagination in religion, and calls it 'the author of all error.' Let me then proceed to consider this objection, with a view to show what has been my idea of the way in which that 'forward and delusive faculty' was to be regulated in treating of matters of so serious a kind.

Of course there are some things which come from one's own imagination in a work like the present; and it would be idle to pretend that one's own mind gave no colouring to what it took from other sources. The very notion of carrying out suggestions and filling up outlines would imply as much; and this has been done in several cases, only with a wish that they might be agreeable to the analogy of the faith. And the very

reference to such a rule will imply that there are some things which imagination may not deal with, as well as some with which it may. Now if we avail ourselves of an ancient division of all theological subjects into two classes, one comprising those which answer to the subjects of the σοφία of Aristotle, such as truths relating to eternal and immutable things, the doctrine of the Trinity or the like; the other, that which comprises subjects answering to those of φρόνησις, such as truths flowing from the economy of our salvation, through the Incarnation, and other things which take place in time; we may find this division not unserviceable for the present purpose. Imagination has no permission to meddle with the former, it would seem to me; for it deals with the '*forms* of things unknown,' and 'bodies them forth' and 'localizes' them; which, of course, such eternal Truths do not allow of without blasphemy. It is concerned, in my humble estimate, with things of time, such as the dealings of God towards us creatures of time are, the Sacraments for instance, or the miracles, which are both performed in time. Natural symbols, too, of eternal things, as being creatures of time, would come under its legitimate dominion. Thus I may by imagination help myself to

conceive processes in the mind of man, which is an image of the Ever-blessed Trinity, lawfully enough: but then the Truths relating to the Trinity are themselves fixed and tied to certain prescribed forms of words by the Church; they are the things assumed to be true, and I may not argue from the processes of the mind to arrive at them. Imagination may help in illustrating them, but it is faith and not imagination which apprehends them. And I think it will be found that the cautions to be met with in antiquity against the use of imagination, are directed against its interference with things which are *de fide*. While it leaves them to faith, it may be lawfully used in illustrating them from the things of time. It must keep to images, not pry into the realities of which they are the images. As, however, other things, e. g. the Sacraments, run up very much into these eternal verities, they will, of course, not allow of an unlimited use of imagination in regard to them. Nothing but an instinct, the result of long acquaintance with theology, can perhaps secure one perfectly from abuse of imagination in these cases also. Still there are certain recognised symbols of these and of other of God's dealings in time, with us beings of

time, which seem to be ground open to imagination. Thus if wheat be a type of the Eucharist, the secrecy and mysteriousness of the way in which it transmutes the soil into itself, might legitimately be dwelt upon, even though such dwelling upon it had not occurred in antiquity. And in some cases I am conscious that I have so dwelt upon the particulars of types, acknowledged to have a *general* resemblance to the antitype: but for the most part I have wished to repeat rather than to invent; to give the imaginations of holy men, not to frame any of my own. Whether or not I have succeeded in this wish, those more learned than I am, or ever hope to be, will be the best judges. My office is a humble one by this showing, and is, I fear, but poorly executed after all. All that I aim at is the excellence of him ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται. If, however, I shall have been so fortunate as to sow from those holy men seed not sown originally in this land, great indeed will be the reward that I shall reap, if, in the words of the great Butler, 'those virtuous beings interpose in any way in my behalf in any part of my duration.'

There are many remarks borrowed from friends, and much else in the course of the work, for which I am

indebted to them. I trust I am neither misjudging, in refraining from a more particular acknowledgment of them, nor selfish in hoping for a continuance of the kindness which prompted them.

EXETER COLLEGE,
St. Bartholomew's Eve.

ERRATA.

PAGE
66, line 504, *for* Winchester *read* Westminster
67, line 529, *for* eye *read* eyes
93, line 1277, *for* Brethren *read* Brotherhood
104, note 34, *for* of *read* if
156, line 23, *for* whose *read* and whose
174, line 556, *read* Fell audible, by wider faculty

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NATURE A PARABLE.

BOOK I.

INTRODUCTION.

ARGUMENT.

Prayer for aid from above through the ministry of good Angels. The meaning of nature plainest to the stern and lowly, and to such consoling and cheering: explained in some degree by Pagan rites, which, in spite of their being doctrines of devils, were yet overruled for good; and had ministers to tend them not wholly uninspired. Exceeding importance of regarding our knowledge of natural things as very partial. These natural things as well as the Law ministered by Angels, and a sort of succession. Reserve and mysteriousness of this dispensation. Knowledge, whether slowly or suddenly given, appears, from analogies between it and virtue, to be a Divine gift, and, as such, the refusal to live up to it visited upon heathens at their death with forebodings of punishment. Nature the Bible whence the ministers of Paganism might have proved their oral traditions. Means of reading and understanding that book to be found in tradition. Instances of this. Conclusion.

NATURE A PARABLE.

BOOK I.

Lord God Omnipotent, whose Throne is set
Amid the voices of unending song,
Known unto Thee are all Thy glorious works
From the Beginning, in Thy Bosom seen
Reflected by Thine Image, Thy dear Son,
Himself the measure [1] of Thee, creating all
In measure; by the Co-eternal Spirit
Search'd into from of old; Thou Triune God
Who, in the time of this Economy
Of visual image and frail substances,
Full often winnest man by deep surprise
To yearning struggles for a clearer glimpse
Of nature's mysteries, and at such an hour
Dost teach his spirit how th' encumbering chains
Of sense ere long shall clasp his frame no more:
To Thee, though fear-struck, yet in Thy mere Name
Finding a Tower of strong defence, I yield
The lowly thanksgiving of such poor love

As I may have, to consecrate weak powers
To Thy unwearying service and free yoke.
If any purity remain in me,
If aught of Thine be dwelling in me still,
Oh, with Thy Fire all-hallowing deign to light
The meagre offering, let its lambent flame
Wear out the stains contracted in this scene
Of lifelong struggling, while, by Angels view'd,
We in this lower world our warfare wage.
And may th' empyreal legions not unseen,
(For seen by signs alone can any spirit
Of man or Angel be, and sight to faith
Can only beckon,) whose unwearied love
May wield the host of Heaven[2], until man's heart,
Used to behold rebellion in himself
And creatures like himself, hath disbelieved
That aught but matter dead is seen to roll
In that harmonious order—lend their aid.
And if their ministry shall waft our souls
From this faint tracery of heavenly things
To scenes of holier rest, if not in vain
Antiquity hath hoarded a belief
In such like guidance, when it dream'd the stars
Were wisdom's treasurers, and instinct with life
As human bodies are, oh, may they help
To read and understand the writings strange
Upon the walls of this our dread abode;
If it be not unlawful to desire
A portion of the sight which may belong

To spiritual bodies e'en already sown
In this corruptible, and to retain
The scene, these glimpses flash about the soul!
But chiefly may I imitate their love
In speediest obedience unto God!
Man is then meet for revelations high
When most he hath obey'd; or when with awe
Most holy, most inspiring, he hath fed
On Angels' Food, or in its absence sad
Hath hunger'd long, until he seem to win
The blessing sever'd from its wonted Form;
Or if through God's high grace he hath prevail'd
On some neglectful soul due heed to give,
And hear in him his Lord, or touch'd a heart
Worn down with sorrow, by the influence soft
Of almsgiving or admonition stern,
Yet sympathizing, breathed thereon by Christ,
Through him unworthiest, thus to stir their joy;
Or if in sleepless nights of penitence,
And intercessions strong to imitate
Their secret office[3], he hath e'er prevail'd
To help the building of the spiritual House,
With increments to their blest vision known:
If aught that distant semblance bears to these
E'er cleanse a stain from off my feebler soul,
Then be the hour, when unto me may come
By Angel whisperings, tidings of hid things,
Which to our faith this world would gladly show,
Unless her sight wax'd dim amid the soils

Of this life's pilgrimage!
Yet, thanks to God,
That Penance oft hath given a tender heart,
Apt to receive, though not in glory full,
That impress of angelic joy, which thrills
By mystic sympathy from outward things,
The while the Ministers that do His Will
Sustain, in order'd courses, each their rites
And natural ceremonial, through sense
By such a heart beheld—as children see,
When from some wayward passion they recoil,
Their father's arms outstretch'd, and to th' embrace,
Half-trembling and half-daring, with faint smiles
Beaming through tears, with glances indirect,
Drawn from them by his distant looks of love,
Approach with slow and shame-retarded gait.
Nor was't without ordain'd coincidence
The Church, our watchful Mother, seal'd the Spring
For the 'dear feast of Lent,' that souls refined
By fast and almsgiving, might catch the signs
Of life returning o'er bland Nature's face
With humbled look, and in contrition's ear
Receive the gentle bidding of her sounds,
To rise through mourning to a wiser joy.
Yet will not Nature soothe a murmuring spirit
That seeks to find a pettish pleasantness
In a dislike of comfort; but to him,
Who with contrition sues it, is she near
With arguments of love, that may supply,

Though they create not, a contented heart.
Yea, if there be who hath with toil and pain
Earn'd him a way to hopes of working good,
And, on this close approach, hath hail'd the hour
As though within his hearing, when for him
A door effectual should open wide,
Where he, as bondsman in the House of God,
Should others lead along the narrow path
Of sterner living, showing in himself
What fragrant savour of a patient spirit
Blooms on the hidden Cross's thorn-set stem;—
Hath such an one beheld his hopes mow'd down
By unforeseen surprise and sudden gloom
Of accident—say, some unwitting child,
Or petty idiot, hath been the trumpeter
That sounded to his by-gone sins to arms;
So that, it seem'd, their host drave hotly on,
And fell'd the bravest of his hopes and joys;
Leaving his soul a dreary carnage-field,
Fill'd with the wailings of expiring bliss?
Meanwhile the bustling world still rudely holds
Its selfish course, and, harden'd in itself,
Sees not the beauty of his outward form
Consume away! as some dear friend would see,
And marvel, while as yet th' unselfish spirit
Hath shrunk from burdening friendship with the task
Of sharing ills 'tis powerless to assuage.
Hath any pain like this? Or hath he seen
His remnant hopes by thoughtless calumny

Laid low, and yet emboldened his whole man
To kneel, at this defrauding of his rights,
In prayer for those from whom he takes the wrong?
E'en in this desolation of the soul
Nature is not untongued with accents meek,
What time, escaping from the unseason'd mirth
Of this world's drunkards, he in sadness roams
Along some lonelier path; about are strew'd
Gentle forget-me-nots, to call to mind
The countless spirits who may interpose
In his behalf, and claim return of love:
The wild rose breathes its fragrancy abroad
As if 'twas made to cheer him, and the bell
That bows its head beneath the hawthorn row
Hath semblance of a brotherhood with him
Who under sorrow kneels in hidden prayer.
In every thing is nature, like a home
Fraught with the offices of sisters' ready love.
  For me, I own that in a joyless time,
Bereft of holiest privileges, torn
From friends and teachers, distant from the sound
Of daily Chapel-bell, or frequent Feast,
I learnt to summon forth from nature's stores
Remembrances of soothing mournfulness;
To aid my resignation at the loss
Of blessings now removed; to turn aside
From speculations vague, upon the cause
And motive of God's Providence with me,
At this new bending of the stream of life,

And cull the sweets that memory evermore
Doth plant upon its banks, and use the signs
The present gives for her to lean upon;
While she, as when a sister music plays,
Long intermitted, with the effect bestow'd
Upon the senses, blends accompaniment
Of joys, that now have moved themselves away.
Yet of a cheerful temperament possest,
I learnt to foster seeds of quiet love
For nature's beauties, by good Wordsworth first
Sown in me, which to water from the fount
Of ancient Christian wisdom I design'd;
Hoping, that what in him to disapprove
I was not forward, by that sacred lore
Might be amended; and with thoughts of one
Whose oral teaching touch'd me deeper far
With the unutterable thrill of gratitude.

Though others, then, may angrily arraign
At understanding's Gallio-judgment-seat
The choicest feelings, and in scorn condemn
Of fancifulness gladdest impulses,
Not, therefore, with a mind devoid of hope
To find some few who kindred use would make
Of this world's symbols, write I of the smiles
Which nature yields, responsive to the rays
Of the great bridegroom, when the heavenly powers
Seem vying, who shall look most gladsomely
On man; the while the forest-trees rejoice
Before their Lord, and every field and grove,

As doth a bride, their dewy pearls put on.
Then may the heart feel restless, till it find
Some object for its love, some sickly poor
To comfort or relieve: lone joy is sad,
It lacks the mirror of the grateful eye.
Might this have aught of sympathy with powers
Celestial, who the gladdening scene sustain
Unseen? Hath nature nothing like the smiles
Upon a dear friend's face with joy instinct,—
Joy that would call to kindred happiness
By such external signs of what within
The spirit feels and faintly prints thereon?
Or must we hold such impulses to be
Bare agitations of the bodily frame,
That through the animal spirits wend their way
By a circuitous conduit to the soul
That sits enthroned as did the Magian old,
Guarded by labyrinthine passages
Of intricate access from all without,
Who with tyrannic cautions hemm'd him in
From whatsoever cry the voice of woe,
Or the loud throbbings of a nation's heart
Would bring to loving monarchs, bent to watch
With a parental eye half-utter'd wants,
Prompt to concede, or resolute to nod
The anointed brow of kingly Majesty.
Say, rather, thrills of joy, through nature stamp'd
At once upon the soul, give sudden might
To feel some legion of the Seraph host

That serve our common Father marching by:
Methinks Aristo's son some deed had wrought
Of nobler virtue, such as struggles win
With trial or temptation, when he writ
Of that great host[4] which fabled Jupiter
Behind him drew: and purer minds alone
In nature always feel the presences
Of better Beings, who, kindling with the flame
That burst from Angel tongues when morning stars
The new Creation hail'd with shouts of joy,
Still order nature's blessings; such with love
For Him who made them have th' attendant love
For all His offspring, all the sons of God,
Angelic or baptized, and mix with joy
From natural blessings thoughts of love for these.
  Or if such musings are to be reproved,
Must we not think that Hell its wish attain'd
E'en to the full, that they who cozen'd men
In divers regions of the world to serve
The goods of nature with devout regards,
Taught men an *utter* lie? Should we not deem
That as the moral faculty remains
Incapable of mere depravity,
Forced for a while some mite of good to hold,
So never doth the intellect, on it
Depending for the sight of truth, embrace
Unmingled error, but with truth combined?
Through truth[5] alone hath error's self its being;
Truth is the vital spark which holds it still

In life, diseased, encumber'd, not extinct,
For then would error die and cease to be;
But as a branch, when sever'd from the Tree,
Still buds, retaining fragments of the life
It once enjoy'd, though now ordain'd to die;
So error, though to perish soon or live
In records only, still is stay'd by truth
The while it mingles with the crowds of men.
Though in the heathen's ceremonial
Satanic foresight studded [6] many a gem
From Prophecy's abundant treasury,
Yet over this Another's Foresight ruled,
And turn'd those gems, on Gentile men bestow'd,
As meed for worship done him, to a glass
Wherein, though shatter'd, shone the Love of God
To wiser hearts, expectant of a Light,
Who, in his own conceits, already took
The serpent, when his oracles, from caves
And murky snake-like hiding-holes, by God
Were quell'd, and all his kingdom made to shake
With sudden fall; whence, even in his fall,
He had the form of lightning sent from Heaven.
Mine be it, then, in heathen lore to trace
The lingering steps of Truth, and loathe the skill
Which, with disdainful arguing, shrewdly shows
Where man hath err'd, not where th' abiding force
Of innate good still won his soul to truth;
Amid the clouds of error, mine to find
Light's remanent conversings with the soul,

Not Satan's darkenings; to rejoice, indeed,
O'er every little tinge, whose flickering ray
Still gives its glistening to the thickening cloud,
As loath to leave a single mind unfed
By some soft influence of the quickening Beam.
Alas! to think in hours of sober awe,
By the dread Judgment's presence on us shed,
How this keen eye of love is waxing dim!
It is not in regard to heathen lay,
Or high philosophy alone, we wail
The absence of a willingness to see
Such signs of heavenly influence un-withdrawn;
But against Christians, who, alike with us,
Have the Succession and the Sacraments,
Proud have we been the ills alone to see,
Not loving to remember what remain'd
Of those true signs of purity within,
Of faith and holy deeds, and love retired.
Yes, O my brethren, we have been the Church
That boast ourselves far purer than the rest,
Yet have not that first principle—of love
Towards our enemies, if the name indeed
Does suit our brother Christians. Oh! sad thought
Of a religion which hath cast out love,
And with it godly fear, whose boasted faith
Doth nought but gainsay things invisible,
The Sacraments, and, that which gives them force,
The orders in Melchizedek's high line!
Well would it learn from even heathen page

To have firm faith, that even when unseen
Much truth *must* dwell within, and love and faith
Where'er the holy Sacraments abide.
Thou Mighty Sun of Truth, that hast of old
Thy rays untiring pour'd on each recess
Of heathen night, the human soul hast made,
Despite of Hell, the place where yet were heard
Some whisperings of Thee, constraining rites
Of Pagan worship, not to stray so far
Into the realms of darkness, but they caught
And handed down from earliest forefathers,
By secret lore, the waning lamp of Truth;
E'en as upon a day with gloomy clouds,
Pregnant with storms, in some Cathedral Church
The sinuous light will wrap with fainter beams
Shy oratories, or saints in niche retired,
(With haste that would befit the frighten'd wind,
When, with low howl, it skulks to mountain crags,)
And give to things a questionable air,
As though they were creations of a mist,
And not realities; so was it with those rites,
Solemnities which Nature's witness join'd
With hoar tradition to proclaim Divine,
Howe'er obscured.—Oh! Thou who, bursting forth
Amid the haze of legal ordinance,
Didst, by Thy word, besprinkle gleams of light
On things by Thee create; and ere the fall
Entail'd its full forgetfulness on man,
Didst speak unto the higher sense, the eye,

Of things invisible, by tainted souls
Unkenn'd, vouchsafe in pity to receive
My task for Thee, and for Thy praise design'd.
On me with Warmth and Light, oh! deign to come
With Warmth of that abiding Love, which skills
Alone, with priestly hand, to offer up
Whate'er of Light we have to bring to Thee.
Of Thee I sue for strength, too weak to ask
In such sort as were fit, of Thee the art
Of tracing Thee, and mysteries wrought by Thee
In nature's travails, and the secret ways
They whisper of beyond to faithful ears!
If Thou wilt cleanse my visual powers, Thou canst.
Much have I labour'd, yet am much unskill'd
In reverend stores, which, with chaste industry,
Should be explored, and by still thought review'd
Through daybreak's silence, or calm vigil seen,
Rabbinic lore, or Christian legend sweet,
Or history, with the lamp of prophecy
Survey'd intently, or the scholiast's tale.
For through them all the jealous stream of Truth
Hath carved its channel, and on dank-leaved shores
Left many a stealthy drop, that may remind
The wary downcast eye of that pure flood
Which gave them these for pearls and ornaments.
Moreover, (if the thought be not forbidden,)
To me the Almighty seemeth at all times,
In every clime and region of the world,
To have had inspired men, who, kindling bright

In fire enthusiastic, and strong love
For Truth's pure flame, drunk up the Light infused,
And sallied undismay'd into the camp
Of oldest secrecies, and bolder wax'd
By their own daring, and return'd to tell
Reports of prospects dimly seen from far,
In language dark and mystic, sheltering truth
From the unworthy gaze, and summoning powers
Of allegory planted in the mind
Forth from th' unconscious listener, powers these
Such as would open from the Sacred Law
To guileless Israelite new things to come,
And show'd to certain prophets of their own,
That Gentile rites had vestitures by Truth
Embroider'd, and had lips to speak of Him.
Such haply Plato was, who, in each stone,
And tree, and glistening herb, and modest flower,
Beheld Eternal Thoughts, which had devised
Their limber filaments and varied shapes
E'en from Eternity; in works of art
By men contrived, perceived a power that wrought
By order'd communings with Light Divine.
His was th' imagination undismay'd,
That having seen on its bold wanderings
Some ghostlike shape of truth, would dare to stand
And wrestle with it, till it yielded up
To reason's ear what message it was charged
To bear to other Beings, and compell'd
The struggling form to tell him somewhat more

Of things it knew but half and fear'd to speak.
Then, as it stalk'd away upon the surge
Of mystery, whose inarticulate wave
Foam'd round about it, he in scorn of self
Determinate plunged in, and long bore up
Upon the sapphire tide, till it retired
With murmurings shrill and long, that clearly told
That highest truth, the ignorance of man.

O blessed thought! that man, though he hath found
Inventions many, yet was not so form'd
As to behold, perforce, the things of sense
In boundaries imprisoning pent up,
Unlink'd to aught beyond, or worship self
With mind half-open'd, but with wider range
Can move, and find within the tear-watch'd flower
A pulse that throbs with mystery, and belongs
To some far-spreading system, bodied forth
In her own dark conceptions, and be glad.
For spite of science, pleased with what it knows,
The soul still pants for largeness unattain'd;
A pupil oft-times treatable to those
Who teach her how in humbleness to muse
On the chaste thought of conscious ignorance.
Not that the thirst for system in itself
Hath not a colouring, to humanity
In Paradise first given: 'tis a sign
Of longing to regain the plenitude
Of vision, which alone can satisfy
Man's vast capacities and nobler hopes.

Yet is there dignity in Childhood's faith,
Which Manhood's wisdom needs to keep alive,
A spirit of wondering simplicity,
That is delighted with a giant tale,
Or story of dwarf innocent, and lists
In a contented silence and deep awe.
He that hath lost the antitype of this
Needs teach his manhood lessons from a child.
But torturing nature's fairest gifts ourselves
To coarse utilities, and having lost
That spirit which Childhood typifies, we find
No types on earth of Heaven, and then admire
Ourselves, as though forsooth we were the age
Where wisdom took its birth with us to die.
But are there not on nature's glowing page
Some things reveal'd for man to marvel at,
As also in the scroll of heavenly lore
Which in the written word is treasured up?
Haply in each there lies full many a root
Which the small light in this estate vouchsafed
May keep alive, which from the Well of Light
In bright Eternity must water'd be,
And so unfold itself to man above,
As in those courts he grows, for ever grows
Towards the Infinity he cannot reach,
Which hides Itself the more it doth disclose
The treasures of all Wisdom in Itself [8].
Sweet then the days when Childhood's faith discern'd
That Heaven and earth at yonder hill were blent,

Prophetic intuition of the faith
Of him who hath indeed become a child,
And thus with open'd eye can realize
Those that be with him, all the witnesses,
Or saints departed, or the angel host.
Oh, blest be such! These Israelites indeed
Have in their dwellings light, while carnal men
Grope in the darkness of hard reasonings
On lifeless matter and extended space.
O Thou Incomprehensible! shall man
Presume to comprehend and understand
Thy glorious works, forgetful Whose they are,
Of Whom they speak? Oh, rather would I hold
That not Jerusalem alone, but all
On earth hath antitypes above in Heaven,
And all, the fruits of one wide-reaching Law.
The first Creation was a prophecy
Of that to come. Hence all created speaks
Of Thy beloved Bride, and all her ways.
Hence also is it, that hints sown up and down
Thy Spirit-inspired word, a little here,
And there a little, (*that* the blind may fall
And stumble, and be snaréd,) yet entrance
The soul that museth on that other book
Which men have nature named, and there can read
The creature's heaving groans and travailing hopes;
Yea, and from these as her apt standing-place
Shall hear a music for the inward ear,
And though the sound be transient, it shall leave

A lasting impress in the memory
Which he one day shall feel of ruling power
To chasten and subdue unsteady thoughts.
For hints like these admit him to a shrine
Which those upon obedience seldom set
Have never enter'd; and within that shrine
He hears a voice that echo often finds
On earth: as one who in a darksome grove
Beholds through openings, by a skilful hand
Laid bare, a vista of some spreading scene
Glowing and quivering in the fondling sun;
And as he gazes, haply kens his home,
With many a tree, the favourite of his youth,
By him distinguish'd gladly from afar.
So yearns the soul to list to nature's plaint,
Until she understand such mysteries
As once were swiftly learnt, ere man had left
His native Paradise, were minister'd
By herbs or beasts, in place of written words,
That Alphabet of Adam, whence perchance
Primeval hieroglyphics were derived,—
An art that, from the wreck of things preserved,
Taught late posterity symbolic signs [10],
Which as the vivid feeling for the drift
Of nature's whisperings died and died away,
At length from ancient shapes were rounded off,
And wore the carved appearance of trim art.
And though in handling nature's beauteous gifts,
The light, or heat, or stream, or waving tree,

A dulness like to *this* be now abroad;
Yet even now the company of Heaven
Seems not removed entirely from the sphere
Which sight is mistress of, but ready still
To greet that sight, were we but bold to live
In more congenial holiness with those
Commended as of imitable life
In each day's hallowed Prayer, to view
Their ritual of nature here on earth,
As counterpart of that in Heaven perform'd,
And so the Church's counterpart, to rise
Each morn with sterner thoughts, each night lie down
With the sweet sense that they had holy deeds
Become, to help us at the dreadful Day!
Oh slumber calm! that would such days succeed,
Meet for some vision of the night, some trance
Wherein the soul untainted by the sense
Should live and feel its tranquil energies
Commune with nature's LORD in secrecy!

Visions in ancient days a channel were
For powers of intuition into things
From sight removed, and this among the ways
Of Revelation foremost Job hath placed,
This gift of dreams. These too, in Christian times,
Were promised, and to holy men vouchsafed:
And if the chief prophetic history
Of the world's destinies, through Pagan king,
First shaped itself in dream, by Daniel
Interpreted, may not in heathen books

Full many a dream recorded dwell, which waits
For Christian Church, and those prophetic powers
She ever bears, before, in clearer phrase,
It shall disclose the meaning by it held?
When Xerxes loiter'd 'twixt resolve and doubt
Still unresolved, the honest courtier strove
To fix his judgment, and was fain to scorn
The dream which Christians easily believe
An interference swaying mightily
The doom of empires, though they fear to say
What place it takes in things divinely view'd,
And seen no more on human side alone.
As then the ways of nature dimly show
The ways of grace, as dreams are Prophecy,
In outline rough and awful, as the day
Of Christian Light gives each the colouring due,
And makes things apt for having shade or tinge
Significant, to have the shade indeed[11],
Soon as the Church, with Prophet's office charged,
By words of light from common things evokes
Power or bestow'd or latent; so for each
There is a Prophet (thus the poet's name
In holy writ appears): and as to all
All blessings come attracted by the Church
Towards our earth, so Wisdom through the Church
Descended into Pagan lore at first.
Moses from Egypt learnt, but Egypt's self
Was taught by him who with celestial wealth
Enrich'd the Egyptian senators,—himself

The type of Christ and Christian ministry.
And as the clearer light of Christian days
Is tended by Succession clearly known,
So the dim light of heathen mystery
Had poets for its prophets, not with oil
And hands imposed, (as were the Jewish seers
Created, who on Gibeah's balmy hill
Sang healing 'charms and knots' for humble hearts,)
Agglomerated into hallow'd guild,
And held of old to be th' interpreters
Who might decipher language now unknown,
Whereby th' inhabitants of Heaven's court
With men of earlier days more closely talk'd.
Hence was it that they spake in all their lays
Of Human Nature's intimations felt,
Which told a fallen state, a higher hoped.
And they as oft as in the general plaint
They sung their part, seem'd witness of a time
When joyous birds, whose movements with their own
They liken'd oft-times, and the other brutes
Whose passions they with gaze inquisitive
Observed and wielded deftly, not alone
Enjoy'd the privilege of world-wide speech [12],
And language unconfounded, but when men
Each other understood, and as the sons
Of one great household, knew each other's signs.
  Oh, sorrow for the change in Babel wrought,
The sin that weaken'd old Tradition's ties,
And made it hard of access, e'en in climes

But slightly separate, and rent the clue
Which it had given man wherewith to spell
The characters in nature's book of Love!
Sweet was the thought (if on its happier side
It be survey'd) which moved great Gregory
To teach the Church one tongue again to speak!
And strange that now that seems not possible!
Doubtless there is a Providence that sways
Men's wilful studies, and the linguist's skill
In new analyses of kindred tongues
Display'd, may haply pave the way for that
Its atheistic principles despise!
How oft in other climes the sacred tongue
For hallowing office is by those unknown
Who use its words! Oh, let us not be bold,
While thankful for *our* privilege, to deny
That this can be a dispensation wise
That hides from vulgar eyes the hallowing lore.
For not from Christians only that have fallen,
Whether in Asia, Rome, or Africa,
Was this so hidden; but in Persia's fanes,
In Italy and India, holy books
Call'd on the votary to take the yoke
Of toilsome, long endurance, ere they show'd
What now had grown too sacred to disclose
To those who cared not holy skill to buy
At cost of trouble. And though lore corrupt
It often was, yet still in part 'twas good,
And thus far circled in by shy reserve[13].

And from such treasuries of holier things,
Whether direct themselves they ask'd the seer,
Or through philosophers that skill obtain'd,
The poets drew of old and open'd out
" Somewhat of nature's depth and mysteries."
Yea, even as the ancient Prophecies,
Through fresh Tradition given on Sinai's hill,
The Gospel lay, on fallen man at first
Bestow'd, expanded, and in Love Divine
Uncoil'd the leaves of Mercy from the bud,
At Adam's sin upheaved, which from new sins
Drew nourishment, until the stem came up,
Like to that eastern flower which fathers plant
That children's children may behold the bloom,
Which drops its fragrant honey to the earth ;
Even so the poets often touch a fount
Of heavenly lore, which future bards rejoice
To channel through such lovely scenes as suit
Their tasteful fancy, precious images
Which they from earlier sources carry on.
Some great economy, some blended whole
Of parts compact, to their fidelity
Entrusted seems, and minds, for mystery
Disposed, its gain or failures view with awe,
Knowing that they were prophets of their own
Who lighten'd Gentiles with such flakes of Light
As Israel's Glory might to them impart.

Such thoughts as these might cross the mind of him,
Whoe'er amid staid contemplation's mood

Weigh'd in his heart the scheme (it is a scheme)
Of Pagan darkness, wink'd at by our God.
For though perhaps he deem it safest course
To shorten overprying eagerness
Upon such scheme incomprehensible,
Still thoughts like these may come amid the awe
Of this still contemplation unreproved [14].
Even as the Heavens on a starry night
Seem brooding, with the wings of mighty love,
Upon the silent darkness of the earth,
When suddenly a meteor passes on
Through half the firmament, and disappears
As though it pass'd again into the depth,
Th' unfathom'd depth of inner Heaven's courts.
Such are those musings upon heathen night,
Which leave upon the calm and placid thought
Dim apprehension that some Angel sped
Before the mind subdued, with high behest
From inmost Heaven, telling of God's ways,
And sowing as he pass'd, in looks devout,
Unquestioning wonder and obedient awe.
  Yet, since our age, untutor'd to explore
The vestiges of God upon the waves
Of heathenism, big of speech to admire
The noble works of reason uninspired,
Perverse to heathenize the word of Life
By rude comparisons with Pagan saws,
(The depth whereof that word alone can sound,)
Forgetful of the Light that lighteneth all,

(Plato shall rise against them in the day
Of judgment,) bears with peevish jealousy
Of inspiration claim'd for holy bards,
Me it befits (ere passing to declare
What thoughtful music nature hath within,
When tremblingly invited by the touch
Of those, who led by Revelation strive
To hear her speak) to hope that I may win
A hearing from the kindred few that find
Their GOD still present, and inspiring still
Whate'er of Truth to ancient times remain'd.
His is the right undoubted, when He wills,
To break upon the mind at once, and pierce
The clouds with sunbeams of immediate day!
His to rejoice the soul, embalm'd in death
By whoredom's aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon,
With sudden pardon, sudden strength to obey.
Yet these be not His wonted ways: He comes
Back into man by slow and soft access,
And trickles on the stony heart by drops,
And wears it down by sacred penance-tears.—
Such are His wonted courses; and could man
See at a glance the secrets of all hearts,
They might to such an one a rule become
Of universal prevalence.—Even souls
That, being wash'd, are hitherto unsoil'd,
He bringeth not at once to brightness *full*,
Without their toil and self-denial stern,
Poorness of spirit, by bold chastisement

Of self, in vigils and spare diet wrought,
Until desire perfection work at last,
Perfection yet securer than the joy
Baptismal perfectness to man conveys.
So also in the paths which Wisdom opes,
He helps us by degrees of prayer-won gains,
In the laborious track, while many a thought
Of noble depth from memory's tablet fades,
Which elsewhere consciousness may re-salute.
And though His aid in intellectual gifts
Steal on us (may I reverently say)
As in the moral sense, He could impart
At once His gifts, as sometime that of tongues,
Which now is won by patient industry,
The fruit of Babel's sin. Yet doubtless he
Who from his Mother Church to nations yet
In darkness sitting, Gospel tidings seeks
To publish, in the intellectual task
Of printing on his heart another's tongue,
Hath aidance slow from Him who at the first
Gave the Apostles utterance suddenly.
Oh, 'tis a fearful and a humbling thought
For those who pride themselves on learned stores,
If learning verily in every mind
Advanceth not without His silent aid,
Howe'er by man misused! and holiness
May minister to pride, and virtue's pile,
Built without hands, may crumble into sin
Through inattentive slackening of chaste fear.

In wisdom as in virtue He inspires
By His just measures. Sift thy rising doubts,
Find, if thou canst, a reason which shall prove
That knowledge is not leaning on His Staff
At every step she takes; and when thou seem'st
To have grasp'd objection suitable to wield
With ruinous might on this neglected truth,
Then try its edge on virtue, and be taught
How that which severs knowledge, if it could
Would sever virtue also from its Root;
A weapon powerless against them both,
Meet to be hung amid th' herétic arms
Of proud Pelagius: the shield alike
Of knowledge and of virtue he anoints:
Both lean on one Foundation—upon God.
What if the vigorous soul, whose energies
Are concentrated upon serving Him,
Enjoy at times a loftier flight of love,
And, borne upon the silver-feather'd wings
Of the mysterious Dove, a glimpse should catch
Of God's Almighty Mercy, and descend
To imitate towards his brother men
That mercy, which from strictest holiness
Flows ever fullest, not believed before
To kiss each other, till Almighty Truth
Wrought deeds of love, which he should imitate
By deeds of his, that pass the beaten track
In which the drudging worship of the world
Keeps such as heed not self-denial's calls

To take a wider range, inspiring deeds
Of an ungrudging hospitality,
Such as hath fitted Abraham to be host
Of all the spirits in the middle state,
Or charity's profusions strong to pay
The debt by sin incurr'd, or hunger bold,
To exchange for necessary rest in sleep
The Christian sabbath of unceasing prayer?
Doth not the intellect alike that dwells
'Mid patient study find her faculties
Are oft rewarded with surprising sights,
Discovery that suddenly illumes,
As if by chance, the spot whereon they fix'd
Their hardy gaze? And if a humble joy
Be aught of evidence that He was there,
The illuminating Spirit, then 'tis well,
Methinks, to give the honour unto Him
Who filled the son of Hur with Wisdom deep,
And on his workmanship engraved the lines
Whose awe by Prophets afterwards was loved.
Or when upon the sages' soaring mind
Light gush'd, and utterance gave of Gospel truths,
Though darkly gather'd from the store confused
Of hoar Tradition; or when Poets dear
Our bosoms rifle of their inward thoughts,
And throw before our very eyes the Truth
We only feel, or raise our weary souls
By balmy Music breathing purest scent
Of pleasure-grounds, wherein themselves have roam'd

For flowers of ancient Paradise, and man
Remind of higher state and ruin'd powers
That strive within towards recovery;
Did dingy chance present the poet's mind
With this unwonted thought? or was it not
Some inspiration, whose faint voice from far
Could touch a heart framed haply from the womb
On purer heathens heavenly dews to shed,
Imagination's gales of holier joy,
And scents which seem to unsubstantialize
The frame that from their freshening influence takes
Prophetic intimations of a life
Whose birth is after death, whose living powers,
In pre-existence now, first notions take,
Vague apprehensions and ideas of things,
Which the new Heavens and new Earth may call
To full-grown consciousness in clearer Light?
  Such may have been the prophets, who of old
In heathen realms were raised to help the just
Of every nation onwards to the world
Unseen, and if their lessons were uncouth
And hard to understand, from cumbrous tale,
Or ludicrous appendage, apt to invite
The mocker's sneer, unmindful of the truth
That lurk'd among them, still their fabled hell
Could not be scorn'd at leisure [15], when the grave
Gaped close at hand, and when th' all-anxious soul
Look'd back upon a life of wicked deeds,
And felt them all too true: nor did they fail

To administer the peace that innocence
Can bring at last to those who heard their words,
And chose the safer side. E'en Judah's seers
Would seem to use ridiculous adages
To hearts that had the strength of guilt to say
What the irreverent and scoffing tongue
Might utter in consistence with itself.
Such haply were their prophets! and to them
Truth was as Sarah to Abimelech:
They wish'd to love it as a wedded bride,
But God upon such times of ignorance
Yet wink'd, with awful and abiding sense,
Which, like appalling dream, forced from their hearts
Confession that they lack'd the bridal tie,
And could not make their spirits yield the fruit
Inwomb'd within them, 'till true Abraham's prayer
At last prevail'd, and from their barren souls
True Prophets drew the latent tendency
They had to speak of His beloved Church [16],
The sister, wife, and mother to Her Lord.
And like as they had prophets of their own,
So, too, they had a Bible in the world;
For as that Spirit garnishéd the world,
And with Life-giving Power (Tradition lisps
In heathen legend of such deeds of Love)
He brooded o'er the "callow principles,"
And is the Life that stays the Universe;
And therefore must the world, as clothed by Him
With life, address such accents to the eye

That looks with adoration towards Him,
The Maker and Sustainer of His Work,
As harmonize with what He doth reveal
In the inspired volume, since the world
Were likest to its Maker, very good
From very Good, and sin alone could dream
Of unimparting envy[17] holding back
Perfections in itself, which Law Divine,
In measure such as creatures could enjoy,
Forbad not to impart. But since the sight,
Though still possest of wider far domain
Than to the other senses is allow'd,
By Adam's fall impair'd, no more can read
The looks of nature, gladly must we now
Those lights regard, which in the firmament
Of holy Scripture set, shall steer our course
Through that more ancient record of His Love,
The spacious heaven, with legions vast of light,
If only through Tradition's telescope
We view what trespasses had else removed
From the scant field of man's still weaker sight
When at that firmament he looks with pride.
And of this loss of power to unlock the signs
Of nature, doth that Eastern fable tell,
Which to an evil spirit would ascribe
The being of matter, picturing thus the change
Wrought *in* the mind by Satan, who hath been
The father of this lie, wherein were sown
The tares of many a blighting heresy,

Which late and early grew among the wheat,
In Manichean or in Luther's days,
To manifest the approved. Nor lacks there trace
Of power to read the hieroglyphic book
Of nature even now. In furthest East
Its clearest footsteps may remain with those
Who by strange symbols long were separate,
Like a peculiar people, from the trade
And intercourse of thought with other lands.
And feebler vestiges among the race
Of uninventive Greeks, who borrow'd all
From Oriental wisdom, may be seen
By him who searches with the eye of love
For truth, among their grosser mysteries.
For what is nectar, or ambrosia,
Save a prophetic name of things to come
In Christian Feast, by great Melchizedek,
Himself unnumber'd in the chosen race,
Unto the Pagan world bequeath'd of yore?
What are the bodies of the gods, in whom
Celestial blood was running, but a glimpse
Of those who, being heirs of Heaven, are made
Partakers of the Godhead, by His Blood
Pour'd in their veins and quickening their flesh?
  The eye of man read glancingly of old
(This is my faith, if this be not forbidden
By aught that Holy Church of me requires,)
God's Will, upon Creation plainly writ,
On every flower as clearly as was seen

Upon the hyacinth the hero's name,
Or speaking from the rill, or uttering truth
By the bass ocean's awe-inspiring wave,
Or by the firmament with nightly voice
Declared, or in the wind, by Angel moved
Where'er he listeth, uttering mystic sounds.
Whether that sense of sight shall once belong
To th' incorruptible already sown
Within corruption, or more fitly suit
With creatures such as bow the knee above,
Still somewhat may survive, if it be nursed
By prayer, and deeds of love, and fastings stern,
Or night-long vigils, yearning for the time
When Jacob saw the Angel, or the Lord
Made by a look the hour of cock-crowing
Of hallow'd might lost vision to restore.
For now that man hath fallen, the moral powers
And intellectual energies required
Ere he can drink Tradition's holy stream,
Need rigorous bracing by severe degrees
Of discipline alone to be restored.
And whereas sight was once a sense which read
By intuition the Almighty's works,
It too in this dark age from faith to faith
By slow repulsive discipline must climb
The height of mental vision whence it fell:
Faith and deep thought both live on things unseen.
What are the seeds of knowledge, whether sown
In pre-existence, whether each that brought

Some new discovery (should I rather say
New revelation ?) to the eyes of men
To make life easier, had it stamp'd within
At birth, to be awaken'd in fit time
We know not, nor how much that might appear
Of human knowledge born, its cradle had
In primitive Tradition's stores reveal'd
At the Creation, stores which prophets knew,
And part bequeath'd us in the holy page
From mouth to mouth convey'd to each of these
From when the world began, and deeply drunk
By Eastern sages ; but in other climes
By justest measure given for man to tend
And foster, or to leave in want of care
And anxiously renew'd attentiveness,
Such care as mother on a child bestows,
Watching awhile, and coming back to watch,
Till it awakens into little smiles,
And tells its secret cravings with its eye.
If this be so, then even on the page
Of learned Pagan may we chance to find
Inspired fragments of the ancient Truth,
Which, if adroitly handled, soon would yield
A surface bright, from whence we may behold
Reflected Light gleam over nature's works,—
Fragments to which no place hath been assign'd
Among the treasured jewels, new and old,
Which in the Cabinet of Heavenly Truth,
For Christ's own Bride to open, have been stored.

For if all Wisdom emanate from Him
Who is the Word, who, moving[18] the whole world,
By it the Father's glory doth declare,
They haply may unwittingly have been
By Him commission'd treasurers of rays
Else unreflected, ministering to us,
Not to themselves, and glorifying Him,
Whose Providential Love from heathen writ
Chose what should rescued be, and what be lost,
Or buried in some tranquil monastery,
In His own time to be recall'd to light,
When as the children of His Church should need
Provoking by no-people to due rites,
Or prophecy expecting history's aid,
Such as perchance the Arab shall supply,
Should from its womb of symbols bring to birth
The destinies of kingdoms near their doom.
'Twas thus the Persian, turning toward the East[19],
Foreshadow'd worship due unto the Sun
Of Righteousness, observed by Christ's elect
Expectant of His Advent, and was charged
With mission to the Jewish race denied.
And why should light be unexpected now
Among the heathen, nurtured as they were
By Him? or why should Christians fail to see,
When aided by their bright Tradition's beams,
Some clue to nature's mysteries, found alone
In Pagan rites, if even among them
Types of the High Redeemer's deeds were set,

Cyrus, or him for whom all Athens mourn'd?
Indeed, had history's earlier annals kept
Traditions undefiled, these types had been
Gifted with speech less inarticulate
To herald His first advent: what remains
We gladly use, and seeds of earlier Truth
May be from darker rites of Pagan days
By spirits, illumined of the Word reveal'd,
Elicited, too excellent for them,
For us not uninstructive, rites replete
With promises unearthly after death.
Far less their wisdom, who would lore despise
By rabbins drawn from old prophetic schools,
That chose the balmy Gibeah for their home,
Where healing flowers typified themselves,
Or dwelt in Bethel's height, where grew of old
The Almond-tree, that sign of watchfulness;
Seeing that lore a holy lamp may tend
By Moses brought for minds to oral Law
Not obstinate, and handed on by those
In Moses' seat, and still not wholly dead,—
Lore, such as Anna heard and Simeon sought
To guide their footsteps to the Lord of all:
Such as in Christian page of holy saints
Was handed onward still, that humble hearts
Might, in the labyrinth of nature's types,
Be gladsome travellers, not without a clue.

Here then we pause: and willing would we learn
The voice of Wisdom, howsoe'er reveal'd,

Though chiefly seeking in the Christian sage
What she unto Tradition hath consign'd,
Whether from earliest time it have survived,
Or by the counterworking of the Church
In Heaven on that in Earth hath been reveal'd
More clearly, as her present storms required;
Whether it find a sanction in the page
Of holy Writ, or be for humbler hearts
In oral doctrine's lively treasury stored.
Should Heaven's blessing rest upon my work,
Then might a mind not undistinguishing
'Twixt truth and falsehood's colourings, be mine.
Meantime, amid the time which Heaven bestows
For self-denying toil, (and other cast
Of study cannot prosper,) like the bee
In industry from childhood taught to live,
It may be that I also, through my toil,
May gather sweets, to store for time to come,
Upon the Hills of sweetness: from the Hills
I look for help, from Doctors of the Church,
That House which is on seven pillars built,
Or Angels seven, by whom are marshall'd still
The Hosts that sway the powers which David saw
And call'd upon in sacred melody.

O, may Thy Light, whence help unto those Hills[20]
Doth only come, for me unclean of lips,
So gush upon Thy works, Thou Holy Sun,
As on some passage dark, as yet unsolved
By prayer and fasting, sacred music falls,

(With spell of power to end what they began,)
Inviting haply to the courts of God
Spirits that gather to the Saints on earth,
Such as the man who wist not where he was.
These, present, in communion mystical,
May, whispering to the soul in anthems high
Entranced, unriddle what before appear'd
Too hard, and knit with freshmade joints and bands
Our spirits, in sweet forgetfulness of life,
To dead relations living still to God.

NOTES

ON

BOOK I.

Note 1. p. 1.

Allusion is here made to a famous passage in Bp. Bull's Defensio Fidei Nicænæ. "A particulari ad universale transiens (S. Irenæus) obiter docet omnia universim mensurâ et ordine Deum fecisse, et nihil non mensum apud Deum esse. Hæc autem dum cogitat vir sanctus, mente subito quasi volatu in sublime evectâ (quod hujusmodi scriptoribus alias non raro accidit) videt Deum mensuræ et proportionis adeo amantem esse, ut neque Sibi Ipsi deesse Mensuram voluerit, quâ veluti circumscriberetur et contineretur Infinitas sua atque Immensitas. Quod confirmat hoc insigni et egregio Catholici cujusdam scriptoris dicto, Ipsum Immensum Patrem in Filio mensuratum: Mensura enim Patris Filius, quoniam et capit Eum." ii. 5. 34. p. 217, ed. Burton.

Note 2. p. 2.

It may be as well to state, in case such an impression should anywhere be created, that there has been no intention of adopting the theory of the unreality of matter, as held by some pantheists: any expressions which may seem to favour this theory must be taken as levelled at the assumption, so common among us, that we understand the nature of matter, and the consequent implicit rejection of such an idea as is contained in the words

"spiritual body." See Johnson's Unbloody Sacrifice, vol. i. p. 25. Nor again is it amiss, perhaps, with a view to being clear of countenancing the notion that Angels are the souls of the objects of nature, (and not the ministering spirits who go where they list, because their will never thwarts God's will,) to produce a passage of Licinianus in his letter to St. Gregory the Great:—"Satis miror (Hilarium) hominem doctissimum et sanctum, ut de stellis nænias Origenis transferret. Mihi, Sanctissime Pater, nullo pacto suaderi potest, ut credam astra cœli spiritus rationales quæ neque cum Angelis neque cum hominibus facta esse Scriptura Sancta declaret." In Grabe on the Clementines, v. § 16, who says, "astra animata esse pauci Patrum existimaverunt." There is a similar caution in Athanasius, de Incarn. cap. ii. v. fin.; and see Basil, Hex. iii. 9, and the Pref. of the Benedictine editor, § 23.

Note 3. p. 5.

Clemens Alex. Pæd. ii. § 79. *Μακάριοι οἱ ἐγρηγορότες εἰς αὐτὸν σφᾶς αὐτοὺς ἀπεικάζοντες ἀγγέλοις οὓς Ἐγρηγορότας καλοῦμεν.*

Note 4. p. 11.

In the Phædrus, § 56.

Note 5. p. 11.

Plato, Phileb. § 153. *ᾧ μὴ μίξομεν ἀλήθειαν οὐκ ἄν ποτε τοῦτ' ἀληθῶς γίγνοιτο οὐδ' ἂν γενόμενον εἴη.*

Note 6. p. 12.

See the note [h] on Tertullian's Apology, cap. 22. Oxf. Translation.

Note 7. p. 17.

Not that the thirst for system, &c. This thought is taken from Mochler's Symbolik, p. 68. 1. ii. 35. This way of finding in childhood's faith types of higher things, seems also to have struck an

authoress whom I value myself too highly not to notice the coincidence—Lady Flora Hastings, Poems, 12mo, p. 191.

Note 8. p. 18.

Grows, for ever grows. St. Irenæus has the following remarkable words, ii. 28. § 3. vol. i. p. 156, Massuet., which I give at length, because they anticipate that passage of Origen, which is cited by Bishop Butler (An. p. 6), and contains the sum and substance of his Analogy. *Εἰ δὲ ἐπὶ τῆς κτίσεως ἕνια μὲν ἀνάκειται τῷ Θεῷ, ἕνια δὲ καὶ εἰς γνῶσιν ἐλήλυθε τὴν ἡμετέραν, τί χάλεπον εἰ καὶ τῶν ἐν ταῖς γραφαῖς ζητουμένων, ὅλων τῶν γραφῶν πνευματικῶν οὐσῶν ἕνια μὲν ἐπιλύομεν κατὰ χάριν Θεοῦ, ἕνια δὲ ἀνακείσεται τῷ Θεῷ, καὶ οὐ μόνον αἰῶνι ἐν τῷ νυνὶ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῷ μέλλοντι ; ἵνα ἀεὶ μὲν ὁ Θεὸς διδάσκῃ, ἄνθρωπος δὲ διὰ παντὸς μανθάνῃ παρὰ Θεοῦ.* And in a like way St. Ephrem, adv. Scrutat. vol. iii. p. 9, speaks of the Angels as progressing in knowledge, in conformity with what St. Peter implies, 1 Ep. i. 12.

Note 9. p. 19.

Two passages of St. Austin, the one in his book de Trinitate, lib. xii. § 23, and the other in his Enarration on Ps. xli. § 9, were in my mind here. They are too long to be given so fully as to make them intelligible, but will amply repay perusal.

Note 10. p. 20.

The Bible speaks of Tubal-Cain and others as inventors of sundry arts before the flood, and Plato (de Legg. iii. 1) is followed by Aristotle (Metaph. lib. xi. 8.) in holding that many discoveries in the arts were relics of primeval discoveries brought again to light. Hence the supposition in the text may not be a *mere* fancy. It may be worth adding, that the names of the Hebrew letters are all significant of things which the forms of them more or less closely represent. See Ewald's Grammar.

Note 11. p. 22.

These words allude to a passage in Aristotle, de Anima, lib. iii.

c. 5, *τρόπον τινα τὸ φῶς ποιεῖ τὰ δυνάμει ὄντα χρώματα ἐνεργείᾳ χρώματα.*

Note 12. p. 23.

Allusion is here made to a curious passage from a Chinese author, given by a writer to whom I feel great obligations, Windischman, Philosophie im Fortgang der Weltgeschichte, vol. i. p. 224. "The voices of beasts are everywhere the same: the song of the birds is as it was in the first ages: man then must have deviated from the oneness of his language, seeing that each kingdom has its own, each province has a peculiar way of expression. Nature is one, reason is one, the beautiful is one [to all], so strange a confusion (Unordnung) is only deducible from some still greater confusion." This is perhaps the most striking piece of reasoning I am acquainted with in any heathen writer. The thoughts presently following are taken from St. Ephrem's commentary upon the passage in Genesis relating to the confusion of tongues.

Note 13. p. 24.

"Metaphors," says Lo-pie, "were not used by the ancients merely to adorn the style, but also by the dark, the deep, the concealed, to fix the earnest spirit upon the exalted doctrines whereof they discoursed, and on the other hand to scare away the superficial." Windischman, ibid. p. 358. This is what seems to have been effected in Christian and pagan times too by the language in which the holy books were, becoming an unknown tongue. One does not see how this marvellous dispensation of Providence can be made the subject of such reckless abuse as it often is, consistently with any belief that He orders all things, although it would also appear to be a manifest duty in Christian ministers to explain, to *all* willing to learn, the language of the ritual, otherwise it would not be understanded of the people who join in the service. I may refer the reader to Bp. Walton's Prol. p. 25, 26 (Dathe); Quatremere, Recherches sur l'Egypte, p. 38; Hoffman, Syr. Gramm. p. 88; Windisch. p. 608, for some proofs of the frequency of this dispensation in diverse nations.

NOTE 14. p. 26.

Unreproved. St. Clement of Alexandria, throughout his Stromaties, gives this view, as do several other Fathers. Hence I have said it may be held unreproved. See particularly Strom. v. 4. § 19.

NOTE 15. p. 31.

See a most instructive passage in Plato's Republic, i. § 5, beautifully translated by the editor of my translation of St. Chrysostom on the Romans, p. 140.

NOTE 16. p. 32.

"Videtur mihi quod Abimeleeh iste formam teneat studiosorum et sapientum mundi, qui philosophiæ operam dantes, tamen non intelligunt regulam pietatis, ut attingant; senserunt tamen Deum et Regem omnium. Isti ergo, quantum ad moralem philosophiam spectat, etiam purificato corde operam dedisse comprobantur; sed hanc non permisit Deus illos contingere, hæc enim gratia non per Abraham sed per Christum tradi gentibus parabatur." V. Bede in Gen. xxi., and see also St. Austin, c. Faust. xxii. 39, seqq.

NOTE 17. p. 33.

This is taken from Plato's Timæus, § 10.

NOTE 18. p. 37.

S. Athan. de Incarn. vi. § 24. *Τοῦ Υἱοῦ τὰ ὅλα τῶν ἐν τῇ κτίσει κινοῦντος καὶ δι' αὐτὰ γνωρίζοντος τὸν Πατέρα.*

NOTE 19. p. 37.

See the note on Tertullian's Apology, p. 16, and Abp. Potter on St. Clement, p. 857. It is worth remarking, that Mahomet argued (Sur. ii. 109. ed. Flügel.) that God was present everywhere, and therefore men might turn any way in prayer; afterwards, however, he found it convenient to direct men to look to Jerusalem and then to Mecca; see Maracci on the Coran, p. 49.

Note 20. p. 39.

This mystical interpretation of the word Hills seems quite a Catholic one, being found in several different parts of the Church. V. Origen in Josh. xxvi. 1. c. Cels. p. 253. Hilar. on Ps. cxxiv. August. on Ps. xxxv. 49, from whom more particularly the language of the text is taken :—"Auxilium tibi venit de montibus, quia Scripturæ per montes tibi ministratæ sunt, id est, per magnos prædicatores veritatis : sed noli in illis figere spem tuam. Audi quid dicat consequenter, &c."—a caution which he very often urges. Hence in Psalm xcv. we are also taught, that the Strength of the Hills is His also.

BOOK II.

THE GREATER LIGHT.

ARGUMENT.

Sunrise after a thunder-storm ; its joyousness best understood by the ascetic. The last words of David alluded to. Harbingers and events of sunrise typical of the rise of Christianity. Possibility that the fault is in the heart of those who have no sense for these types. Sun a type of Him who revealed the Holy Trinity ; specially in His healing powers. Cannot be looked at with safety to the eye. Mid-day and the other canonical hours dwelt upon at length. Clouds attendant on the Sun not without meaning, both as softening and as hiding his light. The influence of Jewish Saints over the material Sun, of what typical in Christian times The events of the ninth hour, and the light afforded to the other hemisphere by the sunset considered. Expectation of His coming again to Judgment.

BOOK II.

The thunder hath unfasten'd the soft spell
Of restful silence: and the ghastly flash
With wings of fear upon the murky earth
Is clapping, as would sentences of wrath
Upon a sinner's soul. Now many a one
In drowsy sleep enfolded wakes him up,
And the new flash unto the darkness calls
To tell the half-roused faculties what voice
From slumber summon'd them. It seems a thrill
Anticipative of the Son of Man
To judgment coming, which with urgent fear
Undoes the hopes of slumber—or the Fire
Which then shall cleanse the sin-struck penitent
That in those flashes gleams before the time.
As each lay down or burden'd or at ease
From conscience, stubborn shadow, which behind
The day-time's actions closely follows on,
So did he then awake; some unto shame
For wilful sins committed, some to feel
That night may typify the middle state,
For night with *it* hath kindred power to still
The conscience from such sins as during day

Through weakness have been done. And not alone
The body or the intellect through sleep
Is here repair'd, but moral faculties
Are of a will more resolute possest
At morning, than at even. And though sleep
Be gifted with such absolution-keys,
'Tis not for all that it will exercise
Its freshening powers: the murderer from his guilt
This merciful restorer ne'er absolves.
Whether to night this boon was therefore given,
Because in it the imprison'd spirits heard
The Preaching of their Saviour, and the deeps
And dragons [1] felt necessity of praise
Then pressing on them, or from other source
This mercy to the weakness of the flesh
Show'd sympathizing care, we need not seek.
But they who most have God's commandments kept,
Shall most, when waken'd out of nightly sleep,
Be present with Him, firm against the beck
Of Satan snatching at their energies,
To turn them to his service, ere as yet
They beneath fully-waken'd conscience stand
In marshall'd order. These may hear the storm
Undaunted straightway turning them to prayer.
But chiefly ready are the bolder few
Who, waking all the night by fast and prayer,
Prevent the enemy, when sowing tares:
Their chilly limbs have ceased to sensualize
The soul; for they in Thee, the Place of Prayer [2],

O! Holy Ghost, while kneeling, seem'd to join,
Thou Advocate! the unutterable plaint
Which Thou, who dost not slumber, dost not sleep,
For man, in man, dost make. These too be they
Who, when the storm is past, shall best salute
The type of Christ our Bridegroom taken away
By night, and through the hidden alms of prayer
Spending the Spirit's inexhausted gold,
Are clean to feel His Advent long before!
Oh! what a blissful sight a sunrise is
For eyes which, drawing from the Well of Life
Their Head, a fount of weeping have become
Of mediatorial tears, and hallow'd pain,
And suffering vicarious, through the Head
(Who waters is) availing for the sins
Of the frail daughter of the chosen land,
Eyes that have pass'd the night in lengthen'd prayer,
The voucher of true joyousness by day;
Or imitating Him who is the Sun
Of the new earth wherein already such
Be dwelling, ere His worldly counterpart
Be fully up in desert place, apart
From lazy slumberings of careless men,
Are weeping over brother-Christians' sins,
And in the womb of love with travail sore
Begetting earnest spirits,—for such eyes
A joyful thing it is to see the flakes
Of panting light play softly o'er the Hills,
Softly as Music from a mother's lips

By infants' love received, or Prophecy
'Expiring with the Saviour on its tongue.'
Such in the dreary winter of misfare
Shall oft remember how by Jacob taught
They for the sheep were mindful, while the drought
By day consumed their outward man, by night
Their limbs with cold were stiffen'd, and long prayer.
Such shall have fellowship with Judah's sons,
Who kept that watch by night, and while they feel
They are their brothers' keepers, shall not lack
The voice of heavenly melody to cheer
Their ample vigils. Them the unceasing song
Of Holy, Holy, Holy, evermore
Shall haunt, and Angels' ministry befriend
For blessings on Salvation's heirs obtain'd
By their strong crying. Foretaste shall be theirs
Of that chief blessing, which to those He finds
So doing, promised is. With this within
They shall behold the Bridegroom's antitype
Go forth, with wondrous joy and majesty,
Not visible to all men as to them.
They with the spell of mighty love to God
Led onward, ever in the storm may read
The words of warning, by the Sun be told
Of the eternal Easter-tide to come,
When love, by lasting hallelujahs fed,
No more shall need the preacher's warnings long,
But prayer and praise, whose friendship they on earth
Have courted most, shall open guerdon find.

Great was his love who longéd for the Courts
Whose Sun is God: the lowest mansion there
He better loved than unabiding tents
Where the ungodly hid their wedge of gold!
And therefore in his Psalms the royal Light
Of Love most brightly shines; such love as gives
Not only this frail body to be burn'd,
But putteth e'en the soul into the hand,
As ready *that* to lose, if deeds of love
To God require, and solemn curses need
A human voice to utter what shall make
The foe do quickly that he broods upon,
And from one sin unto another fall!
And as the Sun of Righteousness so shone
In him, as either withering power to wield
Or gentle fosterings for true penitents
To give, in each obediently inspired—
So chiefly did he see what precious things
The Sun to this world ministers, he chiefly sung
Of brightness after rain, when dewy drops
Hail in their bosom light which opens flowers
With healthy eagerness, and graceful mist
That glides along the modest valleys seems
A veil to hide them, as they laugh and sing
Beneath the Bridegroom's rays, whose very love
Thus bashful makes them. Soon the bended heads
That stoop'd beneath the shower shall gather strength
From those glad rays transmuting wondrously
The gracious rain to be refreshing sap

To stay their weariness. They so ordain'd
Have been to tell His power on such as hold
Baptismal moisture still! To rural priest
Oft hath it doubtless been a cheering sight
Which follow'd him, when as at early morn
He in his garden nurslings sprinkled o'er
With clinging water, ere the quickening rays
Fell on their tender frames; and chiefly those
Which with appliances of rustic art[3]
Were propp'd against the nightly violence
Of the uprooting wind, he visited—
For then he thought of that Eternal Sun
Which soon should open plants his Heavenly Sire
Had planted, which he water'd with his tears,
Or propp'd with alms supplying aid discreet
Against the blasts of earth-born discontent.
For him alike the breeze which now foretels
The coming of the glorious King of day
A spiritual language speaketh to the ear
Of inward faith: or gently playing breeze
Or rushing mighty wind one Spirit stirs.
And in the womb of morning (whence the dew
Of the Son's Birth) this may He signify,
That He could stir the Baptist in the womb
To joyous leaping at the near approach
Of the True Sun, and make the Voice proclaim
The Word which was, and is, and is to come,
Now silent in the chambers of the womb.
Yes, more than prophet was he who could speak,

Though yet unborn, of that great Light to come!
And haply they who with the purest eyes
Behold the gleams which tell that day is near
Have somewhat of his foresight wonderful,
And are themselves with senses new instinct,
Which to an inward system may belong,
A body meeter for such communings,
And at the day when He shall come again
To be upraised, and live in endless day.
The early Church from His clear shining morn
Awakening to the Spirit's choicest dew,
Saw with what symbols she should speak of Thee,
Thou mystic Bridegroom, and she hallow'd Light
As the best robe to clothe the mighty truths
Whereby she lived! The joy-enkindling Sun
Which God had set to rule the realm of day,
When unto Her, the Moon's chaste antitype,
He gave the light whereby She rules the night
Of this dark scene of trial, furnish'd Her
With images wherewith Her love could speak
Of truths she felt, all-glorious within,
From earliest childhood, and by help of these
Articulately spake when more mature [4]
She moved amid mankind. The Heavenly Host
Encamp'd around her, and the marshall'd stars
Exulting in their share of light beheld
New portions of th' eternal Heavens made
Apparent to them, by Her borrow'd Light—
Light borrow'd from that ever-during Sun,

Whose healing Wings o'erspread the youthful Church,
As did the Holy Dove's the nascent world.
He by that Comforter, One with Himself,
Still gathers to His Church the little flock
At the Creation drawn in outline vast,
But narrowing on, until the Son of Man
Faith, when He comes, on earth shall scarcely find.
  Methinks this thought too heavily weighs down
On those who hope to see again in bloom
Primeval Christianity on earth!
For centuries ago it did appal
The holy men of old, and now would light
Like to a curse upon the fig-tree signs
Of hoped-for restoration, and men's hearts
Have urgent need to ponder joyous signs
While withering grass and flowrets of the field
To Mourning's house of Wisdom still invite.
  Hail, then, the Sun! Restorer of the earth!
Not least of thy rich blessings do I deem
These fond memorials of the early Church!
For, as beneath thy healing rays we view
The enliven'd face of nature and each plant
That droop'd, obedient to thy magic call—
The cedar fit for Libanus which God
Hath planted, and the hyssop leaning lank
Over the crumbling wall, alike embraced
By fervent Sunlight's arm—and feel withal
The chastening coolness of the morning air
Such holy chill infusing, as a girl

Who by her throbbing mother's side should eat
Her first Communion, by new Wine made glad.
This when we see, what likeness could we wish
More vivid of that Bride rejoiced to hear
The Bridegroom's voice, and by Her fastings cool
For prayer, while He within Her ever dwelt,
Though taken from her, sparkled in Her dews,
Shone from Her little ones, as flowers set
In Paradise, whereon (if right the thought)
The Second Adam graciously might look,
The Mother of all living, the one Church
Might brood with joy. For then a childlike faith
Saw Heaven and Earth unite, saw Christians sit
In Heavenly places, though to carnal eyes
They seem'd on earth, and Angel comrades too,
That to a faith half-form'd appear'd to be
Trees of the wood, not brethren of men
Who walk'd along Her Way, which was indeed
The Way, before Whose Presence thronging came
Angels and Princedoms, by the Altar seen
To holy men of old[5]. Oh! blessed Church,
Things very excellent be said of Thee!

The spicy steams that by some hidden power
From Nature's bosom rise, what time the morn
Breathes into her the Breath of Life again,
And rouse her from the sepulchre of night,
Like pious Magdalenè and her peers
With spices laden at the break of day,
Are come to greet His earthly antitype.

The half-revealing beauty of the flowers
That only to each other so much show
Of their retiring treasures, as the dews
Need to reflect a thousand sunlit rays
Which they to others and to others still
Impart, as in a Eucharist of love;
The trees that from their fragrant burdens bow
And stoop at Heaven's blessing; each and all
Are living records of that ancient Faith,
Which, fearing to be seen of men, forewent
Its modesty in such wise as should draw
The rest to acts of Mercy,—of the men
Who bow'd in humble dread, the while they felt
Tremendous ministries bequeath'd to them:
Or like to such as in the outward man
With worthy fruits of penance bowing down,
In vigils and keen hunger stooping muse
On future almsgiving, and chide the past,
Inclining to the lowest child of Christ
The fruits, from Heaven's third height themselves have won.
See, too, how many a bud that underground
Was waiting to regale it with the scent
Of waters risen afresh, again unfolds
Its former splendours, and its stalk regreets
The ray of light with life, inspiring man
To thoughtful hopes,—how many a wither'd branch
Touch'd by the Sun, like Memnon's fabled Sphinx,
Joins in the universal song of joy!

Are these the bodies of the Saints which rose
And sprouted from Jerusalem[6] like grass
Upon the earth, as though they had obtain'd
The body that shall be before the time?
Oh! mighty mystery! hail ye boughs restored
To the True Vine engrafted on Himself!
The middle wall is broken, and the sides
Of one great House that fruitful Vine sustain.
Who were ye that arose, ye First-born few[7]?
Me shall the faded branch refresh'd, as morn
Is turning, if unblamed, of you remind!
Hence (I would ask), what means the Hebrew tale
That tells of life unbroken to the Sire
Of all the faithful, to his Sons, to him
Whose burial none beheld, and to the Priest
His Brother, and th' ascetic Man of God,
Who on the holy mount the Lord beheld?
What means that other legend which records
That rising from the dead in Palestine
Alone was possible? and holiest men,
When on the bed of sickness unto death
With deeper glance they read futurity,
Laid on posterity a charge to bear
Their bones to old Machpelah, there to wait
Until the cock should crow, not at the fall
Of willing Spirit, but at Flesh renew'd?
Say, did the Branches that arose to life
Yield to the souls yet separate a pledge
Of what the Sun of Righteousness can work

On those that seem'd to have enter'd through the gate
Of night and death, with leaves that moisture lack'd,
That shall not, when the Holy Sun is up,
So wither as the gardener supposed,
But from themselves have life and vigour drawn?

Or should we rather deem these wither'd boughs
A type of those who after a long night
Of penance are refresh'd by Light within
Uncoiling all their gentleness and joy,
And writing on their very looks and gait
Its overflowing fulness of fresh love?

Or if these signs seem speechless unto some,
Might they not wisely in their memories weigh
How upon earth our SUN from hints obscure
Drew into light the promises of bliss
From out of casual words, as man might dream,
To Moses spoken by the burning bush?
And are not they in measure and degree
Touch'd with the spirit of the Sadducees,
Who mock at such as fancy Holy Church
May have Traditions able to unlock
The meanings of the least expression writ
By Hand Divine in Nature's open page?

Nor let *us* proudly think that we may walk
Unblamed amid the symbols cast around
Our pathway here, but rather with rebuke
And self-reproach remind we each himself
How Satan coming on the festal day
With Angels to present himself to God,

Himself all blinded knew not where he was,
Until the appalling Voice shook out of him
The story of his hateful wanderings.
And if we see no meaning on the face
Of Nature stamp'd, it may be that our sight
Lacks bracing by ascetic chastisement,
Or, by wrong Creed distorted, will not see
How graciously memorials of Love
By Heaven's light are every where bestow'd.
At best we see but darkly, and this world
Is but a mirror to the eye of Faith,
On which eternal things by Sunlight cast
Pass on like shadows. Will the eye that throbs
With evil glance or foul imagining
So tranquil fix its gaze on little flowers,
Or trembling dew-drops, as to see the types
In true relations? May not some with shame
Recall the moments when some mighty chain
Of spiritual dependencies appear'd
Before the soul, but suddenly the shock
Of grovelling thoughts bedimm'd the glorious scene
Ere fully view'd, and lo! from memory's page
Vanish'd the record of its outline faint,
And wonderings if it shall regreet the soul,
And when or where, remain'd. For conscience pure
Is the sole vessel capable of truth
Celestial, which, when living in the soul
Abidingly, a clue to depths will be
Of Nature's mysteries as of Holy Writ.

Strange are the signatures of things create,
Which by the light that floweth from the Sun
To us are visible; though plant and stone
Possess its own, yet the material Sun
Is with highest witness charged for man
To read and muse devoutly evermore.
He in the Heavens finisheth with joy
His daily course, and carrieth unto all
Who look upon him, whether in the glade
Of coolest wood, or in the tiring street
Of city after Mammon whoring gone,
His light and gladness, telling evermore
Of wider sphere, and treasures hid in Heaven
Of wisdom and of knowledge yet unknown.
E'en so did Christ all knowledge give to man
Of Human Nature's bliss, of Sacraments
And channels of eternal life to flesh
And soul and spirit; and of wisdom too,
Of holiest wisdom, far above the realm
Of matter and finite subsistencies,
He spake to man!

Hail, then, thou heavenly light,
Who being light dost send forth light on me—
Light undivided from the father-light,
And heat not separate from either two
Therewith dost give! Oh! image wonderful,
That, weak and beggarly, dost still declare
The Nature of the Holy Trinity
Distinct in Persons, but in Nature one[8].

The Sun gives light, is light, and giveth heat;
The Sun is heat, and nothing from that heat
Is hidden—nothing by the Spirit of God
Unsearch'd remains. And Christ is Light of Light;
And wheresoe'er He cometh, with Him comes
The Holy Warmth of the abiding Dove.
For light and heat seem never uncombined,
Though haply it may need the chemist's skill
To search their presence out, and sometimes one
May to man's judgment be abiding still
Without the other; heat when light is gone,
Or light when heat, its presence doth not show;
Yet darkness often proves that heat with light
Is still united,—Tribulation tells
That still with Love abideth Light to guide
The penitent forlorn; who saith he sees
Through still-remaining sin the Spirit lacks.
And though men say the Sun is in the Heaven,
Yet may we also in the Sun on Earth[9]
Be walking; and the Son of God on Earth
Remains, though now in Heaven: as Son of Man
He was in Heaven, even when on Earth.
How joyous were the Sunlight to the soul,
If, every time it fell upon the eye,
We mused upon th' Eternal Light to shine
In Heaven's courts; which suiting to the strength
Of each one there His Brightness, shall to each
Throughout the Temple of the Lord be seen[10].
Meantime in this first Heaven still the Sun

His course renews, and day to day with speech
Is teeming, and in converse seems to live
With this our Earth; nor did the ancient Bard [11]
Amiss believe, that Sol with seeing eye
Survey'd the world, but also with an ear
This orb endued, as if therein he saw
A type of Him Who heareth e'en our thoughts,
While through our joints and marrow He doth pierce.
Still at each morn, whene'er the Sun is bright,
He, as his Antitype, with mercy blends
Judgment upon such plants as are bereft
Of vital moisture, yet of mercy here
He speaketh most. Oh! often have I felt
Unutterable throngs of moving thoughts,
When gazing down upon a scene that lay
Beneath me in the new-born Sun—it seem'd
One mass of life, and Earth's wide bosom swell'd
As though her bridal hour were scarce gone by;
And she a look possess'd, which they may know
Who have beheld a child, when, fresh from sleep,
With lips of artless modesty and joy,
It lisps a pretty hymn, not understood
By its own self, but duteously learnt
In simple faith:—or they who shall observe
A holy man come from Cathedral Church,
Where Creeds by them more fully understood,
Were sung for Principalities and Powers.
Thus lovely seems th' expression Nature wore
At solemn daybreak: though the Sun was up,

And travelling slowly from his mountain bed,
She yet retain'd her freshness, and the air
Was still uncloyed by the din of art,
And all its gross remembrances as yet
Disquieted not the blithe man's countenance,
Who, risen haply from his ancient books,
Was pensively unfolding in himself
Some gently-woven musings on the Sun,
Whose healthy beam his quivering eyes beheld.
And in its lustre, shrouded by a mist,
He deem'd he saw the Son of Man's own Sign,
A shape the full blaze, struggling to disperse
The haze around, had chosen for itself.
Such sign as anciently to him appear'd,
Who first protected from the rude assault
Of heathen violence the mighty Church.
For like a Cross the impeded Sun appear'd
Amid the clouds: as they that used of old
The Alchemist's curious arts, a shining cross
Saw by the furnace—and as certain guide
To change mysterious from baser earth
That sparkling sign believed—so might one hold
This Cross a harbinger of golden day
Transmuting all the lower things of earth
To mirrors, where His Majesty should shine,
Imparting healthy energy to all.
'Twas so, before the inductive arguers
Had chill'd good men's belief, our ancestors
Sought from the benefit of royal touch [12]

The cure of rueful maladies, and found,
As seeking faith doth ever find, in him
Who was the anointed deputy of Christ,
Some portions of the great Physician's might.
And as of old, when visibly He dwelt
Among mankind, the faith which leant on sight
Was so rewarded, even then that faith,
Which could believe His Presence with the hand
Of consecrated majesty, enjoy'd
The healing from that Presence going forth
E'en from the skirts of His pervasive Light.
Such faith, (for I would fain my skill forget
Did I not joyously to thee return,
Thou Mother of us all,) such simple faith
Indwelling long that holy Bride empower'd
Her miracles to work: her martyrs' bones
Were mighty to the soul of faith subdued.
And he who first the healing gift possess'd
Doth by his present bones still consecrate
The stately pile of Winchester, his vest
Still hallows those that lack his healing power.
What wonder, if the bones of Israel's saint,
Though not as yet with Christ incorporate,
Such power obtain'd, that Christian bones dispel
Satanic energies, and add a sacred awe
To Temples where they lay beside of Him,
Whose Presence help'd the fat upon the earth,
And those beneath the dust with joy fulfilled.

But now, alas! our foolish eyes would try

To gaze at once upon the Sun Himself,
Untractable of spirit to behold
That Brightness in the Saints, from whence alone
Their garments glisten, or in holy Stream
Apparent still, or gleaming through the Veil
Of the tremendous Sacrifice, where once
Our fathers in the faith, their risen Lord
Beholding, young with Eagle-lustiness
Around the Body gather'd and renew'd
In strength within, with eyes enlighten'd dared
To soar again towards His Majesty!
Oh! that we lawfully may strive to reach
The height of heavenly place, wherein the Font
Had seated us, by hunger and by thirst
Our Sacramental Righteousness to gain!
What marvel, that the eye of men that spurn
The twilight of hard discipline are dull
To see Who hides Him in the Eucharist,
And thence from every eye the penance tears
Doth wipe away, the while the entire man,
The spirit, soul and body, humbled say
This is our God; we waited, Lord, for Thee!
But who can rush in ecstasy of faith
That is no faith, undazzled, to the sight
Of their dread Judge, despising gracious veils
Which He hath interposed, thereby to take
The covering off all nations, lest they see
God in the flesh, and die—say, who unblamed
Can so upon Him gaze, nor blinded be!

Ill fare the people, who the glorious sight
Which at the Altar by the Spirit to us
God hath reveal'd, believe not! but believe
That they have faith His glory to behold
Apart from hallowing symbols present there.
Must we not dread lest haply upon these
Some stern anathema, some arrow sharp
Should light at last from God's own bended bow
By ancient Bishops at a venture drawn?
E'en as of old when Magian Simon sought
Himself in air to lift, the Apostle's words
With headlong ruin hurl'd him to his place [15].
Him shall the Righteous, ever glad of fear,
As warning use, and while they shun device
Of man's invention and the enchanters' arts
To lift them to the Sun, shall turn to those
From whom those arts their name and being took;
Of them shall learn that from the mystic Sun
Light unto those, who had not heard His Name,
More plentiful was given, while from him
Who scorn'd the brighter Light was snatch'd away
E'en that he had. For of the Gentile host
They first who worshipped Heaven's greater light
Beheld the Light which rose to lighten them:
They with their gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,
Reprove the heathen heart that deems the Church
Wrought gold for clothing needs not, frankincense
With hint symbolic on her altar lit
Despiseth, and the bitterness of myrrh

And hallow'd pain neglecteth evermore!
Have we that scorn the supernatural side
Of witchcraft and enchantment, not retain'd
The devilish part thereof? Is avarice
As well as sorcery amid the appalling list
Of fleshly lusts or no? We have the bag,
Are careful for the poor and houses build
To imprison them; but Christ, His Ministers,
And the majestic Altar where He lay,
Is left all unadorn'd! as if the heart
That on the outward House above its power
Once lavish'd richest gifts, upon the poor
With face averted look'd! As if the stone
That in the living Temple own'd its place
Would chill in feeling for those other stones
Which with itself were fitly framed and join'd
In one united House for suffering pain
Together with the Master! Who would build
The span continuate of the Gothic arch
And rear the roof majestically wrought
For purpled light and hallelujah deep
To linger there, that through the cool domain,
(What time the priest the blessing shall pronounce
For those, who for the sick and poor provide,
In the dread Day of trouble) might resound
Memorial of a backward love to these?
Oh! join ye fathers with me, that with love
Unutter'd have beheld your children dear
Wrapp'd into prayer beneath the quiet arch

And crossing mullions, while the anthems loud
With archangelic notes their voices blend,
And all the multitude of Heaven's host
Were present hymning the Eternal THREE
Of Majesty Coequal. And may rest
And place of pardon granted be to all
That rear'd these glorious shrines and sacred towers.
And may their prayers be with us to inspire
Like offices on earth, till we shall learn,
By often communing with them, to share
Through kindred deeds with them the heavenly Realm.
  Of all the sweet remembrances that cheer
Life's weary course, one sacred tower of those
A special joy hath given, where on the day
The blended witnesses together come[14]
Before our gratitude, to GOD Triune
An ancient hymn amid the morning scents
Its own sweet savour mingles—'Tis the tower
To that ensample of true penitents
Devoted, who her spices at the morn
Was bringing to the Risen Sun of Love.
Oh! may that tower live (as one within)
To see the spirit of its youth return.
And from its height may many a sacred place
To sterner ways and strict devotion given
Be visible, and yonder hallow'd spire,
The other Mary, see the Lord of Light
Rise from the sepulchre of carnal hearts
Not reprobate indeed, though sentence harsh

Of judgment premature such language speak.
And while the city wholly given *seems*
To pagan learning, may the holier lore
At least divide the throne, and while we speak
Of honour Grecia's sons to Phœbus gave,
May notice follow of methodic skill
Whereby the Foe in dim relief hath raised
Upon his idol temple figures wrought
With shadowy resemblance to the Truth,
Enough to satisfy the thoughtless heart
That hath no yearning after fuller Joy.
For thus Satanic skill (whose pestilence
By darkness walking to the soul bewrays
How he must spread the baneful plague of sin
Unless the Christian censer stay its rage)
Hath ever temper'd with so plastic art
The lines of light and darkness, that the eyes
To caution are not startled by a change
Inflicted suddenly; and things instinct
With Christian prophecies were chosen first
Upon its hellward course the blinded heart
To draw aside to more debasing rites,
Wherewith he ravish'd those whom he had drawn
Into the meshes of his artful net.

But those who loved His coming when He came,
Christ did not burn, for with the root of love
Capacities for nourishment abode [15]
Within their hearts, and rites of pagan night
Had been to them the harbingers of Day.

And as nor morn to them nor evening star
So wondrous was as God's own Counsellor,
Whom they as Righteousness beheld from far;
So when He rose, with healing in His wings
Far deeper than Apollo's fabled art
Could e'er bestow, for every humble soul
He rose and chased the darkness far away.
Nor was it Magians only that preserved
By worship of the outward Sun an eye
For Truth's internal Light, but earlier days
Saw in the Kenite's ancestor a type
Of such as hastened to the risen Sun.
For Madian's priest and king the host of heaven
Alike with Abraham's sire devoutly served:
And he, (if rightly we may guess our way)
Thus handing onward ancienter belief,
Of duteous observation for the creed
Of those before him, to his children taught
The lesson by example; and when they
Who should as ruddy Nazarites have been
A Sunlight and a battlement of strength
To all their kinsmen, fail'd, then Jethro's race
Rebuked the Jews by stern obedience
To Jonadab's command. The Indian sage
Who humm'd the sacred Gayatri [17] in praise
Of Surya's light, had kindred stores preserved
Of knowledge reverend, by which his soul
Might dwell among the essences of things,
And shadows flung from the eternal Sun

Though yet unused as guidance to the Son
Were in their older sages' mouth replete
With meaning which might speak of things to come,
The shadows which we see, who still in Heaven
Expect hereafter the substantial Day.
And even such in dim or clearer light
The natural Sun affords us when at morn
He scatters shades that with their solemn joy
The buoyant heart of the industrious man
With larger expectations often fill
Of shadows soon more clearly to be seen
In those unearthly mixtures of faint light
With glowing darkness, which a mid-day cloud
Throws on the Hills, as did Elijah throw
The Prophet's mantle on Elisha's frame.
Those morning beams and shadows seem to tell
Of Light and Love in Jewish Sacrifice
Through outward symbol unto man convey'd
In feeble measure [18], which have disappear'd
Now that the Sun in fuller glory shines.
  Yet since the coming of the Power of God
In flesh reveal'd, a shadow only is
Of what shall be, and is, and ever was,
We underneath this shadow hope to dwell.
The Christian Sacrifice more aptly forms
The Antitype of noonday shades with light
In them and round them beaming from the Hills
The Apostles' successors, from whence our help.
Well may that hour the mystic veil pourtray

In which the Bread of Life Himself enshrines,
And, present there as Priest and Sacrifice
With rite memorial which stumbling feet
From falling stay, He keepeth evermore
Both soul and body of His weary sheep.
And men of old this hour have canonized
For order'd prayer, that gently falling shades
From the eternal sabbath-light of Heaven
Cast on the mournful sinner's kneeling soul [19]
Might knit his heart in acceptable time
To God His Saviour.
Even heathen bards [20]
This as the resting-time for all the gods
By no unreasoning instinct have described
In poesy profane. For as at morn
When the Sun riseth and the Beasts at once
In lieu of wandering up and down the earth
With devilish hunger prowling to and fro
About the City seeking human prey,
Then get them to their dens of hell and woe,
With mighty awe the risen Sun behold,
And tremble and believe his prophecies
Of Sun sometime to scorch them; and as they
Were in the idols which the heathen served,
Well might they teach that mid-day, when the Sun
Was at his height of glory, quiet gave
From their accursed influence. 'Twas at noon
Elijah mock'd the idol worshippers,
And they in madness cut to Baal's name

The flesh which should be hallow'd for the Lord.
He in whose Spirit came the ascetic John
Might in the womb of things have also felt
Prophetic throbs of joy for that great hour
When devils trembled at the approaching song
Of Victory to be sung by Angel tongues;
When his unfetter'd spirit should salute
The sons of Death through Jesus now at length
From sunder'd bars of iron bursting free.
And at this hour when furious in his zeal
The persecuting Saul was travelling on
To hinder Thy Dominion, then from Heaven
Thy Presence shone on him, and Thou the Head
In all things to the Church didst then declare
Thy mystic Union with Her[21], and the time
Again by that victorious Presence mark'd
Became a holy hour for men to feel
Thy Eucharistic Presence, and to eat
Of the great Sacrifice for ever made.
Not that for those who at the dawning light
That Presence seek, I have not preference;
A time congenial that, for sowing Seed
Of Resurrection and the Wheat some time
To be by Angels gather'd to Thy Barn,
But that the usages of my own Church
And Mother in the Lord had somewhat sweet
And by familiar habit from my youth
Remember'd still a place of love possess
In my affections; though 'tis sweeter far

That men should eat and worship when the blush
Of morning minds them of the holy Cup
Which Wisdom mingles, and the eased spirit
Memorials touching in all nature reads
Of that whereon it meditates with joy,
When dews reflecting the empurpled Heaven
Are like the Water, which at Cana blush'd
To see the Son whom Heaven cannot contain
In Flesh indwelling, and the Virgin's [22] self
Was then reproved for deeming that the hour
Of consecrating banquet now was come.

While then we dwell upon the tranquil hour
Of glorious midday, never let our heart
Be mindless how by slowly moving steps
The Sun advanced, from coolest morning light
To stronger heat, till he the hour attain'd
When cloven tongues descended on the Twelve,
And they were drunken [23] with chaste drunkenness
And filléd with new wine in bottles new,
Which in the smoke of this world's misery
So wither'd and consumed away without
That they were inwardly renew'd, and grace
Drunk deeply by them, from them truly took
That irreligious soberness which lacks
All holy courage, wise to calculate,
Not faithful to rush on to suffering
When strong and humbled Love invites within.
Fill'd with that Wine, and giant-like in strength
Awaking from the sleep of former things

They saw all things were new: they buckled on
The armour of the missionary's faith,
And unto all the world their voice of joy
Hath long gone forth, and in them is there set
A tabernacle for the Righteous Sun
Who in them pitch'd His tent, the tent of Flesh,
Which He, on dwelling with them evermore
By secret Presence bent, to them disclosed.
Yes, they were drunken, not *as* they supposed,
But with a Wine far holier! Judah's sons
Were used to prophesy, by office set
To be the priestly nation—and they shared
The office still with Caiaphas their priest.
E'en in their blasphemies they spake of Him
Who in New Wine should afterwards be drunk,
And send ascetic preachers through the world
In sackcloth clad, inviting drunkards' sneer
And jest from those that drink of Sodom's Vine.
So he who erst to Festus (typic name
For this world's revellers!) as madden'd seem'd
By over-learning, when he first beheld
The Sun of Righteousness, to this world's light
Was for a season blind, till from him fell
The scales of darkness on his humbled mind
And wasted eye-sight! then he also shared
The full-mix'd cup of suffering, austere
And hallowing to the saints, to sinners fraught
With dregs of misery they at last shall drink.
And as the Lord of Light in him perform'd

A twofold miracle, the outward part
For those without, the inward meant for them
Who afterwards believe; the outward done
E'en on a humbler Jew by holy clay
While in his low estate, to outward eyes
Hath ceased to happen, but the inward still
He at the Altar or the enlightening Stream
Doth hitherto perform: and they who tend
The bounties given there by inward strength
Supported, drunk with fast, and tears, and pain,
Beside themselves appear to men that walk
By this world's light, and length of days or health
Of outward frame above the weakness prize
Through which the saints have ever been made strong!
For if the Sun that lighteneth this world
Hath power to weary those who strive to walk
In the full presence of his midday blaze,
Much more shall they who with the Austere Man,
The Man of griefs and sorrows, strive to walk,
Be bowéd down, though He at length renew
Their vigour in them, they with eagle wing
Again mount up to drink the enlightening draught
Of thankful pain from their Salvation's Cup.
But haply they alone who from the first
Have kept their robes from heavier sin unsoil'd,
Can brave the gleams of suffering and tread
In our Chief Captain's footsteps,—is there then
No way for those that love the Sufferer's path
To look upon His pattern when their eyes

Are wearied out with sobbing over sin
That will not be subdued, when light therefrom
Hath gone, and they be powerless to look up
Upon the Sun of Calvary which calls
To share His sufferings and healing pain?
Yes! thou afflicted one, although thine eye
Dare not look heavenwards, thou mayst feel the heat
Thy Saviour sheds about thee at the hour
Of noontide glory: 'twas some hours ago
He call'd thee back from idling near His Church:
Sit, then, oh! sit thee down, with downcast eye,
Beside Samaria's well, and in the Stream
Which flows beneath thee thou shalt see the Sun
Soften'd to suit thine eyesight, even thine.
Meanwhile, the fairness of baptismal stream
Attuning thee to sorrow, thou shalt hear
A voice behind thee, not as that which drave
Thy parents out of Paradise, but one
That therefore tells thee all thou ever didst,
That thou mayst use this Water to refresh
Thy tear-worn eyes and see the LORD thy Light,
And love Him with intensity of grief.
To thy five senses wedded hast thou been,
And if thou cleav'st to aught of inward joy
Beside thy Saviour, never shalt thou feel
True bridal love—thou haply, even thou,
By speaking of Him in thy lowly deeds,
Mayst others win amid thy citizens,
Who hitherto have never heard His Word

Of comfortable sternness speak within!
Nor to Samaria's citizens alone
At midday was the coming hour foretold
When in the Spirit by the Way of Truth
All men should every where the LORD adore;
But further foretaste of the joyous time
To great St. Peter at that hour was given.
'Twas then he saw the sheet that thrice came down,
Like to the Three great Names whereby descends
The TRINITY at Baptism to the babe
In sin conceived, and soil'd humanity
To newness call'd was bidden to rejoice.
Nor lacks it mystery that the chiefest hours
For chiefest acts of love were when the chime
So falls upon the ear that one may break
Its numbers into parts of threes composed.
So is the TRINITY in earth or Heaven
By docile spirits every where[24] beheld
In hours for prayer, in signatures of stones,
In humblest plants, on highest angel's tongue.
This is the hour when each day's ministry
Beginneth to look onward to the night
With tiring steps: it lacks not other signs
To propagate to people yet to come
Its majesty: for when the breathless noon
Has listen'd while the lingering melody
Of church-clock chime told o'er the midday notes,
Then can the solemn oath that day no more
Be after heard, when human Law in doubt

Of her authority compels the inward man
To stand before her heavenly counterpart.
Yea, even that most solemn marriage-oath
Which plighting life-long faithfulness bespeaks
The Bridegroom's lasting promise to His Church
Refuses to be given, when sunbeams write
With lengthening shadows on the graves reclined,
Memorials of the perishable state
Of all beneath the Sun. The simple poor
Still have a sacred prejudice which chimes
Harmoniously with this! nor can they brook
That funeral mournfulness at still grave-side
Should drop its tranquil, trembling farewell tear,
Before those shadows warn of parting day.

When on the Cross He heard the cruel scoff,
Spreading His trickling Hands to rebel Jews,
It may be that amid His bitter pangs
He saw the waning of the Heavenly Light
By Him and from Him shed upon the Bride.
Yet this is holy ground, and feet unshod
With Gospel preparation, fast and watch,
May not its precincts pure with safety tread.
But since the Hour when He was crucified
The Sun of suffering towards even turn'd!
Valiant at first men bore the cheering Cross,
In persecution or in abstinence,
And sleeplessness and self-inflicted pain,
Thus filling up what He had left behind
To be accomplish'd for His Body's sake

In His Elected Saints: the Sex Himself
Was intimate with sorrows, they that long
To shine like Him, must true Cyrenians be!
Oh! strange that Simon, too, as native place
A city own'd for troubles famed of old,
Where votaries of Apollo [25] in a shrine
And dedicated fountain honour'd him
Who slew the serpent, foe to gods and men,
Where e'en on Afric's thirsty land for man
The Heaven was pierced and water there flow'd down!
As though the very place from whence he came
Who bore the Cross, had legendary signs
That spake of Him whose mystic Name is Heaven.
Nor seems it ill while o'er this saddening sight
We linger and grow sad, to deem that clouds
Anticipative of the darkness strange
Soon to be felt, were hovering around
This place of awe, and when we muse thereon
To pause a while and learn their messages
To thoughtful men: for they, though fleeting fast
Into unnumber'd pliancies of shape,
Are yet the symbols of eternal things.
And ofttimes when the drooping spirit yearns
For fostering Sunshine on its rueful tears
To draw it onward to the central Throne
Of Light Eternal, there are mystic clouds
Which God can draw, to intercept His Light
Across His Countenance, and helpless prayer
Feels the impenetrable darkness weigh

More heavily than on the mourner's mind
The cloud of grief when, apt to court the shade,
He dreams the shadows of the midday Sun
Fall joyless on the hills, and knows not why.
And yet it may be that these inward Clouds,
(All things to all men able to become,)
If only they be borne with patient grief,
Are full with drops of spiritual rain,
To drop into the little valleys spread
By contrite hearts to drink them humbly in.
Nor was it idly held by saints of old
That outward clouds[26] translated to the tongue
Of spiritual meaning, spake of Bishops' powers,
Were signs of them who from within them shed
The dew of absolution on the souls
That sorrowfully greet their softening shower
Thus interposed betwixt the wrath Above
And their sin-fallen countenance, unapt
To see the Sun's full Majesty unveil'd.
And suitably[27] with this belief of old,
Confession once was pour'd into the ear
Of one who should receive the mournful tale
Touch'd with the like infirmities himself
And not unscathed of sin :—for so the face
Of the appalling Judge, who spake from Heaven,
Was not by rude access of misshaped prayer
At once approach'd, but from the cloud between
The Light was gradually shed, too strong
For sin-struck eyes to gaze upon at once.

Until at last—for many a soften'd gleam
Half-pierced the cloud, and many a redden'd ray
Dwelt in it not from slackness but from love,
Withholding what would hurt—the Brightness full
Burst out again, and at the eleventh hour
Rekindled hopes of pardon absolute
And power to serve again as Angels serve.

Far sadder was the cloud by great Saint Paul
Upon the sorcerer shed, when he whose eyes
Had shed their scales, was mighty to destroy
Those who, to drink the gracious rain unapt,
Were nigh to cursing! all the miracles
In outward interference with the course
Of outward things, declared the secret powers
Of inward might to Christian Priests convey'd.
This type may tell us how the sentence dread
Of Excommunication can bereave
The opposer's mind of truest Light within.
Albeit such may boast of godlike deeds
And vaunt their lying wonders, Satan's self,
If he become their light, with fearful wiles
May raise a mockery of the Sun Himself
Before the darken'd mind; as one that sees
An image false of the material sun,
And with distracted vision deems its light
Is real and lasting. Wherefore they that mock
And say it cannot be, have mighty need
Of our most earnest prayer; the Son of Man
Hath power on earth[28] their sin to wash away.

That power He wills not man should e'er despise,
Though vested in the arbitrary will
Of wayward men it sometimes chance to be.
And though by night the Church with borrow'd light
Those smiteth oft, whom in Eternal Day
The Sun shall with His Breath of brimstone burn,
Far be it from us to fix, with lips unmoved
To trembling doubt, in whom the curse takes root,
Eternal root, or use the Church's words
With confident security for self.
Only remember we what scorching might
The Sun can lend to her, and while we burn
With fervent hope that by some inward means
The victim may be rescued, ere He tear
And go away, yet let us feel with awe
That if Her searching eye hath rightly judged,
Then would the curse be ratified in Heaven.
Nor is there certainty that power misused
Hath no effect, though arguing men prescribe
What laws must guide the pathway of the Sun.

Lo! Joshua, and the Seer of David's race,
Who, with the children given him, a type
Of Him who hasted to the spoil was made;
Joshua, that brake the Sabbath by the gates
Of Jericho, that he might shadow forth
The Lord of Jewish rites, and months, and days;
Isaiah, by whose nakedness and shame
The open shame of evil powers was wrought
In clear forestalment,—these upon the Sun

Had power granted through their words to work,
That mighty darkness thus to antedate,
Wherewith their Antitype a third night[29] made
When e'en the full-orb'd moon her light withheld,
And order'd stars in Heaven's meaning scroll
Were shaken, and the deepest chasm of Hell
Oped from beneath her mouth with ghastly yawn.
Portentous symbols these! yet not alone
These outward things were by those ancient seers
Foreshadowed, but, within, a deeper woe
Is sounded, that whereby the Healing Sun
No longer gather'd underneath His Wings
The sin-dark nation; then the Church of Saints,
Whose mystic joints and bands are set to rule
The night of this world, reft of influence, cast
Her viewless beams no longer upon those
Who fell from the inheritance of Light.
These too, for power like this to holiest saints
Of old was given, the Christian Church's power
Foretold, while they, the types themselves of Her,
Exerted on the Sun, the type of Him,
Mysterious influence, by unbelief
(Reflecting in the type its hideous form)
Consistently objected to, to show
How hardly they who earthly things oppose
For heavenly Church's powers belief should have,
Her absolution deeming idle words.

But did He fail who is the Light of Light,
The Temple of the Father's Majesty,

From whence the warmth, the Spirit's kindling warmth,
Should issue brooding o'er a holy brood
Of Birds[30], the Martyrs these whose wingéd zeal
Lifts them to Heaven: nay—He cannot fail,
Nor ever shall His blissful Light go down
The while His faithful soldiers, with the flesh
Already conquer'd, fight with hallow'd arms
Of creeds, and hymns, and life of solid prayer
Against the rulers of the ghostly night,
Abiding in His Light who is to them
Not for one day alone but all the days[31]
A Sun and a Defence, a Place of Strength.
For them it was His darkness rent the veil,
Not the blue veil alone with Cherubs wrought,
But Heaven's self with all its Angel powers,
And from the disposition of their Hosts,
Whereby they minister'd to Jewish rites,
He shook them suddenly, and call'd them all
By name to tend the newly-founded House.
The Moon of the celestial inward world
Rose up to meet him, and by Preaching dread
Was clothed with fresher light and rays as strong
As, ere His Coming in the Flesh, the Sun
Was wont to give, Himself shone sevenfold[32].
The Sun of Judah's Glory now was sunk,
Yea, sunk behind a cloud of witnesses,
Sunk so as now to give a secret light
To worlds below, that clothéd with the Sun
The Bride might be no more by fleshly veil

Betwixt the dead and living cast in twain
Divided, but with Light her members all
Might cover, as a garment. Then the hearts
Of Patriarchs, rejoiced to see the Sun,
Were unto children drawn, and children here
From earth reflected on the Witness-cloud
The Light which they for their perfection need,
While these o'er every weight of thwarting sin
Won easy conquest, and in prayers obtain'd
Peace for the City of the Saints, let down
From Heaven to earth, (unlike that ancient place
With strife distracted,) builded with Itself
At Unity, and fill'd with plenteous store
Of Corn, and Wine, and Spiritual Oil.
  Thither amid Jerusalem's misery
And sad division now, *we* bend our way
In heart and mind; amid all holy spirits
A secret unity by Bishops' hands
Imposed, communicated inwardly
There hope to find—for now all Christians seem
Amid the willows of drear Babylon
To sing untunefully the ancient song
Or spiritual hymn! Each day we need
With Him to visit the forgetful grave.
Oh! have we never ask'd upon the day
Of softest heartfelt joy, what meaning strange
Dwells in Thy question, Shall Thy Faithfulness
Be in the sepulchre made known, Thy marvels seen
Amid the Dead? Is this indeed the voice

Of very Light? What darkness dark to Him?
E'en when on earth, the blind receivéd sight
By His prophetic miracle; the Sun
These therefore saw that they might prophesy
Of greater things. The prisoners of hope
(For not in this life only is there place
And sphere for hope) with sight enlarged beheld
And worshipp'd toward the Sun, the while on earth
The other sphere His going down in grief
And hopelessness had seen, too slow of heart
Prophetic nature's language to believe.
Henceforward all that go into the dust
Before Him glistening with brighter hopes
Shall kneel, while He by Presence mystical
Decks priests with Righteousness, and makes the poor
With Heavenly Bread, divinely multiplied,
To eat and to be satisfied, that each
May own the Altar quickeneth his soul.
Hush'd is the voice of doubtful questioning
In him who looks with reverence to the course
Of daily miracles wherewith the Sun,
Our usual light, its Maker's glory tells.
The grains of corn intrusted to the earth
He multiplieth wondrously, and fools
Their speech who say the Body of the Lord
Cannot be multiplied! For when our Sun
Was sunk among the dead, that awful time
Pourtrayed with gleams still biding in the eyes
Of faith that thither follows Him, though set,

The greater things to come, when from the ground
Of souls not disembodied, Truth should spring,
Which Bishops or their Curates, strong through Him
For working marvels, have hereafter seen—
Those greater things than He for sensual eyes
Had wrought on earth, from Heaven now fulfill'd.
For greater Gifts than these for man, in Man,
Received, by Ministers made as their LORD,
Were given while 'mid forty years of pain
(This space of trial) still the Church hath rest.
Oh! could we set a watch upon the lips
Of wrangling sense, and boldly strive to stand
By humbling discipline for ever fresh
Amid the Angels in the Heavenly place
Where Holy Waters placed our new-born soul,
And leave the subtle ties of time and space
To the crude sophistry of angry schools,
Stand on the watching-place of holy faith
Undimm'd by sight, then might we ken from far,
As did the Pastor[33], an eternal Church
Whereto the stones it pitieth us to see
In this world's dust, are ever gathering in.
Then should our eyes forth from the inmost soul
Exuding grief, by fleshly ministry
Gush out with sorrow, that no more we keep
The new commandment of the Gospel Law,
With sorrow sanctified by Him, whose tears
Taught us to weep for Sion's low estate.

The dead beheld the Sun of Righteousness

Arise and shine in hearts of men made clean
With Heavenly dew! The waves of lowest Hell,
Those waters of the Proud, they saw, they fled,
The roaring Lions felt He was not set
And hasten'd to their dens, the dens of Hell.
Then did the mighty feel his prey was gone,
And they whose hands were mighty against men
Found not their hands[34], as one who waking feels
Pervasive numbness cramp him! wondrously
Thou from th' eternal Mountains givest Light,
Light for the earth, and not for earth alone;
For one of old hath written that Thyself
Didst shine below to Judah's sons alone,
And Thy Apostles afterwards, as Hills,
Reflected to the Heathen in the Pit
With beauteous footsteps all Thy glorious deeds,
Whereof Thy great forerunner tidings brought
To all the lowest places, where beneath,
Thy blessed Church was fashion'd secretly[35].
Farewell, then, greater light! that rul'st the day,
Sent forth to minister unto the heirs
Of glorious rest, to be a herald high
For tidings of great joy, created power,
Symbol of Uncreate—for I have traced
In part thy mystic meanings, and in part
We darkly see eternal things of heaven
Writ with a sunbeam! now I follow on
To watch thee setting in the ruddy sky.
Yes—near this ancient seat of prayer and praise

Oft have I wander'd up the friendly hill
To listen with my eyes to whispering lights
Which moved them, mournful in their gracefulness,
Athwart the gathering night when moist July
Was parting, and the tranquil towers, pale
As one who on the bed of sickness calm
With holy smile beholds the Eucharist,
Received, methought, the light into their breast.
At length the Giant, weary of his course,
With potent effort drew the pillar'd clouds
Of night's dark temple down upon himself.
E'en so of old the Nazarite,—whose life
Beneath its moral lessons, deeper lore
Of mysteries (obediently fulfill'd
Despite of outward ill report) contains,
That earn'd him place, unblamed, amid the Saints
Who good report among Jews inwardly
Obtain'd for faith, whose name interpreted
Is also Sun—amid the Philistines
Knapp'd columns vast asunder, and destroy'd
More in his death than life-long valour slew;
Whence thoughts triumphant in the sunset mix
And turn the coming night to deepest day.
More foes the Saviour slew by His last pang
Than all the miracles had slain before,
For then they trembled with acknowledged death,
And he who blindly-daring converse held
With Him when weak with fasting, saw the men
Of outward weakness stamp'd with living strength.

O ye who love the meekness through the frame
By fasting weaken'd, pour'd at parting day,
Be minded how the Beast of Hell comes forth
When man at evening from his labour goes!
Then keep your meekness, watchful lest the Sun,
Charged as he is with semblance of the True,
Go down upon your wrath, for in the night
The Devil hath power wider over such
As yield unto him. He that hateth those
Who are the Brethren of Christ their Lord
A murderer is, and if to their last sleep
Such in the middle state should fold themselves
With hatred unrepented, them the night
Shall not from sin set free: restore the pledge
To all thy Brethren due, before[36] in thee
The Sun be set, and faith's unsteadied eye
Be closed for evermore! Compassion strong
And inward groanings fit the kine that bear
The ark of heavenly Law by Him Who is
The Finger of the Father on the heart
Engraved, and sterner love for Him above
Shall ever with strange violence unhinge
The stubborn knee untutor'd heretofore
To bend beneath the weight of others' faults.

And though mayhap the joyous dance to some
Commend itself with all the gaiety
Of innocence, yet often have I thought
Young men and maidens need to fortify
Their spirits by the Seal, the mighty Cross,

Ere, when the powers of the wicked one
In the thick forest of temptation strong
Are most unchain'd, they venture to enjoy
Unstinted lateness in their merriment;
Mindful of Him who on the mountains cold
The night for them in kneeling spent of yore,
Whose Presence unpermitted in the mind
Condemns that mind, as hateful of the Light.
The Bridegroom in His Chamber now is hid,
But soon shall rise again, no more to shine
On just and unjust, upon tares and wheat.
But those alone whose works have pleaséd Him
Shall to the Sun's own House be onward led
To dwell with Him in everlasting Light.
Then may no secret undivulgéd sin
Unwash'd of Almsgiving and silent fast
Condemn thee to the portion of the Foe!
No sin is hidden from the Heat thereof,
Nor secret fault, nor proud presumptuous deed:
That dread Refiner's Fire with searching Flame
Shall try the work of every son of man,
And throughly purge the Temple mystical
Of those that changed for money precious souls,
And those that sold for price the Spirit's gifts.
The Sun was risen, was risen upon the earth
When from the Lord the Lord did vengeance rain
Of Fire eternal on those cities foul
With deepest blackness of debasing sin:
Yet shall they find more tolerable pangs

Than some that see, and see in unbelief,
The mighty things He hath already done.
The Sun shall rise, shall rise upon the earth,
To work His mightiest Judgment-miracle.
Where shall we hide our faces from His Beam,
When men and Angels, shrinking from the Judge,
See One Alone exalted set on high?

NOTES

ON

BOOK II.

Note 1. p. 50.

Athanasius, in Psalm 148, tom. ii. p. 1292, *ἐπὶ τὰ καταχθόνια τοίνυν πέπτωκε. ἃ διὰ τῶν δρακόντων καὶ τῶν ἀβύσσων σημαίνεται· καὶ αὐταὶ γὰρ αἱ πάλαι τῶν γιγάντων ἐκείνων ψυχαὶ τῶν ἀπειθησάντων ποτὲ καὶ πολεμησάντων τῷ Θεῷ, κ. τ. λ.*

Note 2. p. 52.

This is taken from St. Basil de Spiritu S. § 62, who amongst other language on the subject has the following: *Τὴν Θυσίαν τῆς αἰνέσεως ἐν ποίῳ τόπῳ προσφέρομεν ἢ ἐν Πνεύματι τῷ ἁγίῳ; Ποῦ τοῦτο μεμαθήκαμεν; Παρ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Κυρίου λέγοντος, ὅτι οἱ ἀληθινοὶ προσκυνηταὶ ἐν Πνεύματι καὶ ἀληθείᾳ προσκυνήσουσι τῷ Πατρί.* See the Apost. Const. vi. 27. Clem. Strom. v. § 74. S. Austin. de Trin. xiv. 16. A similar way of speaking occurred also amongst the Jews.

Note 3. p. 54.

This was suggested by a passage of St. Cyril de Ador. in S. et V. iii. p. 87, *ὥσπερ τὰ ἀρτιθαλῆ τῶν φυτῶν τῆς ἀκμαιοτάτης μὲν τοῦ ἡλίου βολῆς παραιτεῖται τὸ βλάβος, ἀδικοῖντο δ' ἂν οὐ μετρίως εἰ πνευμάτων ἐμβολαῖς ἀγριωτέραις ὑιακραίνοιντο, δεῖ δὲ δὴ πάντως αὐτοῖς τῶν ἐκ τέχνης ἐπικουφημάτων, κ. τ. λ.*

Note 4. p. 55.

This was said in allusion to the *apparently* heterodox expressions in the earlier Fathers, which have arisen from a want of those definite statements which the Church afterwards, in all ages, has been driven to, by the growth of heresy. It seems that such expressions might have been designedly allowed by Providence with a view to their being occasions of falling to obstinate heretics afterwards: at least there can be little doubt that this was the case with Scripture. See Isaiah xxviii. 9—63, where it seems, from the original, that the falling backward of some persons is designedly aimed at: *that* they might go, &c. See the Anal. ii. c. vi. p. 329.

Note 5. p. 57.

Chrysost. de Sacerdotio, tom. i. p. 424, Montf. ἐγὼ δὲ καί τινος ἤκουσα διηγουμένου ποτέ, ὅτι αὐτῷ τις πρεσβύτης, θαυμαστὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ ἀποκαλύψεις ὁρᾷν εἰωθώς, ἔλεγεν· ὄψεως ἠξιῶσθαι τοιαύτης ποτέ· καὶ κατὰ τὸν καιρὸν ἐκεῖνον ἄφνω πλῆθος ἀγγέλων ἰδεῖν, ὡς αὐτῷ δυνατὸν ἦν, στολὰς ἀναβεβλημένων λαμπρὰς καὶ τὸ θυσιαστήριον κυκλούντων, καὶ κάτω νευόντων ὡς ἂν εἴ τις στρατιώτας παρόντος βασιλέως ἑστηκότας ἴδοι.

Note 6. p. 59.

Ps. lxxii. 16. The name of Jerusalem is strikingly introduced here by the Chaldee Paraphrast, from whom we may often learn how the prophecies of Christ's Kingdom were understood by the older Jews.

Note 7. p. 59.

Compare Gregory, Moral. xiv. 69, 70, who mentions the rising of the Saints, and the "resurrection" of the leaves from the dry stems soon after one another as confirmative of our Resurrection. The notion that these were the Church of the Firstborn is Origen's (in Rom. i. § 6). In the context allusion is made to a tradition of the Jews, that those there mentioned were yet alive. Vide Schöttgen's Hor. Heb. De Messia, cap. vi. I have read some-

where, however, a statement more exactly corresponding with that in the text. Allusion is also made to a belief among the Jews, that all whose bones did not lie in the Holy Land would be dragged through the caves of the earth to that country, a process to which they give the name of Gilgul-hammechilloth, as the learned reader may see in Buxtorf's Lexicon Talm. p. 439. Jarchi on Genesis xlvii. 31.

Note 8. p. 62.

The light of the Sun is very frequently used by the Fathers as a natural type of the generation of the Son. The mention, however, of Heat, as completing the type of the Everblessed Trinity, is less frequent, and has been adopted here from St. Ephrem, whose ascetic habits seem to have given him an accurate eye for nature's mysteries; Opera Syr. vol. iii. p. 71, and 137, where he writes as follows: "Behold the parable of the Sun, and it is the Father; of the Light, and it is the Son; of the Heat, and it is the Holy Spirit; and though he be one, yet is a Trinity beheld in him, which cannot be comprehended, — who shall explain it? though one it is many, being one that is three, and three one. Mighty wonder, marvel visible! Distinct is the Sun from its ray; distinct they are, yet equal, for that the ray thereof itself is also the Sun. Still of two Suns no man discourseth, although the ray thereof be itself also the Sun over those below. Of two Gods we make not mention, although our Lord be also God over the creatures. Who shall search out how and where His Ray is bounden? bounden and yet loose His Heat: though not separate, yet are they not confounded, distinct and mingled, bound and free. Mighty wonderment!" &c. &c.

Note 9. p. 63.

Justin Mart. p. 358, ed. Col. *ἄτμητον δὲ καὶ ἀχώριστον τοῦ Πατρὸς ταύτην τὴν Δύναμιν φασὶν ὑπάρχειν, ὅνπερ τρόπον τὸ τοῦ ἡλίου φῶς φασιν ἐπὶ γῆς εἶναι ἄτμητον καὶ ἀχώριστον, ὄντος τοῦ ἡλίου ἐν τῷ οὐράνῳ· καὶ ὅταν δύσῃ, συναποφέρεται τὸ φῶς. οὕτως ὁ Πατὴρ ὅταν βούληται, λέγουσι, Δύναμιν Αὐτοῦ προπηδᾷν ποιεῖ· καὶ ὅταν βούληται, πάλιν ἀναστέλλει εἰς Ἑαυτόν.*

Note 10. p. 63.

Irenæus, lib. v. cap. 26, § 1, *ὡς οἱ πρεσβύτεροι λέγουσι, τότε οἱ μὲν καταξιωθέντες τῆς ἐν οὐρανῷ διατριβῆς ἐκεῖσε χωρήσουσι, οἱ δὲ τῆς τοῦ Παραδείσου τρυφῆς ἀπολαύσουσιν, οἱ δὲ τὴν λαμπρότητα τῆς πόλεως καθέξουσι· πανταχοῦ γὰρ ὁ Σωτὴρ ὀραθήσεται καθὼς ἄξιοι ἔσονται οἱ ὁρῶντες αὐτόν·* where observe that the old version renders "*Deus* videbitur." J. Mart. dial. p. 340, also says, *οὗτος (ὁ Ἰησοῦς) ἐστιν ὁ ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ αἰώνιον φῶς λάμπειν μέλλων.*

Note 11. p. 64.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. ii. 4, "Præclarus, eximius, omnia intuens, omnia etiam exaudiens, ut principi literarum Homero placuisse in uno eo video." Iliad iii. 277, *Ἠέλιός θ' ὃς πάντ' ἐφορᾷς καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούεις*, is quoted by Harduin. Compare Cyr. de Ador. p. 182.

Note 12. p. 65.

Vide Bp. Bull's Sermons, Serm. v. p. 133, ed. Burton.

Note 13. p. 68.

Hist. de S. Petro, i. 18, in Fabricii Cod. Pseud. N. T. p. 436, "Cumque hæc cum lacrymis orasset, Apostolus ait, adjuro vos in Nomine Jesu Christi qui eum fertis ut nunc demittatis; et statim ad vocem Petri demissus a dæmonibus, implicitis remigiis alarum quas sumpserat corruit." F. cites Arnobius c. Gentes, ii. p. 50.

Note 14. p. 70.

Alluding to Mr. Newman's Sermon on St. Philip and St. James's Day; and also, presently, to the dedication to Dr. Routh, of his Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church, &c.

Note 15. p. 71.

St. Austin in Psalm xliii. 17, "Radicem charitatis habe, ut cum Sol exortus fuerit, non te urat, sed nutriat."

Note 16. p. 72.

St. Cyril de Ador. p. 92. notices of Jethro, that "he belonged to a religion which was still surviving in Palestine, which blended the worship of the Sun and the stars with that of the true God." Shortly after there is an allusion to Isaiah liv. 11, 12, where the Hebrew word for the battlements means "suns," and the mention of rubies reminded me of Lament. iv. 7.

Note 17. p. 72.

The Gayatri is the most sacred verse in the Vedas, and is given as follows by Prof. Wilson in his learned and elegant translation of the Vishnu Purana, p. 222, n. 23: "We meditate upon that excellent light of the divine sun: may he illuminate our minds." The notion of three hours, morning, noon, and afternoon, as connected by the Indians with devotion and with the sun, may be here noticed as a heathen parody (so to say) of the Canonical hours as noticed below. V. P. p. 235.

Note 18. p. 73.

Bp. Butler, Anal. part ii. ch. v. p. 297, gives what appears to have been the view of several of the Fathers, when he states that the Jewish sacrifices really *were* in some degree efficacious for obtaining pardon of sin. See St. Cyril on Isaiah, p. 16. St. Austin in Ps. vi. § 2. St. Chrys. ad Rom. p. 46.

Note 19. p. 74.

In these words allusion is made, as in very many other parts of this poem, to G. Herbert's language, "Who *in heart* not ever kneel, neither sin nor Saviour feel."

Note 20. p. 74.

Grævius ad Callim. H. in Lav. Pall. v. 72, "Attribuerunt veteres meridiei quietem, quia sommum tum capere deos arbritrabantur. Unde pastor ille apud Theocritum negat sibi licere fistulâ canere, quia meridies esset, et Pan, deus suus, dormiret.... Hinc et intelligendus Elias, lib. iii. Reg. cap. 18. 'Cum esset

jam meridies,' &c. Forte respiciunt ad hanc superstitionem interpp. Græci et Latini, Ps. xci. 6, vertendo *δαιμονίου μεσημβρινοῦ*." There is, however, more authority for this version, were this the place to discuss it, than Grævius seems disposed to allow.

Note 21. p. 75.

St. Austin on Psalm xxxix. § 5. xlix. § 20, &c., notices this several times: in the latter place he says, "Sicut in humano corpore, pede calcato lingua clamat."

Note 22. p. 76.

St. Irenæus, lib. iii. c. 16, § 7, "Properante Mariâ ad admirabile vini signum et ante tempus volente participare compendii poculo, Dominus repellens intempestivam festinationem dixit, Quid mihi tibi est, mulier? nondum venit hora mea." S. Jo. ii. 3.

Note 23. p. 76.

St. Austin on Psalm xxxv. § 14, commenting on the Vulgate version of Ps. xxii. 5, (which seems contained in the Hebrew words,) "Calix meus inebrians, quam præclarus est!" has the following words, which I have applied, I trust allowably, in the text: "Hoc jam calice inebriati sunt Martyres quando ad passionem euntes suos non agnoscebant. Quid tam ebrium quam non agnoscere uxorem flentem, non filios—non parentes? Non agnoscebant, non eos ante oculos esse arbitrabantur. Nolite mirari, ebrii erant. Unde ebrii erant? Videte: acceperunt calicem unde inebriarentur. Unde et ille gratias Deo agit dicens, Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi? Calicem Salutaris accipiam et Nomini Domini invocabo." Ps. cxvi. 12. It is worth adding, that the Catholic interpretation of this passage is, that partaking of Christ's sufferings is the way to show our thankfulness to Him. Hence austerity of all kinds is a humble offering of thanksgiving to Him who was graciously pleased to call Himself an Austere Man. It is, however, applied also by the R. Missal and St. Cyril of Jerusalem to partaking of the Cup of Blessing,—which should strengthen and refresh us for more austerities. Thus much has been here said upon this interpretation,

because it lies at the bottom of a great deal that will be found in this poem. I should likewise add, that as these two interpretations are by no means contradictory, so neither is a third, (to be found in St. Basil in Mart. Julit. § 7.) viz. that retribution may be offered by compassion to His poor and afflicted members. All good works, as being a sign that He is yet in men of a truth, so that they are not reprobates, seem consoling to penitents: but passion and compassion, so to speak, seem especially so.

Note 24. p. 80.

This is noticed by St. Austin de Trin. vi. § 12.

Note 25. p. 82.

See Herod. iv. 158, where the words *ἐνθαῦτα ὁ οὐρανὸς τέτρηται* occur: and compare Callimachus II. Apoll. 94, there cited:

> *Οὐ κείνου χόρον εἶδε θεώτερον ἄλλον Ἀπόλλων,*
> *Οὐδὲ πόλει τόσ' ἔνειμεν ὀφέλσιμα τόσσα Κυρήνῃ*
> *Μνωόμενος προτέρης ἁρπακτύος· οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτοὶ*
> *Βαττιάδαι Φοίβοιο πλέον Θεὸν ἄλλον ἔτισαν.*

Note 26. p. 83.

The clouds are very often noticed by the Fathers in this or some kindred meaning, as in Ephr. on Judges v. 4; on Jerem. xliii. extr.; Hilar. on Ps. cxxxvi. p. 1070, ed. Par. 1612; Cyril on Hos. p. 65, p. 139; Aretas on Rev. i. 7, who, after quoting St. Mark's words, xiv. 62, proceeds as follows: *τῶν νεφελῶν ἐνταῦθα, εἴτε διὰ τὸ κοῦφον τὰς μεταρσίους καὶ ἀγγελικὰς δηλούντων δυνάμεις, ὡς καὶ Δαβὶδ ὁ Θεοπάτωρ νέφη τὴν ἐπίβασιν αὐτῷ τῷ Θείῳ ὑποτιθείς, ἢ καὶ τοὺς θείως καὶ πνευματικῶς ζῆν ἐλομένους ἀνθρώπους δηλῶν, περὶ ὧν καὶ ὁ αὐτὸς οὕτως φησίν, "ἀπὸ τῆς τηλαυγήσεως Αὐτοῦ αἱ νεφέλαι διῆλθον." καὶ ὁ Ἀμὼς καὶ Ἡσαΐας περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν, "τίνες οἱδε ὡς νεφέλαι πέτονται;" ἦλον γὰρ ὡς περὶ τῶν θεοφιλῶς βιούντων ταῦτα φησὶ τροπικῶς. ὁ καὶ μᾶλλον παραδεκτέον, εἴγε καὶ τὸ παρὸν ἱκανὸν τεκμηριῶσαι ῥητὸν μετὰ τῶν νεφελῶν φάσκον ἔρχεσθαι τὸν Κριτήν, ἀλλ' οὐχ ὑπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν ἐποχούμενον.*

&c. This interpretation is also found in the Chaldee Paraphrast, who renders, Is. v. 6, "I will command the prophets not to prophesy over them prophecy."

NOTE 27. p. 83.

Origen in Levit. p. 191, "Est adhuc et septima, licet dura et laboriosa, per pœnitentiam remissio peccatorum cum lavat peccator in lacrymis stratum suum et fiunt ei lacrymæ panes die ac nocte, et cum non erubescit sacerdoti Domini indicare peccatum suum, et quærere medicinam secundum illud quod dicitur, Ps. xxxi. 5, et Jam. v. 14."

NOTE 28. p. 84.

This application of St. Luke, v. 24, I have seen somewhere in the writings attributed to St. Athanasius, which are not his,—but am unable to find it again.

NOTE 29. p. 86.

Hilar. on Matt. Can. xxxiii. p. 605, considers the third night as made by the mysterious darkness.

NOTE 30. p. 87.

Tertull. de Res. Carn. lii. "Alia caro volucrum, id est martyrum qui ad superiora conantur; alia autem piscium, id est quibus aqua Baptismatis sufficit."

NOTE 31. p. 87.

Origen in Josh. i. § 5, "Dum nos bellum gerimus adversus inimicos nostros et colluctamur adversus principatus et potestates et rectores tenebrarum harum, adversus spiritalia nequitiæ in cœlestibus, Sol nobis Justitiæ indesinenter assistit, nec deserit unquam, nec festinat occumbere, quia ipse dixit, Ecce Ego vobiscum sum *omnibus diebus*." See the Greek. For the context see Cyril de Ador. p. 155, who seems to understand the passage of more perfect Christians, who having overcome the flesh, are wrestling *only* with unseen enemies; as do other writers.

Note 32. p. 87.

St. Ephr. on Isai. xxx. "It was not the light of the Sun that was multiplied which had been changed into darkness, but it was knowledge that was multiplied, typified in the (greater) lights, which also chased away from the nations that hidden darkness which was drawn over the hearts of the nations."

Note 33. p. 90.

See St. Hermæ Pastoris lib. iii. ix. § 30. The subsequent language is borrowed from St. Hilary de Trin. lib. x. p. 222, "Quamvis lachrymarum officium in corpore sit, animæ tamen eas in ministerio corporis quasi quidam mœror exudat."

Note 34. p. 91.

From Ps. lxxvi. 6; the Hebrew literally translated is, "the stout of heart their sleep have slumbered, nor found all men of might their hands." I have taken it literally as of alluding to the sensation upon awaking in a state of torpor. The words "Eternal Hills" come from the Septuagint version of the preceding verse, the original words meaning, Mountains of prey, or of meat (as in Ps. cxi. 5). The Septuagint version might be made to allude to the Apostles who distributed the Meat which perisheth not. See Corderius' Catena on the Psalms, p. 570 (Apollinarii) and 576.

Note 35. p. 91.

This is taken from St. Clem. Strom. vi. c. 6, § 46, who puts it hypothetically: *εἰ δὲ Ἰουδαίους μόνον εὐηγγελίσατο (ὁ Σωτὴρ) ....οἱ ἀπόστολοι καθάπερ ἐνταῦθα οὕτως κἀκεῖ τοὺς ἐξ ἐθνῶν ἐπιτηδείους εἰς ἐπιστροφὴν εὐηγγελίσαντο.* That our Lord went thither to give remission of sins to them that sat in the shadow of death, seems to have been a generally received opinion. See Spencer's note on Origen c. Cels. p. 85; as also that the Baptist was Christ's forerunner, as on earth so also in hell; see Coteler. ad Patr. Apost. p. 117 (who himself, however, speaks of it as error). Ambr. in Luc. i. § 38, "Prænuntius natus est, prænuntius mortuus est." Euseb. Emis. in fest. decoll. p. 4, &c. ed. Augusti

(whose note, p. 125, will show that the opinion is one sufficiently entertained to make it allowable in poetry). Leo, in idem fest.

Note 36. p. 93.

Greg. Mor. vii. 42, "Vaccæ quæ sub arcâ Domini ad plaustrum religantur, gemunt et pergunt—dant ab intimis mugitus, et tamen ab itinere non demutant gressus. Amorem quidem per compassionem sentiunt, sed colla posterius non deflectunt. Sic, sic necesse est, ut incedere debeant, qui sacræ legis jugo suppositi jam per internam scientiam Domini arcam portant, quatenus per hoc, quod propinquorum necessitatibus condolent, a cœpto rectitudinis itinere non declinent. Bethsames quippe domus Solis dicitur. Arca ergo Domini superposita Bethsames pergere, est cum supernâ scientiâ ad æternæ Lucis habitaculum propinquare." Ib. xvi. § 6, "Pignus ante solis occasum reddere jubemur, quia priusquam in nobis per dolorem cordis Sol Justitiæ occidat, debemus ei confessionem veniæ reddere, a quo confessionem accipimus culpæ, ut qui se deliquisse in nos meminit, a nobis mox relaxatum sentiat quod deliquit."

BOOK III.

THE STARS AND LIGHT.

ARGUMENT.

Primeval Light limited to definite Orbs. Their abiding Presence typical of Angels and Saints with the Church, though unseen. Gideon's noble act—Starlight like hints of Scripture—may by contrast enable us better to appreciate the Sun. Stars remind us how we may sin against Heaven. Instructive as seemingly forming one vast System. Why thought eternal by the Heathen. Imagined effect of the Redemption upon their Inhabitants. Further Lesson from their Presence. The Moon; the precious things brought forth by her; her influence on little and common things. Comets and Eclipses.

BOOK III.

The earliest light that shone upon the earth
Was not the sun, the moon, or any star,
But one vast Ocean of unfetter'd light,
Created image of the Uncreate
Which foster'd plants and herbs before the Sun
Had glister'd in their dewdrops, or the Moon
With nightly ray had visited their leaves [1].
This effluence of light to divers orbs
In divers ranks and orders now confined,
May haply shine more fully in the Heavens
Above this solid firmament we view
Set thick with stars as flowers, may shine
For beings capable of constant beams
From light unbroken, brighter than the Sun;
Such as upon the eyes of upright Saul,
Misguided in his zeal, from higher Heaven
Fell awfully of old! proclaiming light
Within to shine on earth, and now in Heaven
In him with hallowing glory dwelling still!
He taught us how the everlasting Sun
Was with one Glory gifted, while the Stars,
The types of Cherubim and Seraphim,

Another glory had, and they alike
With borrow'd lustre, as the lesser light,
Shone in the Heavens garnish'd by one Power,
From Whom both men and angels, things above
And things below, with holy beauty shine.
The Sun, so long as in the lower world
He shineth, to the world a fountain is
Of light and heat: and CHRIST while in the world
Was to the world a Light! The sun withdrawn
Discovers countless stars—a little while
And we again shall see his Antitype.
Meantime, to mind us that this world is night
Compared to what shall be, the natural Sun
Withdraws his light, and we, on whom the stars
Were glittering all day long, thereby are made
The witnesses of love else unbeheld.
Had JESUS not ascended, and withdrawn
His Presence visible, then Heaven's Host
Had never to the faith of such, as feel
This world in darkness lies, been manifest.
The ministering Spirits now to holy men
Are by that SPIRIT reveal'd who gave to each
His measure of angelic sanctity.
Eye had not seen, nor ear as yet perceived,
Nor heart of man within the womb of thought
The joyous sense of heavenly Light had shaped,
Until the Saviour left us, and to these
Imparted glory, shining unperceived
With Majesty upon them, lifted up

Above all Principalities or Powers,
That they by Him might unto higher place
Of dignity be lifted, thus to bless
With light transmitted, Christian warriors here
Who fought their fight beneath such guardian care.
Oh! if we once religiously regard
The instruments of art as helps to learn
More of the influence of heaven's lights
On earth, as issuing from the thoughts of man
Not unassisted in discovery
By deep interpositions from Above;
Then with far other thoughts accompanying
Our eyes at midday through the telescope
Shall see the dancing of the polar star
Or other cluster'd orbs of wakeful light—
And passing onward into higher courts
Of Heaven invisible, yet clearly seen
By those things which are made, reveal'd to faith
There shall we view the Spirits that have past
Their state of trial, singing evermore
With Prophets and Apostles, day and night,
Their Holy, Holy, Holy. While we walk
Upon the earth about our common work,
The stars are shining still as though they kept
Perpetual sabbath by unresting work
Of glittering inexhausted! While we live,
And breathe, and move, and, careless of the end
Of these, to common meat and drink
Our spirits lower, still in Heaven's Court,

At every hour and moment of the day,
The unbroken office to the TRINITY
By Angel tongues is hymn'd, and when we turn
To 'Heaven's lieger' prayer, by it to us
(As by a telescope the midday stars)
Their joyous song of steady love is heard.
How sweetly day by day to us the Church
The Heavens, and all the Angel Powers therein,
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, Holy Church
Throughout the world, at sacred office shows;
Thus linking into one, elected men
And Angels past probation[2], and the beings
Who by experience of trial learn
To hasten onward to the endless Day,
Far better than the thousand years of joy
In which the SON on earth His Saints prepares:
For if these thousand days are rightly thought
In tarrying at the door of Heaven's courts,
Ere entry, needful, sure the One full Day
Within those courts more glorious shall be!
  If then the stars be shadows of the Hosts
That live in inner Heaven, and if of yore
In times when shadows spake to Patriarchs,
A shadow of the Son of man was seen,
Beneath such dispensation, suitably
With all its bearings did the Psalmist pray
That Angels might be stirr'd to fuller praise,
And stars and light, when summon'd to the task,
Might not unaptly figure Heaven's Host.

It might be that the words he raised in pray'r
To Him Who deigns for humble litanies
To keep material nature to her course,
Had also deeper meaning, meet for such
As see by faith the Angels camping round.
Blest be the souls who in simplicity
With artless Jacob[3] or Nathanael,
See Angels still ascending to the Son
To carry prayers to Heaven, or to earth
Descending when the Master's presence bids
These to partake of shelter, unawares
By humble souls afforded, as they stoop
Hard by the place where late His Body lay,
And see the linen on the Altar still!
Or when the Bishop, with o'ershadowing hand,
Giveth a gift more wondrous than the boon
Of everlasting being first bestow'd
Through human parents on their fleshly sons,
And powers greater than the Shining Light,
Who should decrease, enjoy'd, thereby bestows;
Then also are the Hosts, unseen by such
As walk by sight, in waiting, and the night
Of this world's misery illumined seems
With hopes, which fathers' prayers or deacons' breasts
Inspiring, promise laden to return.
And men of faith and prayer believe that beings
Whose dwelling is afar yet exercise
An influence for good upon the earth,
As by their distant glimmerings do the stars.

Whene'er these wonder-working days return,
A sensible advance towards the day
(So near at hand when furthest) by the heart
Of awe-struck men is felt—the realm of night
Shrinks into narrower compass, and the stars
(If not amiss, the name may be transferr'd
To holy Angels) gleam before the mind
Then doubly conscious that there is indeed
A Host of Seraphs round us evermore.
And some perhaps who have the Gift received
But lately, and with love's intensest beating
Are greeted by companions that can share
Their deeper yearnings, will so awfully
Have realized the mighty mystery,
That they who have enjoy'd a longer use
Of this tremendous Gift, with fear look back
And feel a night is round them thicker far
Than ever they when fresh with confidence
Of hoped obedience, deem'd would linger still.
  Yet is the Day at hand, the glorious Stars
Are still expecting, and the loyal heart
Goaded by memory of stern resolves,
Again shall rise to do the Heavenly Will
As It is done in Heaven, shall catch from night
A precept how to shine while others sleep.
Hence are the burning lamp, the girded loins,
What time in marriage luxury and sleep
The children of this world for Angel's state
On earth aspiring feebly, children seek

At their desire, despising such as deem
That eunuchs chiefly propagate the Seed
From Jesse's Stem, and by their nightly tears
With penitents replenishing the earth
Or new-won Christians, gain unto themselves
A quiver full of spiritual sons
To foil the darts of their dread Enemy
When in the Gate of Judgment they shall speak.
Hence is the hardy appetite for pain,
For fasting, for th' unwearying earnestness
Of intercessive prayer, which as a flower
By midday heat and choking trials hurt
And wither'd, in the coolness of the night
Recovers pristine attitudes of grace,
What time the rains of night upon it drop
With patterings intermitting and distinct,
As tears by penitential sorrow dropp'd
Amid the stillness of the mantling night
Upon a book of prayers. O ye that sleep,
Awake, awake, put on the glorious robe
Of sackcloth, and the saintly posture seize
Of standing, in the Courts invisible,
With patient feet; awake from idle dreams
Of ill anticipated for the flesh,
To the realities of heavenly rest,
The Christian Sabbath! Dare to follow Him
Who on the mountain watch'd the night away
In needful intercession, and was heard
In that He fearèd. Dare to ascend with Him

In thought and mind, with Him in human heart
Gifts for thine enemies do thou receive.
Thou art a priest and king, a counsellor,
One that should not indulge in night-long sleep
What time the enemy besets the Camp.
There is a force in nightly-chanted psalms
And holy Creeds, which unto us of old
Was promised, when by night the mighty man
Went down to Madian's camp, with chosen troop
Of spare and measured diet from the earth
Uplifted, not with those that crouch'd
To wallow in the mire as the beasts
That typify uncleanness, but with few
And upright spirits he on Madian's host
Fell suddenly by midnight, and as men
Who in their earthen vessels treasure held
Of light conceal'd, with no uncertain sound
The trumpets blew, and on the type of him [1]
Who is our Foe, with mighty ruin dash'd.
These battles of the warrior with their noise
And garments roll'd in blood, the silent might
Of nightly Creed and David's trumpet set
To Christians' mouth foretold, a silent might
Given by the Child who in the manger call'd
The Stars of Heaven to fight with peaceful song
For men of kindred spirit upon earth.
Whoso would pass his nights in wakeful rest
Might imitate on spiritual enemies
The deed of Gideon! He with inward man

Might hear the voice the blissful Stars of old
To David utter'd. For 'tis when the eyes
Have long been weeping by a soothing Cross
They best can look upon the marshall'd ranks
Of Stars whose ministry in distant Heaven
Hath influence on the earth, and in them read
Memorial of the Angelic quires that sing
Their hallelujah charms against the Foe
That will not, cannot hear them. Outward sign
They yield to such of inward comfort sweet
And gentle to their souls, as starlight is
Unto the tearworn channels of the eye
Now daring to look up. 'Ah, lonely man,'
They seem to say, 'thy sorrows well are known.
We that be watching o'er the widow'd Church
Behold the same afflictions as in thee
Accomplish'd in thy brethren; and our camp
Is pitch'd about thee still, as round the earth
The starry firmament. And there is ONE
Who calls us all by name, the Second Man,
Who, as of old His earthly antitype
Gave to the creatures each a separate name,
With wondrous gift of language then inspired;
So did He to the groupings of our Host
A name bestow, as upon each therein;
And every name by its significance
Convey'd to each of us our right and power
Of several ministries in order'd course.
There is not on the earth a little flower,

A beast, or bird, which telleth not to thee
Of counterpart in Heaven: of this the page
Of nature which we dwell by, will inform
Thy wakeful love, if there content to muse
Of glories *so* reveal'd.' Thus haply he
Might in his fancy be beguiled to shape
An Angel's language, and delusion strange
Resulting on the mind with musing weak,
Might dream it heard the music of the spheres.
Or as when sleep is stealing o'er the frame,
Stretch'd on a hardy couch for meagre rest,
Remembrances of spiritual beings blend
With things of earth, and casually consist
In brief endurance of propriety
And reason in the mind, then die away
Into a jargon of unorder'd images—
So might the soul from musing on the stars
Aroused, suppose that neighbouring voice had ask'd,
Who is my neighbour, LORD? and one replied,
Each angel that hath mercy show'd to thee!
Nor only as reminding, how the SUN
One Glory hath, another, Heaven's Host,
Is starlight's dimness joyous to the sight,
But also as requiring tender love
To rouse to vigour, ere it hear their voice!
Even thus "the book of stars" a gleaming gives,
Not a full light, but a retiring gleam,
The only light that lendeth guidance meet
To souls that seek for Scripture's narrow gate

By walking mournfully, as all must walk
Who tread His slander'd footsteps. Yea, the stars,
By their retiring, unobtrusive light,
Shine just so much as humble souls desire,
To show the realms of Heaven within the veil.
They would not have *them* brighter, nor the text
More clear, which gives to duteous love a place
Where it may exercise its patient gaze.
'Tis so a little child, that up a cliff
Which throws its ruin onward to the shore
Climbs, joyous in his heart at rugged clumps
And knolls all bristling with new obstacles;
And ever and anon as they shall help
To raise him upward in his busy course,
He stops and fills his panting bosom fresh
With the invigorating breeze that teems
From the still Ocean, fills his wondering eye
With faith and love, and then resumes his task
Self-set, and yet more gladly now contrives
To overcome the trial in his course
Presented next.
'Tis thus a patient soul
Who to a humble faith hath tutor'd been
In holy Church's teaching, gladly joins
With difficulties such as may beset
His upward pathway, those especially
Which call upon that faith to energize
Through love towards the spirits of the just,
And reverence duly Heaven's Host unseen [5].

And when the childlike spirit hath been strong
To vanquish these, then comes a breathing time,
Whence further we may look towards the sea
And worship that great Deep, the TRINITY.

There is a rude unhallow'd spirit that lives
With this our age, more potent than the seven
That haunted the regretted Saint whose day
A resting time hath furnish'd me to muse
On stars and light, a spirit that guileth men
Aside from reverential bride-like love
To all that doth or ever hath belong'd
Or should perchance belong or minister
In any sort unto the Church's LORD:
That love that stirr'd the Church of olden time
Unrent of schisms, which did not reverence
The Angels, save as stepping-stones t' advance
With reverence *distinct* towards the Throne;
Which felt an awe for those who station held
As doorkeepers of Heaven's highest Height!
Hence not alone before the FATHER's sight
Was sin confess'd, but also against Heaven;
The Angel who was guardian over prayer[6]
Might not be told excusingly of vows
Through error broken; nor might Brother Spirits
By women, shameless with uncover'd head,
Bereaving them of deep memorial
Of inward mysteries, unheeded be[7].
A shadow of them is by ancient bard
Preserved, when he of Hours sung, that watch'd

Thy storied gates, Olympus! since to these
The opening or shutting of the doors
Of heaven was trusted. For the Angel high
Set over prayer is able best to hear
At hours accepted; such was he who loosed
The Saint that once was deem'd the rightful lord
Of the whole Church, until the Enemy
Sow'd discord 'mid the Wheat, and Truth, averse
From error real or fancied, kiss'd no more
Her sister Mercy. Dread corruption sway'd
The members now disjointed—the whole head
For sickness counted, and the heart throughout
Beat languidly! Oh would that all could be
Of humbler mind, all members of the Church,
While through the world she singeth David's Psalms
And keepeth fast and feast, from sabbaths freed,
That they, the fellow-citizens of saints,
Now, even now, may enter better Rest.
Alas! that men are set on praising home
Thus Jewishly, and, changing them to fiends,
Exult in loud abuse of others' sins
As they esteem them, ignorant of prayer
And all its humbling workings! Better far
To try ourselves in Catholic balances,
The measures of that Sanctuary of God
The ancient Church, till certain we ourselves
Are nothing wanting, and t' esteem the rest
As better than ourselves in lowly spirit
And penitential fast and watchful tears:

Not saying 'fore the Angel this or that
Was but a human failing, but in air
Of awe at having meddled with a whole
Whose every part runs into mystery,
Confessing fathers' sins—the death-like void
Betwixt the rest of Christendom and us,
That their sins, firmly twisted to our own,
Have bound us down to. Is it nought to us
That no anointing now conveys the Gift
By promised channel as it used of old?
No water mingled is in Wisdom's Cup,
The Sacraments are signs, as if the day
Of Jewish unrealities were back,
And the continuous rest of holy works
Were sunk to one poor, measured, sabbath-day,
And we on whom the Sun shines sevenfold
More glorious than on them, were satisfied
With two sad services in lieu of seven's joy.
Sure it is hard for those, whose privilege
It is to know of blessings once enjoy'd
Throughout the Christian world, with patient spirit
To brook their ways, who coldly thrust aside
These ancient things,—to feel their nakedness
And dread the possibility of loss
Eternal, which may follow it, to hear men say
(The essentials yet remaining) "Unity,
Thou fancied bliss, I have no need of thee."
Ah! they that with this vaunting language swell,
Know little of the misery of doubt,

Nor of the heaviness of earnest hearts
That anxiously are asking if within
The root of that sad misery is found,
Or from their outward state it takes its rise!
Mine may it be, with humble sympathy
For such-like holy spirits, undisturb'd
To angry opposition, thus to feel,
That, here invited, they with me may turn
Their eyes to heavenly legions of fix'd stars
Or brilliant planets, and considering
What arguments the astronomer may find
For deeming these, though separate in space,
To be united yet in one great system,
These arguments may welcome as a voice
Encouraging to them, and hence may hope
That inward union still pervades the whole
Of inward Heaven, that the Church on earth
Still is the image of the Church in Heaven,
Still teems with secret union, wide apart
And sorely sever'd as its members seem.
I know not why, but whensoe'er I view
The starlit heaven, it ever seems to me
So very full of unity and peace
And solemn joy, as though it could instil
A quiet into weariness of heart,
And purposely was framed to speak to man
Of vital unity, which spirits have,
Material semblance of the harmony
Which space from kindred spirits cannot rend!

And haply they whose heart with sorrow bends,
Are ablest ever intimations faint
To use for arguments, as mourners act
By instinct's guidance, safer than the light
That worldly shrewdness lends its votaries.
Come ye that sorrow, lift your eyes to Heaven,
Come strong with tears and moanings nightly made,
Come to the lessons which the quiet stars
Are ever uttering, come, and ye shall hear
Thunderings and voices sounding through the Church
Yet one by inward union—ye shall rate
Sad words of discord or self-righteousness
'Gainst Rome or Greece from unascetic souls
At naught or less than naught. Thy Master's Host
Hath inward strength, although its outward lines
With heretics be tangled, or by hearts
That use not hardness, blended with the world
To sight appear. The eye of faith, in Heaven
Shall see the Stars are in their courses still
For Israel fighting there, against the host
Of Sisera's fell antitype in hell;
Although in Israel's hearts divisions sore
And searchings seem to be, her notes they hear
What time with spiritual armoury of Psalms
She wields against the host of Sisera
The curse which lighteth on him as of old,,
When they as dung became by Endor's fount.

Deem not, thou feeble-hearted, that the ear
Of sense must needs these presences proclaim,

Were they indeed with us, (if sinful lips
May speak what reason haply cannot teach,)
For lo! how insects countless as the stars
Seen in the milky way, float through the air,
With hum scarce audible, and to the sight
By numbers only made perceptible;
And know that there are creatures yet more slight
Of fabric, each with voice and tongue endow'd,
Ranging the blithsome air unseen by thee
Save through the glass akin to that which kens
The orbs of distant Heaven!—and how much more
May spiritual Essences around thee move
Unseen, unheard, while fighting in their course,
And thundering hallelujahs with a sound
Too vast for human senses to embrace
(As man's to petty insect[8]), till the smoke
Of Satan's firstborn shall at length ascend
For ever and for ever, at a sound
Whereof the sabbath-breaking trumpets sound
With vibratory thrills by Jericho
Foretold the majesty! Oh awful sound,
With awfulness which dim futurity
Alone can echo! When in deep of night
Upon the wings of darkness trumpet-notes
Ride heavily, as Pharaoh's chariot-wheels,
Seems not the Judgment blast, from out the vault
Of dread futurity, empower'd to yield
To instruments predictive of itself
A portion of that awe, which highest Heaven

And all the ancient stars shall sometime hear!
Hence have I fancied that the light of Heaven
Was gifted with prophetic ministry:
Though haply man's philosophy of old
Seized not the very truth, yet may I deem
That she in part, as Balaam, might have learnt
To ken the distant Star, and from it, help'd
By marr'd tradition, scanty notice gain'd
Of earlier history, ere the foot of man
Walk'd on this planet or this planet's self
Moved orderly about the ruling Sun.
For heathens gazing at the lights of Heaven
Were by Satanic interference led
To deem their brightness from eternity
To all eternity itself had pour'd
Each from its proper essence—wrenching thus
Some record haply of their ancientry
To creed of their eternity; and now
Philosophy hath said that all the time
From Adam's sin were not enough to mete
A portion of the tardy-gaited time
Wherein the rapid ray of fixèd star
Would end its journey to this little globe[9]
In which we pass our fleet existency!
As though it might be that the outward types
Of Heavenly Hosts were older far than earth;
As though a time had been, when man was not
And they were living, yet uncharged with powers
Of guarding men; as though this ancient time

Was call'd by crazed antiquity, a name
Which suiteth only with the Uncreate,
Was call'd Eternal! Or shall they be thought
To have heard of light primeval, first-made type
Of Very Light? And did the pagan sage[10]
Who deem'd th' eternal heavens were those above
Our earthly heaven, some memory of this light
Hand faithful on, of time before our time
Which is a counterpart of what perchance
May come when earth her present form shall leave;
A period haply now continuing on,
In which the dispensation we enjoy
Of months and years, may be inclosed, as one
Who reft of sight, amid the sunbeams walks;
A period which a week of thousand years
May glide by, as the shadows on the hills
When mighty winds, in witch-like revelry
Eddy gigantic dance upon their sides!
Sure, of this time some ancient lay survived
(Untutor'd fancy might indulge herself
Ere conscience had detected her in dreaming
Of Adam hearing such from Angels' tongues)
Misshapen more and more as heavier weight
Of sins entail'd press'd heavier, until Truth
Unloved within had vanish'd from without.
And others, suffering for the guilty, came
With love of truth, yet lack'd the outward Creed
To help them to it needful, deem'd the lights
Were brighter things than man; while haply pride

Forbade *their* gleaning in the scant remains
Of the great harvest of traditions pure
Left from the flood, nor could their soul believe
That human flesh might ever shine more bright
Than brightest matter whence the world is made [11].
And of this time might Eastern sage have meant
(Though he had record of man's higher hopes)
A notice faint to bear to us, when he
Proclaim'd their light an everlasting light.
Thus error mouldeth as a wreathing mist
The things beyond it into shape grotesque,
Itself a medium that cannot frame
Their visual language rightly to divide.
Haply they also spake of period still
Unbroken, of the atmosphere and clime
In which shall beat the utterances high
Of the new Advent's trumpet when the Moon,
The Church's representative, is new,
And when the solemn Feast-Day shall be come,
And this thick covering be yet more removed.

But leaving this, which Fancy will be wise
If she should touch with accents indistinct
And purposely ill-utter'd, may we ask
Whether, as in this little universe
Man only reaps not all the benefit
Of what was wrought in Calvary, the Earth
Were not the only person (may I say
What to believe were punishable sin)
Endued with reason, in the vasty plain

Of Heaven; or whether stars besides and lights
Have not alike their own intelligence
Inhabited by creatures needing aid
Of kindred sort to what man's fallen race
At Mercy's open-handed storehouse sought.
Here, in this world, we may a law perceive
Whereby the intellects of finite beings
Judge, speak, or act, and with it interlaced
In folds and knottings blended hopelessly
Another Law, by which the Infinite
(To our capacities) both acts and speaks.
And every deed of everlasting Love
Hath in it one, an everlasting side,
Another finite, and its several deeds
Are infinite and finite, dwell in time
And in Eternity—What if time and space
Be compeers in this twofold property,
If, as eternal purposes in time
To us disclosed have been, so things that space
Is powerless in truth to fetter, man
Beholds in bounds of local circumstance?
What if the whole vastidity of space
Felt at one moment that great Sacrifice,
And all the inhabitants of Heaven's wide plain
(To gift them with a personality
For fancy's needs) as some excited throng
Whom pity stirs, or indignation just,
With mighty groan at once the Ocean huge
Of creatures heaved, groan audible perhaps

To other beings, and of meaning full!
On earth a throng hath stronger sympathies
And feelings far more magic, than the sum
Of single men's unmirror'd sympathies,
And this strange working of a multitude
Become one seeming whole, too deep would be
For this small world, unless one deem it hath
Some heavenly counterpart, wherewith it chimes!
And like as when the great creative Power
Came forth to frame the fabric of the Earth
Upon Himself, the Corner-stone of all
That is created, the never-ending choir
Of Stars in Heaven mingling joy and fear,
Prais'd Him the Uncreate; so when He came
To recreate the fallen, then their sound
Went forth again, and so it may have been
That powers in Heavenly places felt His Love
When on the Cross, sheep of another fold
By those on earth outshadow'd, starry orbs
Who, moved at their departing Sun to wish
Themselves to sink to nothing, yet maintain
Their order'd course, and patiently endure
Lest man's impatiency should miss reproof[12].
Yet (not intrudingly mid things unseen
To stray) for me suffice it to have touch'd
On thoughts which those who e'er themselves have felt
Shall haply welcome more, if not compell'd
With staring shameless clearness to unfold
In words explicit things for love to speak

In inward still discourse of faith to joy.
For surely stars the outward emblem are
Of angel Virtues, not the Powers themselves,
But things connected distantly with them
Who rule them under High Authority:
And forth by night they come, although by day
Their secret presence beams upon the earth,
E'en so the Angels present evermore
With secret offices ordain a Law,
And teach us by the discipline of types
Unseen obedience, reverend reserve
And constancy unwearied—for that they
Have some things which their sanctified desire
May not attain the sight of, and from strength
They too to further strength are taught to go.
At least of finite beings thus much we know,
That they, at best estate, are ever short
Of One in Wisdom, powerless to abide
The searching out of Triune Majesty.
And whether they shall mount, or not, to heights
Yet unattain'd of beatific sight,
Thus much we see, that man for wisest end
Hath in him longings for a clearer sight,
And brooks not mystery, when he brooks it most,
Thirsting for what was forfeit by the fall,
Which Adam erst in Paradise enjoy'd
Through superhuman Gift. If stars in Heaven,
The emblems of the Cherubs, so exceed
In glory one another, and unmoved

Their glory have immovably assign'd,
We too by daily Prayer the Way are taught
That led them each unto his present post
In Heaven's Army [13]. Be we Abraham's sons
In faithful works, and then as Stars in Heaven
We too shall shine with glory unto each
Proportionately given for the works
Wrought in the flesh—one glory for the Sun
Of Righteousness, the enduring Light Himself,
That rules th' eternal Building in the Heavens,
Another of the Stars, His hallow'd Host,
Another glory for the mystic Moon.

Hail to that lesser light, the power believed
To rule the cleansing Ocean, type in Heaven
Of Her who borrows Jesus' Light on earth,
Whose blissful Power is worthy to invest
Baptismal waters with their influence,
And moves the purifying wave with force
For cleansing sin, far better than the power
By Angels yielded to Bethesda's pool!
Within the Church continued miracles
Abide, not outwardly alone to move
Or to astonish unbelievers' eyes,
But inwardly to move the faith of poor
In spirit as in goods, *whose* gift it is
To that fair City founded by the Lord,
That shall not move at any time, with trust
And servile humbleness to pay ungrudgingly
Entire obedience, who have taught their hearts

In love to listen unreservingly
To *all* her teaching. 'Tis for these the Moon,
Who rules the darkness of this lower world
Until the Daystar rise, has ample gifts,
Not for the wither'd hand or palsied limbs,
Not for the halt and maim'd, or them that eat
Each day unstintedly of sumptuous fare:
Albeit these, the shadows of her gifts,
Their substance ofttimes follow—but for those
Whose hand by sin disabled cannot give
In cleansing almsgiving, She hath a Bread
And Wine that strengthens him, in holy pain,
To lay foundations for the time to come.
The spiritually hungry She can feed,
And, bid by Prophecy, can multiply
Her Corn with increase, when hid Manna falls
Upon the lips of them that trembling stand
With lengthen'd fast, that helpeth them to stand
As Daniel did, what time they meetly seek
For Christ their Righteousness, and ask in faith
What is IT, while they wist not what it is
Nor where they are! so awing is the time
When the High Mountain (emblem too of Her
Of Whom the moon is emblem) spreads its Feast
Before them, weary in the wilderness,
And coming thither where beneath the shade
Of the Almighty Rock they eat in peace
Of fat things well refined and gladdening Wine.
Nor seems it short of interposing Love

Which made the Pagans picture Dian's haunts
Amid the mountains, that a quivering ray
Of parting Truth might herald tidings glad!
Faint emblem, though an emblem, of the Church,
As though amid the darkest night of sin
Some muffled gleamings of the distant Light
Still stole away from Heaven amid the mists,
Enough to give to minds of earnest build
A half familiarity with things
Eternity was pregnant with, as yet
In time unborn! while minds of colder cast
In them should rest, and craving for no truth
At them should slake the thirst prophetical
For ampler things! So, Dian had her bow
Unmissing in its aim, the Church her curse;
Dian the power of lending matrons aid
Amid their qualms, the Church Her Sacrament
To heal and help the penitent that toils
And is in travail with renewing Life!
Dian the gift of chastity enjoyed,
That gift which neither Saints nor Patriarchs
Were envious of, until the Bridegroom gave
This special and majestic privilege
To Her who is His Bride; and when the priests
Abstain from marriage, then the spiritual sons
Grow up and multiply, and daughters too
As polish'd corners of the Church become,
And mid the Gentiles, seldom to be won
By married priests, the widow'd outwardly

Have children in the spirit, who shall plead
In the dread Judgment-gate for them that saved
Their souls, thus hiding multitudes of sins!
  But see how many witness, that the Moon
Hath power on lunatics, how David fled
At the full-moon from Saul, and monish'd be
How spite of arguments adroitly plied
The Church may cause the deeper fall of such
As are already wicked by free will,
With secret influence searching out the haunts
Of wrangling heresy or life impure,
Those twofold faces of one Enemy.
  But sure of unpoetic make is he
Who seeth not her power on things of earth!
Go to the forest in a shining night,
And see how teems its bosom with new life:
Who cannot tell of many a summer's ramble
When he has broken off his comrade's talk,
That he might turn and see the rising Moon?
And light and shade profusely did she throw
Over the wavy trees until they moved
With gracefulness that seem'd above their own.
Nor was it only on the stately trees,
Not on the dew-clad herbs or tingling stream,
Or wider river, or the bosom large
Of restless Ocean, not the towering height
Of craggy mountains robed with majesty,
Not on the lofty Church, or pealing walls
Of some familiar College, or on house

For hospitable ancestry beloved,
That thus the moon with magic power rests,
And clothes them with a grandeur of her own:
But every little stone upon the way,
Each landmark set to guide the traveller
Who stops to count the distance still to go,
Each strawbuilt hut, or stile that checks the path,
Or crazy barn or rick by rustics trimm'd,
Has given to it soft and touching shades
Unlike the clear-mark'd lines of angry day.
Nor is this softness of untiring light
Without true influence on the yielding heart
Of friends conversing, nor, methinks, should they
Who seeking holy wedlock love to roam
In unsuspecting innocence of heart
Beneath its beams, be peevishly arraign'd
Of childish poetry, because in song
They fondly tattle of its gentle light.
Say rather doth not this, that they confess
To such as have those cravings now subdued,
Betray, whose type the Moon in Heaven is made?
Doth not the type itself in part exert
The Church's own Love-giving influence?
And, as by words mysterious She bestows
The gift of fruitfulness upon the pair
That court Her sacramental privilege,
(Gift like to that the Moon of old was thought
To exercise upon the earth-born plants[13],)
So doth she, though in lower grade, still shed

A light and loveliness on trivial things,
And they that have her gentle teaching woo'd
By glad austerities from *men* conceal'd,
Can reverence all She hallows: oil, or wood,
Or stone or fenced enclosure from Her takes
New influences upon them, and they love
Things that before were common. Since to them
By fast and prayer the all-enclosing sheet
Hath once descended, nothing in their eyes
Of nature's gifts is common or unclean.
On all She smiles with looks betokening love,
Smile such as that on pale ascetic lips [14],
Smile full of deepness gain'd by moving these
In Hannah's noiseless prayer, that greeteth all,
Letting none feel unwelcome or oppress'd
By sense of littleness. 'Tis even so,
The Moon expressive, smiles on little things,
Nor needs the mind a guiding hand to point
How she is faithful counterpart in this
Of the all-consecrating Church, whose hand
O'ershadowing little things hath hallow'd all
To Her Creator's service: little flowers
Have colours suited to the divers times
And seasons, which by sabbaths and new moons
No more entrammell'd, She at Her pure will
To order is commission'd; tiny threads,
Wrought by embroiderers' cunning needlework,
Adorn the holy Altar, sprigs of box
With holly mingled freshen in the mind

The hopes of that new Advent when the Trees
Of every wood shall joy before the Lord.
And he that in his lesser temple gains
A Spirit like to that the Church adorns,
Shall find in common life o'er little things
This placid light diffused, o'er bud or flower,
Or ordinary meal, or humble trade
Amusive or for livelihood pursued.
And rightly did the nation who invoked
With Cusá grass and India's choicest flowers,
In marriage rites the moon as king of herbs
And trees, imagine that ambrosia
And nectar there was stored, for in the Church
Is plenteous store of garner'd Bread and Wine,
The immortalizing Food, by Angels sought,
For sake of which the common daily fare
And all that ministers to flesh's needs,
Deserveth hallowing at the Church's hands.
  Nor when I peep upon the nurselings there,
That nightly wave beside the battlements
Of my balcony, is the dainty beam
Afraid of students' tower, but mingleth there
Her gentle rays with early-kindled light
Of crackling fire, and at yon Chapel Cross
Rests with a modest gravity of air,
As though subdued before the awful Sign,
Which shall erewhile in Heaven be reveal'd
When Moon and stars no more shall lighten man.
Nor lacks the little belfry cunning beams

That seem with childlike innocence to search
The causes of the vibratory sounds.
So doth the Church find out the secrecies
Of every rank of life, and shed on each
Calm joys, in winter, even when the storm
Of keen adversity is sweeping by.
Nor think, ye poets, who in rural life
Your pastime find, that study's hardy course
Is one mere weariness, unvisited
By aught of sympathy for nature's smells,
For busy morning breeze or frosty sky,
That with its wide expanse the moon attends,
Or misty veils that on the rich-wrought spire
Bestow their wondrous majesty and awe.
Nay, for the student, in this holy place,
From under ivy-mantled buttresses
May see Saint Mary's, by the early Moon,
Rise,—like a sceptre sway'd benignantly
Above the other buildings, or a saint
Whose beauty shed from holiness within,
From kindred spirits following far behind,
Wins by his gracious mien unsought respect.
  These are the lights which in their steady course
The times and seasons measure for the world
By power of old ordain'd—and these the Church
May also order, by her sacred might
Creating festivals, of majesty
And obligation diverse, as She deems,
Instinct with heavenly guidance, that the needs

Of alter'd times new vehicles require
For truths neglected, or for growing 'store
Of friends in Paradise' She wills that gratitude
Becoming utterance in her lays should find.
But other lights there are in Heaven's high arch
Which come less frequently within the scope
Of human vision, yet even these hath art
Of man, in calculations, patiently
Assisted by the moon, contrived to note,
And tell the period of their slow return,
And reason on the pathway which they tread,
Space unpreoccupied,—or matter dim
And finer than were otherwise perceived,
As though there were in this vastidity
Of boundless worlds material link suffused,
Which by its subtleness defiance bids
To man's proud arguings upon the laws
And forms of matter, even as in words
A majesty and power within resides
That on a wedding-day obtrudes itself
E'en on the mind of children of this world
That marry or in marriage are bestow'd.
'The earthly godfathers of Heaven's' host
Their calculations dated from the Moon,
To show how they who will by loving faith
To dwell amid the Heavenly Hierarchs
Must from the movements of the Church on earth
Learn of the things of Heaven, of incense rites,
Of times for presentation at the Throne

Of Heaven, of intercessions for the Saints.
And when we muse on ether's subtle tie
Between the planets and fix'd stars diffused,
Then learn we that there is a mystic bond
Between the Church and Principalities
In Heavenly places, whence the abiding need
Of better sacrifices, these to cleanse
From pestilential bane of human sin
That spreads in circles, feebler in their course,
Through space the Infinite alone may ken.
The counterpart of those unwonted lights
(Whereby the ether that impedes their haste
Itself discloses) are unwonted times
Of sudden darkness, such as moved the mind
Of even Milton, to unwonted grade
Of awe and reverence, though upon his eyes
There was the film, sad antitype of that
Which closed his spirit against the LIGHT of LIGHT,
The Co-eternal SON! And blinded thus
Hath he not blinded with irreverence
Dear England's sons, with Jewish legend strain'd,
And ill transplanted into Christian lands?
Never may I, from fear of hurting man,
Or love of death-conceiving prejudice,
Claim aught of poets' brotherhood with one
Who disbelieved Thy GODHEAD! never seek
To find some beauty in a man whose creed
Destroy'd all Beauty, carrying secret bane
(As I by sins all weaken'd ever dread,)

Into the ramifyings, roots, and filaments
Of all that stately-seeming tree of song,
Beneath whose shadow holier hearts than mine
May haply dwell by its ill airs unscathed.
And would that my weak verses might instil
Somewhat of kindred fear into the hearts
Of all my countrymen, lest from the fount
Of Arian poison they infected be
Unconsciously, and lose the power to bow
The head in awe, whene'er they hear the Name
Of Him Who by His Nod on Calvary
Rent Judah's veil! O banish'd from their love
Be any who dishonoureth His Love!
Now let us dare that witching lay to dread,
Whence fell irreverence may stealthily
Creep over us with its Socinian chill!
Now be we bold to guess why glorious Lights,
The Saints and Angels, seem to miss a place
In our esteem! It is because the SUN
Hath lost His honour! We in Milton's verse
Have well nigh lost the Paradise reveal'd
To Christians by the Spirit while on earth!
  What if it be through scanty awe for GOD
That we due honour from His Saints withhold?
Oh! could we realize some Martyr's spirit
That long had drunk the beatific Light
Of Heaven's SUN, how should we shrink with awe
And wither up before his borrow'd Light!
And if our thoughts were capable to move

While awestruck thus, methinks our highest act
Of honour, short would seem of reverence due
To mortals glorified! *how* short of His
Who chargeth even Angel Hosts with folly!
From worship given to Him, we learn to feel
Some reverence for His servants, and from these
We rise again to higher awe for Him
Whom only (for He only Holy is
With hate unchanging for iniquity,
And love for righteousness) we may adore [15].
To worship them would be to fall from Him;
And yet if we be fellow-citizens
With them, there *is* a reverence to be paid,
Wholly distinguishable in the mind
Of childlike love from aught of worship paid
To Him who is, and was, and is to come.
But highest reverence, though it will not brook
Approach of far comparison with Him,
Is hers whom some have held the Queen of Heaven,
Clad with the SUN her womb of old embraced,
And with the Moon, the Church, beneath her feet,
Who was (because of that Male Child within,
That with a rod of iron ruled the world)
In vain assaulted by the Dragon fell,
Whose tail had swept a third of Heaven's stars,
The co-apostate Angels, from their place [16].
The more we strive by earnest living here
To feel the innumerable Heavenly Host
About us pour'd, to see by faith The Cloud

In whom the Son of God of old conceived
Shall sit at last to judge, to realize
These and the Saints departed, or in joy
Or waiting for their joy; the more beguiled
To kindred love and humbleness and fear,
We shall behold the distant TRINITY
In Light for ever dwelling, till the Judge
A nearer access give to souls that shine
For ever and for ever as the Stars.

NOTES

ON

BOOK III.

NOTE 1. p. 109.

The existence of a light before the sun and the moon were created, is noticed by St. Ephrem, Op. Syr. vol. i. p. 9 : "Since, then, the primitive light was earliest created, it ministered [sunned] with its brightness to three days ; it ministered also, as they say, the conception and the bringing forth of all which the earth produced in the third day ; and the sun was in heaven, that it might ripen whatsoever by the means of primitive light had come forth. They say, too, that from that same free light, and also from the fire, which were created in the first day, was the sun, which was in the firmament, established ; and the moon and the stars were too from it, that primitive light. As, then, the sun that rules the day, along with its giving of light to the earth, doth likewise indeed ripen the fruits of the earth, so the moon that rules the night, while she maketh the might of the night foolish through her shining, yet also verily produceth in right of her primitive nature the fruits and the produces ; for Moses in his Blessings saith, *Of the precious things brought forth by the moon.*" St. Basil, Hex. vi. 10, (to whom St. Ephrem possibly alludes) speaks

as follows: *Οἶμαι δὲ καὶ τῇ τῶν ζώων κατασκευῇ καὶ τοῖς λοιποῖς τοῖς ἀπὸ γῆς φυομένοις μὴ μικρὸν ὑπάρχειν ἐκ τῆς κατὰ τὴν σελήνην μεταβολῆς τὴν συντέλειαν.* Comp. S. Ambr. Hex. iv. 7.

Note 2. p. 112.

Butler, Anal. part i. cap. v. p. 136: "Who knows whether the security of creatures in the highest state of perfection may not in part arise from their having had such a sense of things as this formed and habitually fixed within them in some state of probation." This great writer is said to have been devoted much to the Alexandrine Fathers, who generally seem to have held this opinion. Thus St. Athan. c. Ar. i. 51, says, *τῶν γενητῶν ἡ φύσις ἐστὶ τρεπτή, καὶ οἱ μὲν παρέβησαν, κ.τ.λ.* compare iii. 51. Cyril, Jul. lib. iii. p. 93, ed. Spanhem. de Ador. p. 9. Greg. Nyss. i. p. 87, and Vinc. Lirin. § viii. (who says, 'cœlestes Angeli non peccare *jam* possunt'). Greg. Moral. v. § 68. Bp. Butler, however, states it cautiously, as knowing, perhaps, that St. Austin c. Faust. xxii. 28, and on Ps. xlii. 5, had spoken otherwise. I can scarce help believing him to have been well read in the Fathers myself, though others are, I am aware, of a different opinion. Origen's opinion may be seen in Justiniani upon Hebr. ix. 23, who is perhaps over-severe upon him. On the Heaven of Heavens, see note 5 on book iv.

Note 3. p. 113.

Jacob is called "a *plain* man" in Scripture, where the original word signifies "artless," "integer," *ἄμωμος, ἁπλοῦς*. St. John, i. 52, is explained nearly as in the text by St. Austin c. Faust. xii. 26, on Ps. xliv. 20. Orig. in Levit. p. 242.

Note 4. p. 116.

St. Ephr. on Judges vi. 21, p. 318: "The horns are a type of the preachers of the Gospel, because by the lights of the mysteries and by the voices of the preachers sin was stayed, and the dominion thereof was loosed from every people, as was the army of Midian destroyed by the lamps and the sound of the trumpets. But the empty pitchers, inside which the lamps were placed, are a type of

the synagogue of the Jews, because among them were hidden the lamps of prophecy; and as soon as ever they were broken by means of the Cross, the lamps of prophecy were made manifest by the hands of the Holy Apostles, and filled the whole earth. Or, again, the pitchers form a type of the bodies of men which are taken from the dust; but the lamps are the chaste operations of the holy Spirit, which worketh in holy bodies." This has suggested the application in the text; Midian being mentioned as a type of the *judgment* (which the word means) in Ps. lxxxiii. 9. Is. ix. 4. x. 26.

Note 5. p. 119.

And reverence duly. Orig. c. Cels. p. 386, ed. Spenc. allows that if the sense of the word *θεραπεύεσθαι* has its signification throughly purged [from all ill meaning], it may be said, that Christians use a *θεραπεία* of Angels and Archangels, which Celsus indiscriminatingly objected to them; or as he himself, stating the practice of his day apparently, says at p. 416, *κἂν ἴδωμεν . . . . . ἀγγέλους τεταγμένους ἐπὶ τῶν τῆς γῆς καρπῶν καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς τῶν ζώων γενέσεως, εὐφημοῦμεν αὐτοὺς καὶ μακαρίζομεν ἐγχαρισθέντας ὑπὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ τὰ χρήσιμα τῷ γένει ἡμῶν, οὐ μὴν τὴν ὀφειλομένην πρὸς Θεὸν τιμὴν τούτοις ἀπονέμομεν, κ. τ. λ.*; and 417, extr. where he says we must ask of Jesus Christ all assistance and guardianship, whether of angels or of the just, &c. &c. See also pp. 233, 400, and 420. So St. Athan. c. Arian. ii. 23, *κτίσμα κτίσματι οὐ προσκυνεῖ, ἀλλὰ δοῦλος Δεσπότην*, quoting Acts x. 25, and Rev. xxii. 9. And St. Austin de Trin. i. § 13, "Maxime vero illo loco satis claret quod Spiritus Sanctus non est creatura ubi jubemur non servire [*λατρεύειν*] creaturæ, sed Creatori; non eo modo quo jubemur per charitatem servire invicem quod est Græce *δουλεύειν*, sed eo modo quo tantum Deo servitur quod est Græce *λατρεύειν*." On Ps. xxxiv. § 13, (En. i.) he says, "Sed forte et hic dicitur mihi, Angelos cole, Angelos adora. Et hic dicam, *Domine, quis similis Tibi?* Et ipsos Angelos Tu creasti. Nihil sunt Angeli nisi videndo Te. Melius est cum illis possidere Te, quam ipsos adorando cadere a Te." This will be enough to justify the language of the text, and it is hoped to put persons on their guard against irreverence or over-reverence towards those blessed beings.

Note 6. p. 120.

St. Jerom on Eccles. v. 6: "Non in ventum verba transeunt, sed a præsenti Angelo, qui unicuique adhæret comes, statim perferuntur ad Dominum. Et tu, qui putas Deum ignorare quod pollicitus est, provocas eum ad iracundiam," &c. The interpretation of St. Luke, xv. 18, is St. Austin's, if my memory does not mislead me, for I cannot find it again. St. Jerom ad Damas. xxi. § 16, applies it to the Heavenly Jerusalem, as does St. Hilary on Ps. 118, Samech, p. 930,—which amounts to the same thing.

Note 7. p. 120.

St. Austin, de Trin. xii. 10, considers that the hallowed and pious meaning of this action of women's covering the head was pleasing to the Holy Angels, who therein saw a witness to the necessity of subjugating the weaker vessel of a man's mind (so to say) to the higher faculties. The whole passage is too long to give here, although justice can only be done to it by reading the whole of it, and also by considering particularly the general belief of the presence of Angels at prayer, and the bearing of the Church upon Principalities and Powers in Heavenly places.

Note 8. p. 125.

See note 9 upon book iv. In the context allusion is made to Origen's explanation of Joshua, chap. vi., an explanation found more or less fully in several parts of the Church, as in Tertull. adv. Judæos, 4. St. Ephr. in loc. St. Austin c. Faust. xii. 31. St. Greg. Nys. ap. Galland. vi. 590. Jacob. Nisib. ib. v. p. lxxxviii. Greg. Mor. xxxv. § 17, whose words may be added: "Per septenarium numerum universitas temporalitatis accipitur. Hinc est enim quod per septem dies hoc totum vitæ præsentis tempus evolvitur. Hinc est quod in typo sanctæ Ecclesiæ quæ omni tempore hunc mundum prædicando circuit Area Domini tubis clangentibus muros Jericho diebus septem circumacta confregit." To which I may join the words of St. Clement, Pæd. ii. § 41, Αἰνεῖτε αὐτὸν ἐν ἤχῳ σάλπιγγος, καὶ γὰρ ἐν ἤχῳ σάλπιγγος ἀναστήσει τοὺς νεκρούς.

Note 9. p. 126.

Schubert, Geschichte der Natur, i. p. 78, "Selbst die fast gedankenartiger Eile des Lichtstrahles würde zum Durchlaufen eines solches Raumes länger als 33 Jahre gebrauchen, so dass wenn wir mit solcher Rechnung die spannenlange Zeit eines Menschenlebens in Vergleich bringen, der Lichtstrahl welche Sirius oder Wega in der Stunde der Geburt eines Mannes austrahlten, die Erde, welche dieser bewohnt, erst dann erreichen würde, wenn über dem Gebeine des erst spät schlafen gegangenen Greises schon mehrmalen das Gras des Feldes geblüht und reife Samen getragen hätte," u. s. w. to p. 83, where allusion is made to stars which would take 885,000 years to send their rays to our earth.

Note 10. p. 127.

The pagan sage. Aristot. Metaph. xi. 7, *ἀίδιος ἂν εἴη ὁ πρῶτος οὐρανός* : and in ii. 2, he mentions those who thought there was *τὶς οὐρανὸς παρὰ τὸν αἰσθητὸν οὐρανὸν, καὶ ἥλιός τε καὶ σελήνη καὶ τἆλλα ὁμοίως τὰ κατὰ τὸν οὐρανόν.*

Note 11. p. 128.

Allusion is here made to a passage in Bernardo Segni's Commentary on the Nic. Ethics, p. 303 : " Rispondendo qui a chi dicesse l'huomo essere il piu nobile di tutti gli animali et però la Prudenza che di lui considera esser della Sapienza piu eccellente, affirma cio niente rilevare, essendo molte cose piu nobili degli animali delle quali considera la Sapienza : com' è verbi gratia l'anima del mondo e la materia onde egli è composto che è incorrottibile. Et che il mondo habbia anima è oppinione Platonica, è secondo la Teologia Christiana, et secondo il vero, il mondo non hà anima, et l'huomo è il piu nobile ente, chè sia dopo le sustanze separate ; perche l'huomo mediante l'anima immortale infusagli da Dio Ottimo avanza tutti gli altri enti, che son sotto gli Angeli, e mediante l' incorrottibilità del suo corpo, secondo la promessa di Dio futura, avanza ogni incorrottibilità della materia celeste ; avenga che anchora si potesse dire, forse che mediante l'assunta

Humanità da Christo e venisse con tal rispetto ad avanzare di nobilità gli Angeli." See also Windischmann's Philos. p. 125.

Note 12. p. 130.

This is an attempt to echo the striking language of Leo the Great: "Pendente in patibulo Creatore, universa creatura congemuit et crucis clavos omnia simul elementa senserunt. Nihil ab illo supplicio liberum fuit. Hoc in communionem sui et terram traxit et cœlum; hoc petras rupit, monumenta aperuit, inferna reseravit, et densarum horrore tenebrarum radios solis abscondit. Debebat hoc testimonium suo mundus auctori, ut in occasu Conditoris sui *cellent* universa finiri. Sed patientia Dei servat rebus atque temporibus ordinem suum; nosque in illum potius vocat affectum, ut eorum salutem petamus, quorum crimen horremus."

Note 13. p. 132.

The passages here alluded to will be found in note 1.

Note 14. p. 137.

This comparison of the Moon to an ascetic (as I afterwards found) occurs also in the Vishnu Purana, p. 522, bk. v. chap. x. "Brightly in the starry sky shone the moon with undiminished orb, like the saintly being who has reached the last stage of bodily existence in the company of the pious." The whole passage is a description of autumn of uncommon beauty; it seems to me a striking specimen of the moral superiority of Indian to Grecian paganism. The Greek would have compared things moral to things physical, in order to elevate the former: the Indian compares the latter to the former when he would give dignity to what is physical.

Note 15. p. 143.

This is a passage of scripture (Ps. xlv. 7) not unfrequently alluded to in antiquity to show the Unchangeableness and consequent Divinity of our Lord. See St. Athanasius in the passage quoted in note 2. St. Austin on the Psalms, as quoted in note 5, is presently referred to.

Note 16. p. 143.

This alludes to an opinion which appears from Aretas upon the Apocalypse, p. 352, to have been commonly held by several of old, viz. that the Woman mentioned in xii. 1, &c. is St. Mary, an opinion confirmed by verse 5, and by no means opposed to that which applies it to the Church; St. Mary being ever accounted a type of the Church. The same writer also speaks (p. 396) of the interpretation of the Cloud (in xiv. 14) as St. Mary, as the one generally received by those before him. If I am not mistaken, the same is St. Ephrem's sense of the passage in a place somewhat obscure, of his discourse on the pearl, Opp. Syriaca, vol. iii. p. 150, E, who appears to be there comparing the cloud in the pearl to St. Mary. It is often very instructive to find traditions, which at first sight appear questionable, confirmed by fresh evidence for them in a writer like St. Ephrem, whose language was for many centuries unknown to almost all writers in other parts of Holy Church.

BOOK IV.

THE WATERS AND THE WINDS.

ARGUMENT.

The Sea with human nature as its sand, how far a type of the Most High, embracing and sustaining all beings. Thoughts suggested by the expansive nature of water,—specially on the mysterious influence of several beings upon matter. Dew compared to sundry secret operations of the Holy Ghost. Gideon. The cleansing powers of Water. Traditions upon it. Sea's waves, wherein like the life of our LORD—and of the Church. The gathering together of the waters broken up by the flood. Consoling reflections from the supposition of underground channels of union. The Air, in what respects typical of the SPIRIT—acting on the Ship in which Christians are. The Rainbow.

BOOK IV.

Almighty Father! from Whose Bosom springs
The Well of Light, if in Thy child remains
Some little of the Water given by Thee
Of old, that mystic form wherein Thy Son
Was clothed upon us, let not anger burn
Against me, nor dry up the moisture left
In me whom Thou hast planted, nor refuse
To let the breath of Life my wither'd leaf
Revive, that so that moisture yet again
Some rays of Thy resplendency may throw
Back from itself, and others fill with love.
Not on the banks of Ocean view'd by sense,
Not on the surge of human knowledge wide,
But by the tide of more mysterious Flood,
But by the River at thine own Right Hand,
But by the everlasting Stream of Heaven
Hast thou been pleased to plant us, that our spirit,
Where soul and body entrance could not gain,
Might ever stand, and feel that Sea of Love
Whose waters stirr'd by the most Holy Spirit
Roll on to us an ever-cleansing wave,
That sea whose blended sands are Abraham's sons

In spirit, whose hallowing waves to us
Are Righteousness, whose depths are deepening Peace.
Thou, even Thou, art one unending Sea
Of Love; that Sea wherever it hath been
Of healing waters left a mark behind,
And to the trees for meat along its shores
Gave wondrous power month by month to yield
Medicinable fruits for each man's ill.
Lo! on the brink the loose dissever'd sand
Of human nature once to dust return'd,
Lay parch'd and yielding to the trampling Foe!
So have I heard that when the Sun is up
On India's shores, the roaring Lion rolls
And revels in the several particles,
Mightless against his tossings as in sport
He tosses up to the devouring winds
The uncompacted mass—a type to be
Of that dread adversary, who before
Walk'd with triumphant rage the whole expanse
Of human hearts, an omnipresent ill.
And they, as lacking union, were unarm'd
With power to stand against his fell assault.
But when the Ocean of Thy love came on,
And with its waves did fitly join in one,
By that which every joint or band supplies [1],
Our parchéd natures, then a solid ground
Appear'd, and though upon its surface wide
The Lion's footmarks here or there were seen,
Now they were reft of strength to penetrate

Deep in the solid mass. If, haply, some
When midday's scorching tried them, were as dust,
These might the Beast imprint his mark upon;
Not else, however, than on solid floor
Of Belus' temple were his servants' feet
In furnace ashes seen, detected soon
By that great Prophet whom the former Church
Bore in her lowest state. For deeper print
He could not leave, while ever and anon,
Recall'd by lenten fast, or garments white,
Or saintly pity, doth that Ocean wet
The surface once again, and cleanse the print
Where evil trod, till changing under Him
It be fresh-sign'd with tokens of His power,
And on itself, as on a countenance,
Hath legible memorials of His Love.
Thus oft on pain-worn visage may be seen
The wrinkled foldings, where unworldly eyes
Shall read memorials of correcting Love.
E'en such a one, a youth in holy deeds
Of ministerial love, it was my lot
To visit often, and, untold by her,
I knew what recklessness of servants' health
Had brought the scourge upon her—never brow
Wore deeper marks of resignation earn'd
By patient sufferance, though full of pain,
Though all Thy waves and storms had o'er her gone,
She still held on, possessing her own soul
With domineering patience, and in me

Long after I had seen her go to rest,
The memory of that calmness still survived.
Haply amid the Martyrs, seated high,
Full many such a sufferer shall be seen
When we are waking, mid the countless spirits
That death discloseth to us, and our heart
Shall learn what aidance 'gainst the enemy,
By prayers of glorifiéd sufferers, falls
From inward Heaven. Man is of the dust,
Yet, moisten'd by th' Eternal Spirit, man
Is capable of being stamp'd and sign'd
With blissful Cross, the key and gate of Heaven
And strength of intercession, by the Fount
Obtain'd, or after inwardly renew'd,
By Christ inflicted, whether from within
His Spirit stir to suffering, or His rod
Be visited upon us from without.

Each dust-born body in itself is one,
And is the type of that extended Whole,
Which while on earth is sealéd with the Cross,
As through the Eternal Spirit He was made
In fashion of a tortured slave to die,
And shed from Him the Stream which giveth Life,
So is it since with man. In every thing
Fashion and shape by Water every where
Are brought to being, and Water is the type
And voiceless messenger which through the world
Proclaims the Spirit's workings. Is the Moon,
Fair witness of the Church, with power endued

To rule benighted earth? it is the Sea
She useth to her minister—or say
The Moon should rather for a shadow stand
Of the triumphant Church, then by the Sea
She sheds her influence on things below:
For, for the dead, to fill their number up,
Were all of us by the Baptismal Wave
With arms of everlasting Love embraced.
And we, who in her quiet light abide,
Are through that Ocean able to reflect
Prayers back upon her, sending rest and peace
To *all* that dwell within fair Zion's gates.

Moreover, in the Sea are countless tribes—
Some minister directly to our good,
Some seem empower'd to punish sins in man,
Some are unseen, too small for human ken,
Yet having in this world that groaneth still
On man's account, a function and a place
Contributing perhaps to build up things,
Which gladden man, in ways to him unknown.
And is there not in this a present sign
Of Him who doth embrace all ranks of Being
With His Lifegiving Energy; by whom
Or Angel or Archangel is sustain'd
In rightful place, as are His chosen on earth.
And when the Ocean thick with divers beings
Wave after wave is rolling to the strand,
At each third wave more solemnly it peals.
A type to yield of voices uttering praise

Prolong'd, with tones that pause reflectingly
On the Third "Holy" that completes the note
Of Archangelic melody, a type of prayer
From multitudinous Beings utter'd forth
From Cherubim and Seraphim, and man
And lower creatures seeking for their prey,
And ravens calling for the lack of meat
Upon the God that made them—blended voice
Of whole creation's one majestic groan,
Articulate or dying off in sounds
Of undistinguish'd meaning, mid the ranks
Of limpid insects dallying with the air.
Creation's Ocean-voice with throes of prayer
Thus labours mightily, till the Adoption come,
And man his forfeit sovereignty regain.

When musing o'er these manifold estates
Of being, the Athenian not in vain
Believed that we who in this lower world
Are placed, have been by other realms of being
Begirt, to whom the solid atmosphere
Is as the Ocean in man's estimate:
Or if, indeed, it seem an idle dream[2],
His own intention haply framed it so
To appear to some men: even as the bud
That earliest blossom'd upon Jesse's stem,
To Achish seem'd when scrabbling on the wall
Bereft of reasoning significancy,
That he might shadow the maturer Fruit
Whom carnal Jews a devil deem'd to have.

For surely in this lower world of things,
Man hath dominion over other beings,
Fowls of the air and fishes of the sea,
To be a shadow only of the might
Attain'd by Human Nature, seated high
Above all Principalities and Powers.
And shall the Church, which on Ascension-Day
This Psalm hath ever sung, ascribe to Him
A beggarly dominion over brutes,
And close her eyes to those wide tracks of being
Which in the Ocean of the Universe
Move up and down, the Beasts both small and great?
Beasts are there in the Heavens, and the NAME
Himself hath girt Him with a beast's own name,
The gentle Lamb's, and Him His blessed Bride
Hath found entitled by the Fish's name.
So be we neither slow of heart to find,
Beneath those names angelic powers[3] conceal'd,
That silent walk the Ocean of pure air,
To them as dense as water,—or that these
Have also what to them is atmosphere,
But to Archangels, who in ether dwell,
Is as a water. Not alone on earth
Do streams of waters flow: above[4] the Heavens,
Not above one, but even above all,
The Scripture knows of waters. What forbids
But that as several Heavens[5] were ever held,
In Christian and in earlier heathen times,
Each to succeed the other, of the which

Three to Saint Paul were open'd; there should be
To each its Ocean and its Atmosphere,
Each have its forms of being, and in each
Our earthly things some counterpart should find[6]?
What are the forms of matter, what degrees
Of subtlety and thinness it is able
To reach itself to, or how far its being
May be enlarged, and from itself unfold
Capacities for influencing a space
Of wider scope than ever now it doth,
And visiting with undivided self
New regions of the world, though still possess'd
Of its material qualities; what spirit is,
What soul, and whether any spirit hath power
T' exist devoid of form, save only One
Who by this formlessness is Infinite—
All these be weighty problems, which the soul
Is powerless, to its own content, to solve.
But this we see, that in this little world,
This petty corner of the Universe,
(Unless, indeed, itself the centre be,
And 'twas no corner in the which was done
That which was done unto the Corner-stone,)
We see the dew that in a little drop
Is settled on the flowers, and which if forced,
As erst it was by Gideon's prayer, to join
Its sister drops, and on one fleece appear,
Would fill, it may be, such a magnitude
As was the vessel, which that water held,

That blush'd to see the Majesty of God
When veil'd in Flesh, and turn'd itself to Wine—
We see this dew can spread itself afar
Over the face of some well-cultured hill
Or flowery garden, and, its form of being
Thus chang'd, can visit many a spicy bloom
And charge itself with odours; such as prayer
Wide-wandering is when from the drop of love
In some still heart it sallieth forth and gains
New blessings into its own energies
From every fellow-creature that it seeks,
And in its charitable arms wide-spread
Hath for a while embraced. This little sum
Of dewdrops then can such a surface fill
Transmuted into mist. And what if God,
When fervent Heat consumes the elements,
Should raise the entire Ocean with a power
Akin to that whereby the burning Sun
Enlargeth the small dewdrop, till it swell
Into an ample atmosphere, and fill
The whole vastidity of this small part
Of Heaven and Earth our sight is witness of:
And in it all the beings that now are hid,
With powers enlarged, should range the Universe,
Themselves transmuted by the mighty Heat?
What if indeed (to help weak Fancy's scheme
It may be dwelt upon) this atmosphere
Should prove an Ocean of a kindred power,
And we be capable to grow with it

Into strange new capacities of being?
Methinks that language uttereth augury
Of things to come, when it describeth light
Thus often by the words[7] appropriate
To streams and waters, guessing at the essence
Whose fluid agency enwraps the world.
And if the pondering mind should summon light
Before itself, considering how its stream
Flows wonderful in joy upon the sight,
Which for a while can brook it, and reflect
What ampleness of change that only were
Which man should fit for constant company
Of this material light; he well may deem
That realms of heav'n, in which the fixéd stars
Were thickly studded, and with rays of light
Unintermitted visited the spheres
Which near them had their orbits, would afford
A mansion such as human frames unchanged
Should not endure unscathed. And if this one
Of all the present elements afford
Suspicion that we need a change to bear
Its undivided presence, how much more,
The present elements being first renew'd
And changed, must those who in them have abode
Need of a change miraculous, secure
To dwell amongst the alter'd elements!

If then indeed the little mite of love
Which in one Christian's heart its dwelling finds,
At times enlarge itself to such a length

And depth of being as when we call it prayer,
What shall the Church become? her love how wide?
How shall it range throughout the Universe!
Yea, even now her burning lights from Heaven
May exercise their martyr's privilege
At distances unmeasured—in the flesh[8]
The spirit of Saint Paul this might possess'd;
And if that loving soul while yet on earth
Could from a distance bind a fallen man,
Shall not his present power over men
Have wider range? how wide when Heaven and earth
Are both renew'd, and men become the lords,
As is their LORD already, of the world?

Nor can the philosophic mind with scorn
Reject as idle dreamers those who teach,
Our present state with other Beings is shared,
Who have strange influence upon our being,
And order all our welfare—lower beings
(Such is the law which through the Universe
Pervading, sways the whole) have evermore
An energy and power to exercise
On those below themselves. Behold the stones
By nature settled on the idle ground,
They are so by a law: and such a law
Hath man the power given him to undo
For certain seasons, introducing acts[9],
Not settled habits: whence in subtle air
The stone by nature for the ground design'd
May travel, whensoe'er capricious sport

Shall tempt the schoolboy's arm to interfere.
O thought most palling! that the fix'd decrees
And statutes given to diverse ranks of being
Should so be placed in thraldom under those
Set over them, a higher than the highest
Of those on earth should have dominion,
As man o'er those of earth, while yet remains
The Highest over these! to Him be praise!
To arbitrary will in this small world
How much hath nature subjected, how oft
On arbitrary passion it depends
Whether upon the fearful path, whose goal
Is life eternal or eternal death,
The baby should be born to take its course!
Grace hath no wonder greater than is this
Of nature's common course! capricious man
May *alter* in the dreadful scheme of Grace
Man's everlasting destiny; in nature's scheme
Determine whether an eternal soul
Shall start on its responsibilities
Or shall not start. And Pharaoh's Magians
Were able to affect creative might
Through agency of diabolic powers;
For these, as knowing more the scheme of things,
Knew also whence the seeds of animal being
Were secondarily drawn, and turn'd their skill
Against their Maker, feigning to have made
By power Divine, what they permissively
Perform'd, and having access to the place [10]

Where principles of all things yet unwrought
And undistinguishable to man's eye
Were still created ready, brought to light
By seeming miracles the callow beings
From where primordially they were create;
Where natures inchoate were yet unborn,
Hidden in the womb of dim futurity,
As man would feel, to demons' wider ken
Existing certainly as doth the embryo
Whose life to check were interference rude
And murderous with Creative Energy.
All these are gifted with free agency,
And yet could have no power, unless the same
Were placed within their reach by Him on High.
Nor is their wondrous power to be denied,
Because He fetters by the feeblest bounds
The seethings of this mighty tide of being!
Still less shall he by reason's path abide
Who will not own that holy men have had
Such sway o'er nature. If to choiceless choice
It hath been granted air a path to make
For heavy stones, why should not childlike spirits
Have vaster powers growing now within,
And even sometimes issuing in act,
As when Elisha bade the iron swim
Upon the water's surface,—or when He,
Who veil'd His Deity, on water walk'd
As upon solid earth, as if to show
(If this be not irreverently to dream)

How there were other spheres, where agencies
Diverse from those our senses witness here,
Were natural course! Thus we work miracles
For those below us, and for us the Beings
Above us are with kindred powers endow'd.
To these perhaps the air is bulky sea,
The sea firm earth, and Heaven's gentlest dew
Substantial as the solid drops of rain
That fall, as cumber'd with beatitudes,
Upon the bosom of our thirsty land.

Had we but dwelt where some sulphureous lake
With rising vapours tainted the high air
And kept the birds away, the while their scent
Prohibited approach, how strange the news
To hear that in more favour'd climes a race
Existed, who with fanning pinions sped
Light through the air, as if a solid wave,
With oar-like movements delicate and swift!
Far easier, then, may antitypes of these
Who neither toil nor spin, the Angel Host,
Be thought to walk the pavement of the air
With solid tread, or dive its ample depth
And raise up pearls to glisten in the Gate
Of that Eternal City! or to bring
Rains from the Giver, moistening the lips
Of man's parch'd being with freshen'd songs of praise,
Or kindling from remaining Baptism dew
A mist of love that spreadeth o'er the face
Of the whole earth in sweetening wreaths of prayer.

Nor should we doubt, if even material dew
Be with such strange capacities endow'd
To enlarge itself and fragrant smells receive,
That incense from the Angel's vial pour'd
May blend with that mysterious dew that fell
From the Baptismal rill, though few the drops
And scant that now to sin-struck hearts remain.
They know what blessings evermore descend
To their own bosom, who with conquering prayer
Have march'd into the realms of grudging sleep
And sued for brother-sinners Heaven's Throne.
For e'en the penitent shall find a strength
Of inward love he cannot else regain
When he so useth penance, as to gain
Fresh hours of prayer, too loving for the sheep
Of his all-gracious Saviour, to explore
His own sore bruises too continuously.
Haply he followed in his Master's steps
What time the dew was visiting each flower
That, tired with bearing in the scorching sun
The burden of the day, by night revived.
And as the dew upon the flowers fell,
It likewise fell upon the gasping ground,
It fell, it sunk and help'd the secret life
Of such departed herbs, whose silent roots
Await the Resurrection of the spring.
'Twas so, when Moses' blessing dropp'd as dew
Upon the unstable Reuben [11] who had died,
His father's curse from off him unremoved,

That by the Seer's all-penetrating prayer
The root was bless'd, that hence his men might be
Not few in number, and upon his tribe
That blessing still abode: unlike to Dan,
His name was not from Heaven's memorial book
Erased for ever, but even at the last
Of Reuben's tribe twelve thousand men were seal'd.
So falleth evermore the dew of prayer,
Blessing the living and the mighty dead,
The just made perfect, and the unjust too,
Ungrudging as the rain from Heaven itself,
And undistinguishing from very love!
  Less than Saint John were holiest seers of old,
And John himself was counted less than those
Who rank as least in New Jerusalem:
Yet were not they who clomb the older heights
Of sanctity, unlike throughout to those
Of Christian days, and Moses' favour'd lips
Let fall a dew of blessing on the race
Of Judah and of Israel, like to that
Which falls on all the world from Christians' prayer.
For when the grace of God was wider spread,
Then too the prayer, which by the Eternal Spirit
Is breathéd into Christians, wider search'd,
And from His Presence, omnipresence gain'd
To touch the earth and those beneath the earth,
The Heavens and all the human powers therein.
So fell the dew at first upon the fleece
Which Gideon, with prophetic Spirit clothed,

Had set to drink it in: and then, inspired
To look for Christian blessings, strong in faith,
He call'd for dew upon the entire ground;
To show how faith, deserting Israel's stock,
Should moisten all the world, and Gentile clans
Bedew'd with what was wrung by Anguish sore
From Mary, whitest fleece immaculate[12],
(True Judah's type) should be from dryness freed.
Hail to the holy Fount, the source of dew,
Of spiritual dew that never fails to fall;
That quencheth Satan's fiery darts; that chills
By might to alms imparted hellish flames;
That thoroughly pervades our weakest deeds
Of love and holiness, that sweeteneth all
We think or do aright; that softens tears,
And by them softeneth the Rock of Stone;
That moveth Christ to Mercy (who Himself
As very Mercy maketh us afraid);
That heals the prescient gnawing of the Worm
Of evil conscience; that is obstinate
And clings to sinners' hearts and longs to gush
In ample stream of tears, for Him to put
In His new Bottle; that becomes a stream
Indwelling in us where at fattening Feast
The Lord may spread His nail-mark'd Hands and swim
And stamp the Cross upon us; that abides
When nought beside abideth; that can spring
And multiply and run abundantly
To other vessels when a dearth of love

Or famine of the Heavenly Word around
Spreads desolating chill; that stays the weary,
That goadeth on the penitent; that mocks
Despair, strikes language dumb, recals the tongue
That just left praising it, to further tasks;
That flows in streams and rivers from the Hills,
The Apostles' Successors; that deepens still,
And deepens to above the loins and breast;
That love alone may as a mirror use;
Whose bottom faith itself may not behold;
That flows eternal joy, and maketh glad
The City of the LORD, whence all fresh springs
For sinners take their rise[13]! Hail, holy Fount,
That quickenest the dead with doubled hopes,
While men, through thee, are buried *in* the death
To hereditary sin, that shortly now
The number of the elect may be fulfill'd.
May that sad heresy that holds thee naught,
Be by thy might inherent still within
Convicted, and uprooted from the soul,
And all, as finding brotherhood in thee,
By thee be knit together evermore!
And may the Adversary (as Moab[14] erst),
When on thy gather'd waters shines the SUN,
Mistaking thee for what *thou* really art,
In unexpected flight be chased away!

Of all the prophecies which heathen lore
Still sung, there is not one more Catholic
Amid all nations, languages, and clans,

Than that which tells of water's cleansing powers.
The shores of India and the Grecian shrine,
The north and south, the farthest east and west,
All lisp of Baptism, all of purity
By water's agency to man convey'd.
Hence when the Grecian went unto the house
For worship builded, he with holy drops
His brow besprinkled, not as though the race
Of man were in itself by heavenly doom
Polluted for the service, but because
Of after-sin contracted by himself
He needed cleansing dew, ere he could go
Within the shrine with fitting purity [15].
So even in his errors was he wise
By superhuman instinct, and foretold
The cleansing needful ere the Church's courts
By feet, through sin contaminate, be trodden.
Hence also was the Ocean ever deem'd
The lord of ceremonies, that wash away
Sin's guiltiness from man, and in its waves
Mysterious power was fancied to reside,
Whereby the souls of such as migrated
Into its finny tribes were taught to look
For purgatorial process [16] in the flood
Of ambient waters. Howsoe'er obscured,
Traditions such as these yield easily
To thoughtful hearts the truth they bear within.
They are as fragments from the children's lips
Of nursery stories at a venture heard

By one that walks the streets, reminded thus
Of things he once believed, and shrouded truths
Whereon maturer knowledge builds itself,
And which, correlative to childhood's faith,
From age to age are propagated still
By babes and sucklings. Powers for healing sin
Thus to the Ocean's stream of old ascribed,
Were, as it seemeth, from Tradition learnt,
While Ocean's self was aptly framed to mind
Of works mysterious: for the lengthen'd wave
Before the feet of those upon the shore
Fell audible, but by the wider faculty
Of sight was known to reach beyond the scope
Of hearing, by the reflecting spirit's aid,
Beyond the sight was still believed to move,
Escaping ever from the field of each,
And leaving each with tired attention faint;
As feeling that the highest powers of man
Should ne'er recount, what destiny befel
Its passing, lingering, ever-echoing sound,
Its movements and the colours from its spray,
Nor in what region of the universe
Each had its issue, while, like idle words,
They seem'd to wait the echo of a day to come.
  Like these in much the Saviour's every act
With wonder-working Majesty was fraught,
As though His life [17] were but a moving sea
Of miracles, which reach'd to worlds beyond,
And had their issue and their echoes there

Where Spirits and Angels view'd the energies
Which they to right or left extended far
Beheld, beyond the grasp of human faith.
For He was seen of Angels, while on earth,
And when He rent the solid firmament,
And from their quire resounded David's hymn
What time they lifted th' Everlasting doors,
Or when they wonder'd at His garments dyed
In Blood, that men might wonder in the Feast
At Him who comes again beneath the roof
Of human temples, purging them from sin.
For as His life was full of miracles,
So was the Church's life, a mighty deep
Of marvels figured by those miracles,
Which while She wrought upon the parchéd sand
Of this distracted world, within her dwelt
Eternal quiet as the special grace
On man by Him bestow'd, who working still
Is still in Sabbath, while He was on earth
Was One with Him, who out of endless Rest
Created all things by Him, which by Him
He now would re-create, that they on Him
Might evermore recline amid their toils.
Hence as an Ocean, She throughout the world
Was uttering forth a never-ceasing wave [18]
Of prayer and praise from men or infants' lips,
Or holy women pouring, by the calm
Within sustain'd, a calm which neither foe
Nor heretic with crafty angriness

Was able to disturb, a depth of faith
Which made Him present, whom it doth adore,
A love which kept Him in the eye of faith,
And in His Presence wrought at holy deeds,
Girding her loins with strength, her arms with power!
Her household in baptismal scarlet clothed,
Eat of the Bread to idleness refused,
And, for the treasure left her from of old,
Arise and call her blessed! to their ways
She looketh well, lest haply when the fraud
Of heresy (retiring while it plans
Fresh onset full of rage, and biting lips
Which will not hold its wicked spirit in)
Should from her breasts tear off their clinging gums,
And tell them that her sacramental milk
Was fill'd with magic poison [19] for their blood,
Or that her ancient songs were idle charms
Invented by the wranglers of the world.
Then makes she fast the bars of all her gates
With prayer and meek austerities, that God
May bless her children in her, and the rest
Of heaven abide upon them while they fight
Unmoved by dastard friends or gnashing foes
To aught but loving sorrow, while her bowels
Are kindled to compassion at their fall.
For whoso hearkeneth to Wisdom's voice
So speaking in her, he from fear of ill
Shall find repose and quiet, while the kings
And statesmen urge the mob of people on

To imagine vain conceits against the LORD,
Who in his Hill of Zion still abides.
So wield they on their sorry armoury
Of doubts and impure charity, unbased
On love of Him whose presence brethren makes,
They 'with bemock'd-at stabs' in vain shall try
To kill the waters of unceasing prayer,
And works of quiet love to man unseen,
And peaceful, happy fast-days, yielding fruit
After their kind of alms or gentle words.
  But as with restful mind into the deep
We have descended, seek we out the guide
That led th' admired Dante to the shades
Of earth below; and ask we at his mouth
What ancient legend told him[20], that the streams
Of many rivers were beneath the earth
In one united, whether from the rites
Of Egypt, land of dark idolatry,
That doctrine he had learnt, or other sage
The lore to him transmitted thence derived:
Haply that sage who deem'd that all things took
From water their beginning, or the bard
Who taught that gods their life to Ocean owed.
Whence drawn soever, in it seems to speak
Tradition of a period when all floods
Were undivided, gather'd into one
By law primeval, and still haply one
By union imperceptibly maintain'd
Through channels dark beneath the jealous earth,

That burieth them to try the faith of man.
How know we whether this were fruit of sin
Or not, when at the deluge ranks of men
And tamer beasts were set at enmity,
And all the commonwealth of things create
Were subjected to vanity? That change
Invites to ampler musing, and suggests
How man is portion of a vaster scheme
Which, once in movement, had its countervails
And interferences of old ordain'd
And ready at sin's beck, that deluges,
Volcanoes, hurricanes, and every scourge
That visits earth might be a miracle
To beings incapacitate to span
The system in its parts, and see the wheels
Within the wheels of Providence Divine.
'Tis so the ignorant of what the reach
And skill of man can learn of human frames
Are filled with fears and ominous forebodings
At sudden pains: and in the Universe
Are fearful signs appointed thus to lead
The teachable and humble to the aid
Of that adorable Physician's skill.
So may a comet on its usual course
Have wrought the Deluge, and the great machine
Of this dread Universe may from the first
By Him, who dwelleth at the end of things
From the Beginning, so have been contrived
As to inflict that plague of waters once.

When these subsided, they in diverse parts
Among the hills were settled; lakes and seas
Inland were form'd, that were in all things like
The Ocean's briny wave. Oh, may the Church
Which still her threefold wave of 'Holy' sings,
By Deacons, Priests, and Bishops, threefold rank
Succeeding each the other, still have salt
To salt her sacrifices, though distinct
And insulated, since the flood of sin
Hath broken up the fountains of her peace,
Her parts and members be! And underground
May Saints and Martyrs yield by channels deep
And visible to fasting spirits, a tie
Which nothing shall undo! from out herself
Still gradually eject the baneful weeds
Of sin and heresy, although she seem
All weaken'd with division, strong no more
The sword, the Spirit's severing sword, to wield!
For us 'tis sweet to think that holier men
Who last our alter'd service-book review'd,
Two British Saints have added to the list
Which lacks the ascetic Basil, 'Athanase
The royal-hearted,' and the childlike spirit
Whom Jesus once in hallowing arms embraced.
Though these and other foes of kingly pride
Be now erased, (say, deeply printed still
In hearts that yearn for ghostly Becket's faith,)
Saint Alban and the allegoric Bede
Were then restored—The one, whose blessed blood

Still crieth from the ground hard-by the place
Where lustful Henry did his shrines destroy,
And kill'd his school of prophets by the sword
Of penury and rapine, and removed
And overturn'd his Altars—he whose voice
The water, when his limbs were mantled round
With Christ the Prince of suffering, in twain[21]
Divided, that the multitude might pass,
And he might mount the hill with flowrets dight
And blossoms garnish'd, meet to be a place,
Whereon a martyr might receive his crown—
A place from which there sprung beneath his feet
A fountain freshly flowing, comely type
Of Christian blood, that seed of future sons
Unto the barren land. The other Saint
Is he who tells these miracles to those
Yet for to come, with passing artlessness
And faith that wins believers, Bede revered,
That sample of what blissful monasteries
Can yield to feed the soul, that inly yearns
For Scripture's deepest meanings, or the ways
Of holy monks of old, as oracles
Of discipline and penance joyous reads.
Yea, these were added—they beneath the earth
Are channels for a tranquillizing stream
Of Unity with saints and men of prowess
In spiritual fight to flow in, and in these,
Did we but reach to somewhat of their ways
Of glad austerity, a pregnant sign

Of other restoration might we read,
Restoring ancient kings, not of the state
But of the Church, to solemn services,
And these anointing with the holy oil
Of praise, an odour sweet that from the beard
Of our high Priest did on the skirts distil—
On those who as a vestment yet unrent
Clothed His indwelling Presence with themselves.
Only be we too eager for the Oil
Which, with the other cheering Gifts for Man,
The Gift of suffering on our Head bestow'd.
Let not, (may each that loveth unity
Exclaim within,) let not my head refuse
The Unction of the Head! His sufferings,
The first-fruit of the Spirit on Him pour'd,
Oh, may I share! the last fruit of His life,
The gall and bitterness, in part to share
Be also mine, and mid the ills by them
Inflicted still to pray, till by the Hands
Of Him, who is our Rock, to GOD outspread
Their judges shall be freed, and then have ears
To hear how sweet the ancient notes of praise
And thanksgiving for deeds of suffering wrought
In martyr'd members by their conquering Head.
Although their bones be scatter'd o'er the ground,
As when one heweth wood [22], they 're written still
In that memorial Book, and once again
Shall they be fashion'd like unto their Head.
Not one of them is broken from the hold

Of Him who loves them, and their vengeance cry,
E'en in the womb of earth beneath He hears.
O thou afflicted with the scourge of doubt,
In these two witnesses behold a sign
That once again to one collected mass
The Church may flow, and be enlarged and heave
From this scant leaven with fraternal love.
So may the sorrowful and widow'd soul
Upraise her prayer against the unjust judge,
The Herods and the Pilates of the world,
Until she win them! Not self-chosen ways,
But humble looking for the signs from Heaven,
And prophesying in the grating vest
Of intercessive sackcloth shall, if aught,
Restore to men that ancient Ocean voice
Of Hallelujah from the waters deep
Of many nations flowing into One.
  Meanwhile may we with patient hearts expect
Until the Wind, the Spirit's Antitype,
Upon this Ocean move; then rage and swell
Whatever undercurrents spiteful Foes
May please t' upheave against us, there shall be
None other issue from them save the one
Of spewing forth the cankering heresies
Which at the bottom of disunion dwell.
The weeds and evil fish that shall at last
Be thrown away, shall by this searching breeze
Most fearfully be tried. Already move
Some rustlings of its purifying power,

And fearful seem its workings on the souls
Men deem'd most stably rooted on the Rock.
More fearful, while they in their proper soul
Behold a depth which to another calls,
A depth which He alone can sound, who knows
Th' unfathom'd sickness of man's feeble heart,
More fearful then to those who humbly dread
Lest they be shaken by the coming storm,
Invited either by the pleasing ties
Of wife or parents, friends or brotherhood,
To drop the flaming sword of doctrine sound
Which Christ hath sent to separate the world.
But as the winds precede as harbingers
A coming earthquake, be it ours to nerve
By holier life our fingers for the fight,
Lest while we think to grasp that ancient sword,
It scorch the hand, through inward hate or stain
Of other sin for wielding it unstrung.
Thus and thus only shall our earthy part
Abide unshaken by the swelling wave
That maketh shipwreck of unstable faith.
  But rather turn we to the tranquil air
That broods upon the Ocean, while enthroned
In purple majesty it calmly yields
A reflex of the Heaven, and in it read
The image of the Spirit who abides
For ever with the Church. That healthy air
Inspires unconsciously the vital frame
With life through all its broider'd arteries

And subtle veins pervading joyously,
That air opposes us whichever way
Our feet are turn'd, yet yielding to our course
Sustains us in it, and eludes the grasp[23]
Of him it graspeth round on every side.
'Tis so the Spirit evermore sustains
Those that on Him abide, is unperceived
Yet never wearied, being very Love,
Pervades the personal substance of their souls
And helpeth their infirmities, resists
Their wayward footsteps gently, and supplies
The voice of prayer, that seemeth human breath,
And with the Benedictions from the side
Where, on the Altar, lieth the great King,
His hallowing Presence mingles, is conceal'd,
E'en when He moveth to disclose His love.
As water freshneth the outward frame,
As air upon the same hath kindred power,
So He, however present, at the Font,
In priestly blessings, or by rushing wind
Or gentle stirrings, ever doth renew
With re-creating Power the withering strength
Of grass-like flesh, and penetrateth all
Created beings with the inward life,
Or else with outward life when wickedness
This blesséd life refuses: by the prayers
He breathes from out the Church, the world sustains
In common life; and by the Breath of Christ
The Church did hallow; by the Breath of God,

His very Self, the Host of Heaven made.
And He at last shall earthy frames renew
As erst He raised the LORD, He in the world
Which He hath garnish'd, many a type hath set,
The earnests of regenerative Power.
They best can weigh the blessing of the air
Thus seal'd with promises by its great Archetype,
Who in the solitary chambers of disease
Have dwelt when fever visiteth the frame
With searching weakness and the mind deprives,
By incoherent images of things
Protruded on it mid its sleeplessness,
Of power to linger on one, calmer, thought.
There is a garden where the chapel tower
Lifts softly up its own sweet majesty
Among the other roofs that daily yield
Responses to its bell, where I have felt
From fever risen, what a blessed thing
The air with all its balmy cumbrances
Is able to become, more blessed far
For consciousness it seem'd than heretofore.
And with it I have glad remembrances
Of one who kindly spoke to me in spite
Of fever's dreaded influence, and his deed
Hath never left my grateful memory.
All seem'd to harmonize—and I would wish
To learn from nature's gentleness that love
And patience due to all that go astray
In spiritual sickness and at length return.

Oh, might they feel through loving much the Love
Of that most Holy One, more joyously
Than e'er they chose to feel before their sin!
  Mysterious are the movements of the wind
As is baptismal Grace: we cannot tell
Or whence it cometh, or toward what part
Of Heaven it wends its way: no place it holds
Amid the *history* of things that rose
Into existence, neither of itself
Hath it existence, but a motion is
Of other things; and when Elijah fled,
Though blowing where it listed, yet 'twas void
Of God's intenser Presence. Angels moved
The mighty agencies of wind and storm,
Which figuring the Law [24] on Sinai given,
Contain'd no living and eternal Breath
Within them, but a dim reflex alone
Of that great Spirit who in holiness
Sustaineth men and Angels. Noise was none,
Nor voice of crying heard from that still Voice
Who was the Word, who in a manger born
Amid dumb beasts, was silent in His Birth,
And in His Death He open'd not His Mouth,
Until upon the Cross His hallow'd Flesh
Was spread as if a sail [25] wherein should be
Collected, though unbound, the Eternal Spirit,
Who by It moves the vessel of the Church
Over the billows of this troublous world
Unto the land of everlasting Life.

And if its sailors use due heedfulness
To things Saint Paul hath spoken, then they fight
Not with the idle air, but with the spirits
That walk the Heaven unseen, (such as was he
Who fell'd the tent where feasted seven sons
Of patient Job,) for they too on the Cross
Of suffering, spreading forth their fleshly limbs,
In that sweet attitude expect the SPIRIT
Within their bosom, blowing joyously
And healing rents that lessen His abode
Until they reach the port of Abraham,
The haven where they would be, and the strand
Whose trees with healing leaves and freshening scents
Breathe, by that SPIRIT's aid, a lasting might
Of life immortalizing on their weary frame.

Move then, Eternal Spirit, move again
Upon the Waters of the many nations,
That now no more are gather'd into one!
And if Thy Streams, with sad alloy of state
And kingly interference are disturb'd,
The pastures and the water-brooks of love
Be trodden down and colour'd, if their rites
Which Bishops made as princes in all lands
Are rent away, and many a channel old,
Wherein Thou once wert present, is removed—
At least from all of those, with magnet force
Draw up to Thee the purer particles,
Till in the Heaven we see by eyes of faith
A glittering bow, that faithful witness there

Which never shineth, save when Christ the Sun
Looketh upon them from His inner Court.
And when Thou seest that Cloud of Witnesses
Exalted to the height, then mayst Thou think
Upon the flood which never can return,
And rescue those who sigh for sterner ways,
And feebly fall away from high resolves,
Till they be sweeten'd by the gladdening Air
Of Thy Almighty Presence, lest the Foe
Should vaunt himself against Thee,—lest he joy
To see Thy winnowing power, when at the last
Thou as a Breath of Brimstone shalt uproot
The trees twice dead: Behold, that yet they yield
Leaves able to protect Thy strengthening fruits
Of fast, and alms, and prayer, if Thou sustain
Their withering faculties, and from the Fount
Wilt water them with plenteous dew of tears!

NOTES

ON

BOOK IV.

Note 1. p. 156.

Upon the Ocean as a type of God, see note 23. St. Hilar. in Ps. cxxxviii. col. 1119 : "Quis ambigat, secundum Ecclesiam toto in orbe numerosam, multitudinem gentis Judææ copiâ in Christo credentium præveniri? Atque ideo super arenam multiplicabuntur quia copiosiores his erunt, qui, ex legis impio populo, terreni et aridi, significantur in arenis." Abarbanel, quoted by Pocock on Hosea ii. p. 22, "nicely observes another reason, why they are compared to the sand of the sea : because, saith he, the several small parts of that sand, by reason of the moistness of the sea on it, cleave and are united together, as if they were all one compacted body : and so that people, the house of Judah and the house of Israel at that time, by reason of the law, and the faith which shall be common to them, and is compared to water, shall be united, and so in one respect shall be very many, and in another respect as one."

Note 2. p. 160.

This is a well-known myth at the end of Plato's Phædo, beginning at § 132. In § 134 he expresses the opinion *ἡμᾶς οἰκοῦντας*

ἐν τοῖς κοίλοις τῆς γῆς λεληθέναι καὶ οἴεσθαι ἄνω ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς οἰκεῖν, ὥσπερ ἂν εἴ τις ἐν μέσῳ τῷ πυθμένι τοῦ πελάγους οἰκῶν, οἰοιτό τε ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάττης οἰκεῖν καὶ διὰ τοῦ ὕδατος ὁρῶν τὸν ἥλιον καὶ τὰ ἄλλα ἄστρα τὴν θάλατταν ἡγοῖτο οὐρανὸν εἶναι, κ. τ. λ.

Note 3. p. 161.

St. Augustine on Psalm viii. § 12: "Nec tamen quasi aliquid magnum videtur adjungere, cum dicit, *Oves et boves universas, insuper et pecora campi, volucres cæli, et pisces maris, qui perambulant semitas maris.* Videtur enim, relictis cœlestibus Virtutibus et Potestatibus et omnibus exercitibus Angelorum, relictis etiam ipsis hominibus, tantum ei pecora subjecisse: nisi oves et boves intelligamus animas sanctas, vel innocentiæ fructum dantes, vel etiam operantes ut terra fructificet, id est, ut terreni homines ad spiritalem ubertatem regenerentur. Has ergo animas sanctas, non hominum tantum, sed etiam omnium Angelorum, oportet accipere, si volumus hinc intelligere omnia esse subjecta Domino nostro Jesu Christo. Nulla enim creatura subjecta non erit, cui primates, ut ita dicam, spiritus subjiciantur. Sed unde probabimus oves posse accipi etiam sublimiter beatos, non homines, sed Angelicæ creaturæ spiritus? An ex eo quod Dominus dicit, reliquisse se nonaginta novem oves in montibus, id est, in sublimioribus locis, et descendisse propter unam? Si enim unam ovem lapsam humanam animam accipiamus in Adam, quia etiam Eva de illius latere facta est, quorum omnium spiritaliter tractandorum et considerandorum nunc tempus non est, restat ut nonaginta novem relictæ in montibus, non humani, sed Angelici spiritus intelligantur. Nam de bobus facilis expeditio est hujus sententiæ: quoniam ipsi homines non ob aliud boves dicti sunt, nisi quod evangelizando verbum Dei Angelos imitantur, ubi dictum est, Bovi trituranti os non infrenabis. Quanto igitur facilius ipsos Angelos nuntios veritatis, boves accipimus; quando Evangelistæ participatione nominis eorum, boves vocati sunt? *Subjecisti* ergo, inquit, *oves et boves universas*, id est, omnem sanctam spiritalem creaturam: in qua etiam sanctorum hominum accipimus, qui sunt in illis videlicet torcularibus quæ sub aliâ similitudine lunæ ac stellarum insinuata sunt." See, too, the Chorus of Soph. Antig. beginning Πολλὰ τὰ δεῖνα, &c.

Note 4. p. 161.

The existence of waters above the Heavens was believed by St. Basil (Hex. iii. § 9); St. Ambrose (Hex. iii. 3, § 9); St. Austin (de Gen. ad lit. ii. 9, who says, "Quoquo autem et qualeslibet aquæ ibi sint, esse eas ibi minime dubitemus: major est quippe Scripturæ hujus auctoritas, quam omnis humani ingenii capacitas"); and by St. Ephrem, i. p. 11, extr., who thus speaks of them: "Yea, the waters above also, since on the second day they were separated from their companions by means of the firmament that was between them, were in their receptacles as well as their companions; I mean not those which became salt in their seas on the third day, but those which separated from them on the second. Hence they were not salt, because they were not corruptible; for not on earth were they stationed that they should corrupt: neither did this [our] air do its ministry there that they should gender and swarm, neither are there rivers casting themselves into them lest they should fail; for there there is no sun to scorch them so that they should fail: for a dew of blessings abide they, and for the pourings forth of wrath are they reserved." The existence of some waters above the Heavens was, I think, generally believed, though I cannot specify more passages. Those here given are, however, from sufficiently different parts of the Church—Pontus, Italy, Carthage, and Edessa.

Note 5. p. 161.

The belief that there was some Heaven above those we see was common in antiquity, as may be seen by reference to Windischman, l. c. p. 177. Prof. Wilson's note to the Vishnu Purana, p. 213 and p. 635. Aristot. Metaph. p. 997, b. 15, (who mentions astronomers who thought there was a heaven, and a sun, and a moon, and stars other than the visible one; comp. note 10, p. 149.) and also, with regard to the Jews, in Molitor, ii. § 173. And this belief was common also among Christian writers, being admitted, as will be seen in the next note, by Origen, who at p. 289 denies that Scripture sanctions a belief in seven Heavens, and contends that this was of heathen origin, as St. Basil, Hex. iii. 3, seems to have thought. See also S. Just. Mart. Cohort. p. 29. St. Clem. Strom. iv. § 161. v. § 94-5. St. Austin, Confess. xii. init. Clem.

Recog. iii. 75. Clementin. xi. 22. St. Chrys. on the Rom. Hom. xiv. vers. fin. St. Ambrose on Ps. xxxviii. § 17, who differs from Origen as believing there were seven.

Note 6. p. 162.

Origen c. Cels. p. 350, Spenc. comments at some length upon the passage of Plato above referred to, and shows how far it fell in with the language of prophecy relating to the glory of the Church. The following is a portion of what he says: Οἴσω τὰς ἐπάλξεις σου ἴασπιν καὶ τοὺς λίθους σου λίθους κρυστάλλου, καὶ τὸν περίβολόν σου λίθους ἐκλεκτούς· καὶ πάλιν, Οἴσω τὰ θεμέλιά σου σάπφειρον. (Esaiæ liv. 12.) Τὸν μὲν οὖν παρὰ Πλάτωνι ἀλληγοροῦντες μῦθον οἱ σεμνότερον τὰ τοῦ φιλοσόφου ἐξειληφότες διηγοῦνται. τὰς δὲ προφητείας, ἀφ' ὧν στοχαζόμεθα καὶ τὸν Πλάτωνα εἰληφέναι, οἱ συγγενῶς τοῖς προφήταις καὶ ἐνθέως βιώσαντες, καὶ πάντα τὸν χρόνον ἀναθέντες τῇ ἐξετάσει τῶν ἱερῶν γραμμάτων, τοῖς ἐπιτηδείοις διὰ βίου καθαρότητα καὶ τὴν περὶ τὰ θεῖα φιλομαθείαν παραστήσουσιν. ἡμῖν δὲ προκείμενον ἦν δεῖξαι ὅτι ἡμεῖς μὲν οὐκ ἀπὸ Ἑλλήνων ἢ Πλάτωνος τὰ περὶ τῆς ἁγίας γῆς εἰλήφαμεν· ἐκεῖνοι δὲ, νεώτεροι γενόμενοι οὐ μόνον τοῦ ἀρχαιοτάτου Μωϋσέως, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῶν πλείστων προφητῶν ἤτοι παρακηκόασί τινων αἰνισσομένων περὶ τῶν τοιούτων· ἢ καὶ ταῖς ἱεραῖς ἐντυχόντες γραφαῖς, παραποιήσαντες αὐτὰ, τοιαῦτά τινα περὶ τῆς κρείττονος εἰρήκασι γῆς. σαφῶς δ' ὁ Ἀγγαῖος παρίστησιν ἄλλο μὲν εἶναι τὴν ξηρὰν, ἄλλο δὲ τὴν γῆν, ξηρὰν καλῶν ταύτην ἐφ' ἧς ἐσμέν· λέγει δὲ οὕτως, Ἔτι ἅπαξ ἐγὼ σείσω τὸν οὐρανὸν, καὶ τὴν γῆν, καὶ τὴν ξηρὰν, καὶ τὴν θάλασσαν. ὥσπερ δὲ αὐτὸς τὴν διήγησιν ἀνατίθεται τοῦ παρὰ Πλάτωνι μύθου, κειμένου ἐν τῷ Φαίδωνι, λέγων τάδε, "Τί δὲ διὰ τούτων ἐμφανίζει, οὐ παντὶ γνῶναι ῥᾴδιον· εἰ μὴ ὕστις ἐπαίειν δύναιτο, τί ποτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνο ὅ φησιν Ὑπ' ἀσθενείας καὶ βραδυτῆτος οὐχ οἵους εἶναι διεξελθεῖν ἐπ' ἔσχατον τὸν ἀέρα· καὶ εἰ ἡ φύσις ἱκανὴ εἴη ἀνασχέσθαι θεωροῦσα γνῶναι ἂν ὅ,τι ἐκεῖνός ἐστιν ὁ ἀληθῶς οὐρανὸς καὶ τὸ ἀληθινὸν φῶς" τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον καὶ ἡμεῖς τὰ περὶ τῆς ἁγίας καὶ ἀγαθῆς γῆς, καὶ τῆς ἐν αὐτῇ πόλεως τοῦ Θεοῦ οὐ κατὰ τὴν ἐνεστῶσαν νομίζοντες εἶναι πραγματείαν σαφηνίσαι, ὑπερτιθέμεθα εἰς τὰ ἐξηγητικὰ τῶν προφητῶν ἀπὸ μέρους, κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν, διηγησάμενοι περὶ πόλεως Θεοῦ ἐν τοῖς πραγ-

ματευθεῖσιν ἡμῖν εἰς τὸν τεσσαρακοστὸν πέμπτον Ψαλμὸν, καὶ τὸν τεσσαρακοστὸν ἕβδομον Ψαλμόν. οἵδε δὲ ὁ ἀρχαιότατος Μωϋσέως καὶ τῶν προφητῶν λόγος τὰ ἀληθινὰ πάντα ὁμώνυμα τοῖς τῇδε καθολικωτέροις· οἷον, ἀληθινὸν φῶς, καὶ οὐρανὸν ἕτερον παρὰ τὸ στερέωμα, καὶ τὸν τῆς δικαιοσύνης ἥλιον ἄλλον παρὰ τὸν αἰσθητόν. καὶ ἁπαξαπλῶς δὲ φησιν, ὅτι πρὸς ἀντιδιαστολὴν τῶν αἰσθητῶν, ὧν οὐδὲν ἐστιν ἀληθινὸν, τὸ, Θεὸς ἀληθινὰ τὰ ἔργα αὐτοῦ, ἐπ' ἄλλων μὲν τάσσων τὰ ἔργα τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἐπὶ ἡττόνων δὲ τὰ λεγόμενα ἔργα τῶν χειρῶν αὐτοῦ. μεμφόμενος γοῦν τισὶ διὰ τοῦ Ἡσαΐου φησὶ, τὰ ἔργα Κυρίου οὐκ ἐμβλέπουσι, καὶ τὰ ἔργα τῶν χειρῶν αὐτοῦ οὐ κατανοοῦσι. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον. Compare also St. Cyril de Ador. p. 504.

Note 7. p. 164.

In some languages there appears to be an affinity between words signifying "light" and "flowing," and which was in my mind when I wrote this. Gesenius in his Hebrew Lex. p. 858, refers to Schultens upon Job, p. 49, for instances.

Note 8. p. 165.

Origen de Oratione, p. 132, Fell: *καὶ εἰ ὁ ἔτι τὸ σῶμα περικείμενος Παῦλος συνάρασθαι νενόμικε τῷ ἑαυτοῦ πνεύματι ἐν τῇ Κορίνθῳ, οὐκ ἀπογνωστέον οὕτω καὶ τοὺς ἐξεληλυθότας μακαρίους φθάνειν τῷ πνεύματι, τάχα μᾶλλον τοῦ ὄντος ἐν τῷ σώματι ἐπὶ τὰς ἐκκλησίας· διόπερ οὐ καταφρονητέον τῶν ἐν αὐταῖς εὐχῶν, ὡς ἐξαίρετόν τι ἐχουσῶν τῷ γνησίως συνερχομένῳ αὐτῶν. ὥσπερ δὲ δύναμις Ἰησοῦ, καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα Παύλου, καὶ τῶν ὁμοίων, καὶ οἱ παρεμβάλλοντες ἑκάστου τῶν ἁγίων κύκλῳ ἄγγελοι κυρίου συνοδεύουσι, καὶ συνέρχονται τοῖς γνησίως συναθροιζομένοις, οὕτως στοχαστέον, μήποτε ἐὰν ἁγίου ἄγγελον ἀνάξιός τις ᾖ, καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ ἑαυτοῦ ἀγγέλλων Διαβόλῳ δι' ὧν ἁμαρτάνει, καὶ Θεοῦ καταφρονῶν παρανομεῖ· ὅτι ὁ τοιοῦτος, σπανίων μὲν τῶν ὁμοίων αὐτῷ τυγχανόντων, οὐκ ἐπιπολὺ λήσηται τῆς τῶν ἀγγέλων προνοίας, ὑπηρεσίᾳ τοῦ θείου βουλήματος ἐπισκοποῦντος τὴν ἐκκλησίαν, φειδούσης εἰς γνῶσιν τῶν πολλῶν τοῦ τοιούτου τὰ πταίσματα.* Compare St. Jerome c. Vigilant. c. 7.

Note 9. p. 165.

Dr. Mill, on Pantheism, p. 134: "Is not every agency of pure will over matter, whether proceeding from an intellectual or merely animal and sentient being,—the hurling of a stone into the air, for instance,—a real positive interference in this very sense with the order and course of nature? For though involving no suspension of its laws even for an instant, is it not an interruption of its regular course by a power extraneous to it, and irreducible to any calculation or causes why it should be exerted or withholden?" See Aristot. Eth. N. ii. 1.

Note 10. p. 166.

The following is selected from a long passage to the purpose in St. Augustine de Trinitate, book iii. § 13: "Nec sane creatores illi mali angeli dicendi sunt, quia per illos magi resistentes famulo Dei ranas et serpentes fecerunt: non enim ipsi eas creaverunt. Omnium quippe rerum quæ corporaliter visibiliterque nascuntur, occulta quædam semina in istis corporeis mundi hujus elementis latent. Alia sunt enim hæc jam conspicua oculis nostris ex fructibus et animantibus, alia vero illa occulta istorum seminum semina, unde jubente Creatore produxit aqua prima natalitia et volatilia, terra autem prima sui generis germina, et prima sui generis animalia. Neque enim tunc in hujusce modi fœtus ita producta sunt, ut in eis quæ producta sunt vis illa consumta sit: sed plerumque desunt congruæ temperamentorum occasiones, quibus erumpant, et species suas peragant."

Note 11. p. 169.

St. Ephrem, quoted by Assemanni in the Bibliotheca Orientalis, i. p. 143: "Be thou patient: from the Scriptures will I bring thee [proof] if thou dost will it. Moses unto Reuben gave life in his blessings. If the dead are not profited, to what end did the son of Amram bless him? And if the departed feel it not, hear the Apostle what he said, For if the dead live not [again], why be baptized in their stead? And if the men of the house of Mat-

tathias, who were a figure of us, were possessed of the feasts and commemorations, as ye have read in the Scriptures, By offerings they purified the sins of those that had fallen in the war, that were heathenish in their deeds, and were evil in their conversation; how much more will the priests of the SON purify the sins of the departed by their holy offerings and the prayers of their mouths?" This passage has been suspected of not being genuine, though with very little reason as far as I can see. The language and some other peculiarities appear to be greatly in favour of its genuineness: I may also notice, that the Chaldee Paraphrast has the same interpretation of Deut. xxiii. 6, and that St. Ephrem appears to have been acquainted with Jewish tradition. See Lengerke de Sti Ephremi Arte Hermeneuticâ, p. 18, &c. The Chaldee is, 'Let R. live in life eternal, and the second death let him not die; and let his sons receive their inheritance according to their numbers.'

NOTE 12. p. 171.

St. Ephrem upon Judges, i. p. 317, writes as follows: "As for that fleece of Gideon, in that it was the receptacle of the dew of Heaven, by it was figured the Virgin, in whom the WORD took flesh. But the bason which received the dew from the fleece is a type of Baptism, in which is hidden the Immanuel mystically, that He may pardon and cleanse the filthinesses of them that are baptized. But by the floor on which the fleece was placed is the world represented, because in it are mingled the wheat and the chaff together, as are the righteous mingled with the wicked until the end. And he besought him that upon all the ground there might be dew, and upon the fleece none....this is the sign of the drought, which means the Jews, because the dew of blessings was taken up from them, and fire destroyed the city with its temple and its altar, while over other places there came down the dew of GOD, and they were filled with the knowledge of GOD: and in the place of the one altar that was there, lo! altars were in all the world builded in all the Churches of the Messiah." The type is also explained in the same way by St. Irenæus, St. Ambrose de Sp. Sancto, init. St. Austin in Ps. lxxi. 9, &c.

Note 13. p. 172.

Several passages were before my mind in writing this, of which a few may be mentioned. The use of Baptism as quenching fiery darts, is noticed by Origen de Oratione, § 20, p. 126. The allusion to Ecclus. iii. 30, is from St. Cyprian de Opere et Eleem. 1, who says, "Hic ostenditur et probatur quia sicut lavacro aquae salutaris Gehennae ignis extinguitur, ita et eleemosynis atque operationibus justis delictorum flamma sopitur. Et quia semel in Baptismo remissa peccatorum datur, assidua et jugis operatio [i. e. operum exhibitio] baptismi instar, imitata Dei, rursus indulgentiam largitur." The 'worm of evil conscience' is from Bede upon Exodus. Other applications from different sources might be mentioned, but these may be enough to specify.

Note 14. p. 172.

This is an allusion to the history given in 2 Kings iii. 20—24. The water there mentioned is explained by St. Ephrem of 'streams of living water brought by Christ's loud voice upon the Cross over the world.'

Note 15. p. 173.

Hippocr. de Morbo Sacro, p. 303, Foes. *οὐ μέντοι ἐγώγε ἀξιῶ ὑπὸ θεοῦ ἀνθρώπου σῶμα μιαίνεσθαι, τὸ ὑποκηρότατον ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀγνοτάτου. ἀλλὰ κὴν τυγχάνῃ ὑπὸ ἑτέρου μεμιασμένον ἤ τι πεπονθὸς, ἐθέλοι ἂν ὑπὸ θεοῦ καθαίρεσθαι καὶ ἀγνίζεσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ μιαίνεσθαι. Τὰ γοῦν μέγιστα τῶν ἁμαρτημάτων καὶ ἀνοσιώτατα τὸ θεῖόν ἐστι τὸ καθαῖρον καὶ ἁγνίζον καὶ ἔρυμα γενόμενον ἡμῖν. Αὐτοί τε ὅρους τοῖς θεοῖσι τῶν ἱερῶν καὶ τῶν τεμενέων ἀποδεικνύμενοι, ὡς ἂν μηδεὶς ὑπερβαίνοι ἂν μὴ ἁγνεύοι, εἰσιόντες τε περιῤῥαινόμεθα οὐκ ὡς μιαινόμενοι, ἀλλ' εἴ τι καὶ πρότερον ἔχομεν μῦσος τοῦτο ἀπαγνιούμενοι.* For the Mosaic rite see St. Cyril de Adoratione in S. & V. p. 312.

Note 16. p. 173.

Servius upon Virgil, p. 162 (ed. Colon. All. 1610): "Hæc non sunt per poeticam licentiam dicta, sed ex Ægyptiis tracta sunt sacris; nam certis diebus in sacris Nili pueri de sacris parentibus nati a sacerdotibus nymphis dabantur: qui cum adolevissent narrabant lucos esse sub terras et immensam aquam omnia continentem ex qua cuncta procreantur. Unde est illud secundum Thaleta 'Oceanum patrem rerum:'" and p. 456, "purgantur in aquâ, i. e. transeunt in corpora marina, si paulo melius vixerint," &c.

Note 17. p. 174.

St. Athan. de Incarn. § 54, extr. suggested this comparison. His words are, *τὰ κατορθώματα τοῦ Σωτῆρος τὰ διὰ τῆς ἐπανθρωπήσεως Αὐτοῦ τοιαῦτα καὶ τοσαῦτά ἐστιν, ἃ εἰ διηγήσασθαί τις ἐθελήσειεν, ἔοικε τοῖς ἀφορῶσιν εἰς τὸ πέλαγος τῆς θαλάσσης καὶ θέλουσιν ἀριθμεῖν τὰ κύματα αὐτῆς· ὡς γὰρ οὐ δύναται τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς περιλαβεῖν τὰ ὅλα κύματα, τῶν ἐπερχομένων παριόντων τὴν αἴσθησιν τοῦ πειράζοντος, οὕτω καὶ τῷ βουλομένῳ πάντα τὰ ἐν σώματι τοῦ Χριστοῦ κατορθώματα περιλαβεῖν, ἀδύνατον, κ. τ. λ.*

Note 18. p. 175.

See St. Ambrose's Hexaëm. lib. iv., who expands the language of St. Basil, Hex. iv. ad fin. *Εἰ δὲ θάλασσα καλὴ καὶ ἐπαινετὴ τῷ Θεῷ, πῶς οὐχὶ καλλίων Ἐκκλησίας τοσαύτης σύλλογος ἐν ᾗ συμμιγὴς ἦχος οἷόν τινος κύματος ἡΐονι προσφερομένου ἀνδρῶν καὶ γυναικῶν καὶ νηπίων κατὰ τὰς πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν ἡμῶν δεήσεις ἐκπέμπεται. Γαλήνη δὲ βαθεῖα ἀσάλευτον αὐτὴν διασώζει τῶν πνευμάτων τῆς πονηρίας ταράξαι αὐτὴν τοῖς αἱρετικοῖς λόγοις μὴ δυνηθέντων.*

Note 19. p. 176.

This was a way of speaking of the holy Sacraments used by the Zwinglians, as may be seen in Feuardentius' notes to St. Irenæus, in several places.

Note 20. p. 177.

St. Basil, l. c. iv. 6 : Πᾶσα ὑπόνομος ἡ γῆ διὰ πόρων ἀφανῶν ἐκ τῶν ἀρχῶν τῆς θαλάσσης ὑπονοστοῦντος τοῦ ὕδατος. See St. Ambrose, Hex. iii. 3. St. Ephrem, i. p. 11, and comp. Heyne's Ex. ii. upon the 4th Georgic, and note 16. Instances of underground currents will be found in Pliny, book ii. chap. ciii. Compare St. Jerome's account of the pool of Siloam on Isaiah viii.

Note 21. p. 180.

The passion of St. Alban, so far as reference is made to it in the text, is thus related by the venerable monk, in a passage of singular simplicity and beauty, E. H. i. 7 : "Sanctus Albanus, cui ardens inerat devotio mentis ad Martyrium ocyus pervenire, accessit ad torrentem et dirigens ad cœlum oculos, illico siccato alveo vidit undam suis cessisse ac viam dedisse vestigiis. Quod cum inter alios etiam ipse carnifex qui cum percussurus erat, vidisset, festinavit ei ubi ad locum morti destinatum venerit occurrere ; divino nimirum admonitus instinctu projectoque ense quem strictum tenuerat, pedibus ejus advolvitur, multum desiderans, ut cum Martyre vel pro Martyre, quem percutere jubebatur, ipse potius mereretur percuti. Dum ergo is ex persecutore factus esset collega veritatis et fidei ac, jacente ferro, esset inter carnifices justa cunctatio, montem cum turbis reverendissimus Dei confessor ascendit. Qui opportune ketus gratiâ decentissimâ quingentis fere passibus ad arenam situs est, variis herbarum floribus depictus, imo usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe lateque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet cum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur. In hujus ergo vertice sanctus Albanus dari sibi a Deo aquam rogavit, statimque incluso meatu ante pedes ejus fons perennis exortus est, ut omnes agnoscerent, etiam torrentem martyri obsequium detulisse. Neque enim fieri poterat, ut in arduo montis cacumine martyr aquam, quam in fluvio non reliquerat, peteret, si hoc opportunum esse non videret. Qui

videlicet fluvius ministerio persoluto, devotione completâ, officii testimonium relinquens, reversus est ad naturam. Decollatus itaque martyr fortissimus, ibidem accepit coronam vitæ, quam repromisit Deus diligentibus se. Sed ille qui piis cervicibus impias intulit manus, gaudere super mortuum non est permissus ; nam oculi ejus in terram una cum beati martyris capite deciderunt. Decollatus est ibi etiam tum miles ille, qui antea superno nutu correptus, sanctum Dei confessorem ferire recusavit. De quo nimirum constat, quia et si fonte baptismatis non est ablutus ; sui tamen est sanguinis lavacro mundatus, ac regni cœlestis dignus factus ingressu."

Note 22. p. 161.

This is an attempt to explain and apply a very difficult passage in the 141st Psalm. Literally it seems to me to be as follows : "Smite me may the Just [in] mercy, yea, may he reprove me ! Oil of [the] Head let not my head refuse : for yet a while, and prayer of mine shall be amid the ills they do : set free by hands of Rock have been their judges ; also they have heard my words, that sweet they are !" &c. The main alteration here is, I think, the rendering of נשמטו, and I have so rendered it, as thinking that the passage alleged from 2 Kings ix. 34, will not prove the word can bear the meaning of "throw down." It seems that the eunuchs must be conceived as holding Jezebel at the window, and that the word will mean, "let go of her," and so incidentally "throw her down." If this were the right interpretation, the Psalm must be framed with a special view to Christian feelings, when a member under chastisement thankfully receives it as made to be to him a way of partaking of the afflictions of the Head, and from beneath it looks as a disciple to the intercessive prayer on the Cross, and hopes by kindred prayer and suffering to win the unjust judges to a hearing of his words of sweetness. Neither do I think that this will be found to do else than square with the interpretation of St. Hilary and St. Austin, allowing for their difficulty of interpreting the old versions without a knowledge of Hebrew. Persons not acquainted with that language will kindly excuse me for reminding them, (with the greatest distrust of my own judgment in particular cases,) that it is the exceeding depth

of Scripture, as such, and not the uncertainty of Hebrew, or New Testament Greek, which gives rise to many differences of interpretation apparently, and often only apparently, irreconcileable with each other.

Note 23. p. 184.

St. Ephr. adv. Scrutat. p. 10: "Lay again to thy heart that the sea is boisterous, yet is not out of sight by its distance: lo, how greatly in the midst of it the sailors tremble! to reach its end they are not able! And [His] Majesty, too! in it there dwell powers, and natures, and Angels. Lo, every thing dwelleth and springeth forth in the midst of It, yet none can search Him out. With all, again, mingled is this general air, whereon our breath dependeth. Though the fetters of it afflict us not, it goeth into us and out from us, and is to us as though it had no being. Upon it doth the hand fall, and it is not to be felt beneath it; it fleeth without changing place, while it is in the hand itself: while caught, it is not to be caught. Its breath passeth through bodies. Bound they are by it while loose. They that turn them whither they will, go and come amidst it. On one Breath do all hang: It beareth them, yet toileth not. Amidst His fulness do they dwell, and they as in a void abide. Too great is He to hide in aught: lo, He is covered though not hidden, for He in Himself, Himself doth veil."

Note 24. p. 186.

Alluding to the usual interpretation of 1 Kings xix. 11. See Grotius on the place. The Chaldee paraphrast here represents the Angels as present in all the signs but the last.

Note 25. p. 186.

St. Ephrem, l. c. p. 34: "The sea by the Cross was subjected to the unbelievers: for had the crucifiers not made a cross of wood, and hung upon it the sail in the likeness of the Body, the voyage would have halted. O bosom, pure type of our Redeemer's Body, that with Breath is filled! Though unbounded, yet it

closed It in. By the Breath that dwelleth in the linen-cloth, live the bodies in which dwells the soul." No translation can do justice to this: in the Syriac, the word for Spirit and wind or breath is the same, and the spirit is contrasted with the soul, as in 1 Thessal. v. 23. The linen-cloth is so mentioned as to call to mind the powers of the Eucharist, to spiritually "preserve the body and soul unto everlasting life."

BOOK V.

THE TREES AND GREEN THINGS.

ARGUMENT.

Analogy between the Growth of the Church and her Members, and that of Plants. Their cruciform Growth dwelt upon at length as a symbol of the Growth of the former. The Vine and the Fig-tree, wherein types of the Gospel and the Law. Jotham's Fable, the Olive and Oil. Grafts and divers Grains and Herbs. Seeds, and the enormous waste of them. Few reach their highest capabilities. Aromatic Plants. Cedars and Fragrant Woods. Lilies and other Flowers. Commemoration of a Botanical Friend.

BOOK V.

How fearful and how wonderful this frame!
A fabric, deep of meaning, shadowing out
The Church, thy Mystic Body, which beneath
Is fashion'd in the earth, thereto are drawn
By secret process members every day.
Each day, when we betake ourselves to rest,
New members have been written in the Book
Of Life, and that celestial Body still
Is round each one of us. The Parish Priest,
At lowly distance or in crowded streets,
Goes out t' administer the hallowing rite
Of awful Baptism, somewhere, every day.
Christ's Body grows towards one perfect Man:
Each member that already lives therein,
Is by the new-born infant acted on
With secret access of unreckon'd joy.
Heaven is about us, and th' unwearied Church
All-glorious within by silent course
Of growth, must needs each member's growth
Affect in such ways as to hasten on
His future destiny. Our outward limbs
Seem but a vehicle for frames within,

That body that shall be, in embryo now
Conceal'd, and drawing nutriment through them.
So is all nature—outwardly appears
A something which encases in itself
A living principle: the little seed
Steals from the earth, its covering, powers of being
More wide extended, and the teil-tree shorn
Of fuller honours hath within it life,
Which, when the summer Sun revisits it,
Will come from its dull hiding-place, and we
Ourselves are groaning in ourselves to see
Our future body drawn by our true SUN
Forth into being upon the glorious day,
When He with all-enlivening beams shall shine
In everlasting Glory on our flesh.
In whatsoever form the very Word
Is sown, in language or in hallow'd Bread,
Whether in single members or the Church:
It now conceals its fulness, till the time
When Angel-reapers shall with mystic arm
Put in the sundering sickle and, the tares
Cast out, shall store the Wheat in Heaven's barn.
  Hence then pursuant of the course begun,
I ask of teeming nature, what may mean
Her secret workings, and from little seeds
Or high-grown trees learn mysteries of grace.
And though astrology be heinous sin,
Yet deem I it a choice coincidence
That I upon that day first drunk the light,

When from the Book of stars, the Church's voice,
Was issuing with melodious David's Psalm,
That likens nature and the ancient Law
As twins in mystic meaning pregnant both
With endless depth of lore to be reveal'd,
And in the evening soothed the rueful tale
Of Jesus and His sufferings with the Feast
Of quickening powers promised to the poor,
And Table spread before our Enemy
Near pastures green. For in this would I find
My constellation, and from it would learn
To ask at nature's oracles, not scan
By scientific rules her mysteries dark.
  Hail, little seeds, that lift your modest bud
Above the surface of the clotting soil.
Whether of wheat or of some other grain,
Their little bosom heaves with lessons deep,
Which faith alone is teachable to read,
Which in the hands of this world's wisdom slacks
And withers down its leaf of slender lines
Into a common thing that men pass by,
As having neither form nor comeliness
For them to turn their haughty foot aside
And look upon. Dear tiny things, ye read
In miniature a mighty scheme of faith,
And over ye with tears might one rejoice,
Like to a tender child which hath been shown
Some puzzle that had baffled long his stock
Of inexperienced skill; and feels a joy

He may not otherwise enough express
To satisfy his overflowing thoughts,
And make his pretty innocent surprise
And gratitude be reconciled at last.
Well may they feel, whose understanding heart
Once needed some to tell them, why the Wheat
In Holy Writ was chosen t' exhibit
The powers of life in man's corruption sown,
How deep the puzzle seem'd, until the voice
Of holy Church, the Mother of us all,
Was listen'd to—and then how full a tone
Of matronlike consolement softly fell
With sweetness grave[1] upon the willing ear:
" The grain of Wheat is Christ; His Body sown
In thine bestows on it a latent power
Against corruption and eternal death.
Look to the spicy grave from which He rose;
Lo! no corruption touch'd His holy frame.
Lion of Judah! from Thy belly came
Immortalizing sweetness, better far
Than honey and the comb. The Spartans old
Embalm'd their kings in honey, but to you,
O royal priesthood, is a greater power
Of sweetness given, a Savour unto Life!
Arise and eat, (the Angel voices hymn
Such whisperings in the ear of anxious faith
Beside the Holy Altar,) rise and eat;
And in the strength of that Almighty Food
Go cheerly onward in the wilderness

Of this world's solitude and misery.
Seest thou but little in this piece of Bread?
It is a grain of Wheat which shall not die,
It is the seed in thy corruption sown,
Whereof shall spring upon the joyous Morn
The body incorruptible—it dies
That it may yield fruit manifold—the seed
Thou sowest is not that body which shall be,
But in it hath a principle of life,
Which blending kindly with the soften'd soil,
Commutes it into a more glorious form,
Which as it waves beneath the breeze may seem
To prophesy the workings of the Spirit
Upon the frames of glorifièd beings.
Lo! even now the sacred Seed is sown
Within thy fearfully devisèd frame,
And out of it is drawing up to Life
An embryo body, which within thee beats
Until its vile and outward covering fall,
As doth the useless sheath, from flowers mature.
Or is thy outward man not worn away
Enough by fast or vigil, through the which
The dread Communion of the Saints alone
Becomes a thing of practical belief,
Familiarly holding back each day
From wayward actions by the secret sense,
That cloud of Witnesses is pour'd around[2]
Thy very flesh and blood—and dost thou doubt
My child, that I must sternly speak to thee

Of easy slumbering ways, preventing thee
From understanding aught of Presence dread,
And consecrating Flesh? See! thou art part
Of Jesus' husbandry, thy heart a field
In which the Enemy may sow his tares,
To choke, if thou be careless, that good Seed.
Thine is the fault if he hath stay'd its growth,
Or from thee pluck'd the Word of Life away—
Dimming the fine Gold of the Godhead there.
Why see I, child, this look of blank dismay,
Unsettle into blushes all the lines
Of thy late earnest visage? Oh! take heed
Lest thou should lose the seed of lasting Life,
Or so much only should retain, as serves
To give thy frame new aptitudes for pain,
Increasing thy damnation. Mercy's smile
Is but the frown of Justice in sin's eye."
Thus might one fancy gathering up the lines
Of sweet Tradition from the inspiring page
Of holy men of old, the Holy Church
Would teach her questioning children, if unblamed
We may divine her language, of the depths
Which every little seed affords the ear.

But wherefore is this well-known messenger
Of inward things, by thousands still unheard?
Its mystic glories, greater far than those
Which Solomon, in hallow'd state enthroned,
Of old enjoy'd, are recognised by few.
The little bud[3] above the clinging soil

Hath scarce upheaved its head,—it by its form
This problem solves, what time it spreads all day
To man's rebellious race its tiny arms,
In shape to mind him, why he doth not hear.
For as the tender leaves are opened out,
A second bud uplifts the firstborn shoot,
And shapes a humble Cross. Is it not so?
Though minds unmortified may scorn to find
The holy form therein: yet when the soul,
Attuned to nature by faint gentleness
From Lenten diet, watches little plants,
It sees more happily in natural forms
One answering to the mark which kneelings hard
And prayer-wrought tears have cut upon itself.
And he, I ween, who furthest shall advance
Into the niches of the mystic House,
Wherein ascetics, strong through weaken'd health
For prayer and fasting, bow'd their holy knees,
Or on the thirsty palate strew'd for bread,
By hunger now expected, cinders harsh—
He furthest shall in nature's secrets see.
They with cold limbs, descending from the mount
Of night-long prayers, draw after them a cloud
Which gleams upon them from the valiant Cross,
And lightens all about them, when perchance
They may by solitary walk relieve,
Mid dewclad plants, or weary even's shade,
The mind unequal long to converse close
With the Almighty Builder, face to face.

Oh, glorious sign! Majestic is thy power
Against temptation, not alone a sign
Commemorative of the awful time
When we were clothed upon with God Himself,
But having in its very shape a might
Against the legions of the devil's host.
Oh that I had from earliest second youth
March'd in the glorious line of saints austere!
How fair must thou have been unto the eyes
Of stern ascetics old, if even me,
Who have but played with armour now and then
Which they assiduously wore, thy form
Can fill with such a calmness of delight,
In every tree, in human forms, in all
That art or nature had, they track'd thee out.
Their foolishness, (for so, alas! the mind
Of modern shallowness must deem it still,)
Their foolishness was Wisdom to the wise;
Of her own children she is justified.
Hence also came it, that the ancient spire
Of still Cathedral, from the central point
In which it stood was fixèd in a Cross,
Its meetest basis, and the Gothic arch
Ran east and west athwart the North and South,
Crossways, — that men might know the length and breadth [4],
And height and depth, of God's great treasure-house.
For in these shapes methinks there lies the type
Of that mysterious House, the Body dread,

The Church invisible of Christ's elect.
Oh that the Adamantine Sire now gone
(As very humbly evermore I hope)
Into the dust before His Lord to kneel,
Might whisper somewhat to me of the form
And goodly stones of that mysterious shrine[5].
But need we any guide? the Body still
Must on the Cross be stretch'd; the Mystic Head
Enacted part of what was to be borne,
His Saints fill up the measures left behind.
They still are each one stretch'd upon the Cross,
And as the Holy Spirit frames within
Each single Christian a mysterious Shrine,
The Antitype to that great shrine the Church,
And as the Christian throws his entire being
Into a crucial shape, and offers up
From thence the acceptable works of fast,
Or prayer, or almsdeed, or of common tasks,
By glad obedience worshipping with fear
The glorious Presence in him; so the Church,
Which in the reasons of the Mind Divine,
Seems archetype of man's material frame,
A kindred shape may have to form the whole
Harmoniously. Jerusalem is sketch'd,
On every brick[6] which blessed Angels use
To build the heavenly City—this to sketch
Is the appointed task for those to do
Whose work is preaching: and the living stones,
Sign'd with the Cross, are like the living House,

And tell us of its shape in miniature.
Hence was it that in allegoric page,
Whether of him who by Edessa's walls
Continually wept, or Cyril great
In vigour manifold, or Jerome stern[7],
Or the great Pope who christianized this isle,
That quick transition from the greater House
Unto the lesser, from the soul of man
Unto the Church, surpriseth evermore
The man that would from self-improvement turn
To reveries (for such to him they are)
Upon the Church's state, consoleth him
Who is too grieved with pondering over sin.
Nor is it proof contemptible, that these
In kindred shape were moulded, if the minds
Who in the Church appear'd as counterparts
Of prophets since the Law, believed it so.
If then the Christian, modell'd to a Cross,
And bearing Christ within, finds this the shape
Of his own soul and spirit, if the Church,
The eternal House unseen, be of this shape;
What wonder that it ever dwelt of old
In Christians' minds, and open'd them to see
In natural things reflections of this form?
For I have heard one, whom it may appear
To 've been my privilege to tell the ways
Of shy austerity, with quiet ecstacy
Upon the sight of a material cross
Exclaim, 'how wonderfully fair this form!'

Me might it ever meet at morn and noon,
At night or matins, and with solemn look
Remind me of the goodness of the son,
Whom in the bonds I feel too heavily,
I seem'd to have begotten! sweet the thought,
To have taught the least commandment unto him,
Of the austere and necessary Cross!
This blissful sign is not alone bestow'd
On lesser plants, but also upon trees
Its shadow throws: for if God's Kingdom be
Indeed within us, and the mustard seed,
Though very small, unravels from itself
The history of that Kingdom's secret growth,
Then larger trees, such as it grows to be,
Would also teach us the same lessons deep.
And have we never seen the hanging vine
Spread its two arms[8], and lift its head aloft
In crosslike form: the eye by sternness bright
Will haply find it, though conceal'd within,
And modestly retiring. Though its stem
Be useless either for the workmanship
Of handicraftsmen, or to yield a pin
To hang things needful on for daily use,
In its own nature, yet by heavenly gift
Of dew and rain it may with fruit abound,
And leaves of graceful shape, and tendrils fine,
Wherewith it clings to things devoid of grace,
And gives them beauteousness their nature lack'd.
Meet emblem of the Church, which from above

Drinks in the Dew of Grace upon the stock
Of wild and useless manhood, and outpours
Abundant comeliness on all around,
Whose branches, sucking others into them,
Reach to the River at the LORD's Right Hand.
And from the dry and wither'd eunuch boughs,
(Her stern and holy men conceal'd within,)
More fruit for ever springeth, and her stem,
Though scorn'd by human artist, by Divine
Is chosen to bring to naught the things that are!
Nor lack the other trees, whose proper seed
Is in themselves, their honour—cedars tall
Were written of by Solomon, and planes
A dwelling did by Mamre erst afford
The father of the faithful, David heard
The sound mysterious in the mulberries,
And Deborah beneath a palm-tree dwelt,
The tree whose leaf[9] by never withering yields
A type of Him who by the Waters dwelt,
And made the seventy palms to minister
To those whom He from Egypt's bond had freed,
That they by Apostolic founts might dwell.
And what they did, from no inherent power
In trees, but gazing on them as the types
Of things to come, the while themselves as yet
Were only shadows, that did Satan use
To other purpose, forcing men to think,
That groves were places, where to deities
Was easier access; groves are evermore

In Scripture link'd with foul idolatry:
As ever nature's sweetest gifts have been
When men, forgetful that they are but types,
And images, and shadows, turn aside
As drunken with their beauties, and for them
Do dream away the Personality
And unapproachèd Majesty of God.
But haply he who wrote the Proverbs wise
And prudent far above all human lore,
But having in them wisdom yet more deep,
When from the letter to the spirit, led
By holy Bede, the ascetic mystic goes,—
He, who did also write of every tree
And herb, from tallest Cedar trees
To humble hyssop [10], had he been allow'd
To send that history onward as a lamp
To guide succeeding mystics in the shrine
Of nature's inner meanings, much had taught
Of what their outward properties, and lines,
And divers shapes, contain'd of deeper sense,
Disclosing somewhat wondrous of the Trees
Which God hath planted in His Husbandry.
And haply even now the patient toil
Of humble-minded student from the stores
Of allegoric Jews, by Christian lore
Assisted, and with fragments from the East
Cull'd here and there, shall one day half restore
The better system, that true herbary,
Which from the outward form or inward powers

Shall learn the thing beforehand signified,
Which great discoverers pass with worldly scorn.
Albeit, the Vine stands in the foremost rank
Of honour, nearest to the unseen world.
Soon as the second father of mankind
Had once consummated the type of Birth
Restorative of man's primeval robe,
Then hear we of the mystic Vine-tree's name,
And Noah's drunkenness [11], the type obscure,
(Obscure to men who easily ascribe
Sin to the ancient Saints,) type of the Cup
Which He should drink Who is the Father's Hand.
When they who had grown Canaanites beheld
His nakedness, and scoff'd to see Him there,
And from that sleep (sweet was it unto Him)
He waked, as Noah did, with consciousness
Of what false Israel, now His younger son,
As fallen from His birthright, to Him did.
But as the Law with shaded fruit precedes
The Gospel, gently let it draw aside
Our over-hastening footsteps from the Vine:
A tree there is whose wide-extending leaves
Hide under them a dark and luscious fruit:
Meet emblem of the Law—beneath it saints,
Preparing for their Saviour, used to sit [12]:
Such was Nathanael under, when he first
Drew on him looks that bless'd him as he knelt.
Why is it that the withering curse that fell
Upon the fig-tree, puzzleth oftentimes

The men that look for signs and evidence,
Save that from lack of allegoric spirit
They tend toward profaneness? 'Twas the Law
Which mystically was cursed by Him who took
The nakedness away which Adam hid
With fig-leaf vestments:—mindful of the Vine
So soon to thrive, He snatch'd away the power
Which hitherto the Jewish ritual had,
A partial blessing to confer on sons
And daughters of high Abraham's great Reward.
Well might it be an emblem of the Law;
The Law with mysteries beneath was hung,
Sweet and consoling to the weary soul,
That lifted gently up the veiling leaves
Which skreen'd its bashful treasures from the eye,
That cared not wondrous things beneath its rites
And ceremonies and statutes to behold.
And he that watch'd these fig-tree mysteries
Might eat the fruit which lay beneath the shade,
Although that fruit contain'd not in itself
A juice that should become of lasting force
To make the inward heart of man rejoice.
Hence day and night the pensive Psalmist mused,
Searching beneath the overshadowing rite
For the sweet fruit of promised things to come.
Yea, all day long, delighted at its depths,
He ponder'd it, in prayer by midnight watch
He exercised therein his patient spirit,
Lifting his eyes unto the Holy Hills,

Already glimmering with prophetic light.
Nor was this dimness seal'd upon the Law
Writ by a prophet like to CHRIST Himself,
Or on the gemmèd Tabernacle stamp'd,
Alone; but all the history to its close
Was awful with the same reserve, and seers
Were the selecters of prophetic facts,
Knowing for whom they minister'd these things.
For all the Elders in whose seat 'twas meet
To praise JEHOVAH's hidden miracles,
Enjoyed doubtless light which dimly show'd
What mysteries were veil'd beneath the Law.
And balm upon the penitent by them
Was pour'd, that he might hopefully behold
The Gospel blessings shaded by the leaf
Of mystic fig-tree, whence the expectant few
Were by the last of all the goodly quire
Of prophets bid to ponder Moses' Law.
But lo! the time must come when this more clear
Shall shine to all: these hidden fruits indeed
Were sweet to taste, and pleasant to the sight.
But though they might sustain the watching soul
From languishing, they gladden'd not the heart
Of GOD and man. The Law its fruit did yield,
And many were to rise, though many fell
'Mid Israel's sons: along with naughty figs
There were that goodly were as at the first.
And e'en of old the Israelite indeed,
What time the judges by the Levites' aid

Set forth, in darkest times, the inward Law,
Sat not beneath the fig-tree's shade alone,
But with anticipative glance beheld
The Vine upon the crosslike trellis-work
Supported; yea, while on the holy ground
He sat, and on his lips the precious juice
Of clusters of Engedi freshly shed
Was yet remaining, he might muse with tears
Of gratitude, how that they sojourn'd there
As strangers still, a better land in view
Inviting on—then knew he as he wept,
That their Vine was not such as Sodom's vine,
That hailstones jealously destroy'd the type
Of the true Vine to come from Egypt's shores.
May Israel not have heard how many a year
That type was absent [13] from the Nile's rich field?
As though to mark it as a fatal place
In which the Church should long uprooted be,
Whose presence is the warranty and sign
That He who is the Vine abideth there,
Where'er her hallowing offices are found.
Might Israel fail to see that at the end
Of days a joy unknown, by holy Wine
To men and maidens should imparted be?
This mystery Jotham knew, else were his speech
Of impious sound, and false the awful words,
'Why should I leave my Wine, that maketh glad
The heart of God and man?'—A mystery lurks
Beneath them, and the Rite is figured forth

Appropriative of the quickening Gifts
Which the initiated share with Him.
Nor can the thorny trunk of fell dissent
Yield the true cluster of the mystic Vine,
Nor gather men from thistly heresy,
The fig-tree sweetness of obedience still,
But that alone which angry winds disperse.
First was the Olive[14] whose pacific boughs
Even the Heathen, gathering from the flood
This blossom of tradition's older stem,
At joyous times would dedicate, whene'er
The house was smiled on by a newborn babe,
Or note of other peace was requisite—
And from it cometh holy Unction's power.
This tree an emblem seems of times to come,
And those gone by—it shadows out the Church,
Jewish and Christian, twofold and yet one,
One to the mind of those, whose wiser tongue
Hath not assign'd to Jews things temporal,
Eternal things to us, whose eyes are oped
To see what meaning through the outward words
Must have been felt by those whose earnest gaze
Was watching evermore for light to come.
  Nor was this emblem unappropriate
For such instruction, since the Olive-tree
Hath little form or comeliness, within
Conceal'd its virtues lie, and no man sees
The lamp of God within the inmost shrine,
Who hath not learnt to yield his pliant will

To feeble evidence. The Olive's bough
Hath yet within it fatness; they on earth
That from the Golden Olive are made fat,
May eat and worship, and with inward grace
Of hidden alms be worshipping the Lord,
And feeding evermore the unceasing lamp
Of spiritual adoration in the shrine
Of their own hearts, with meek and lowly thoughts
Of chaste affection to the Presence there,
With resignation peaceful, and with prayer
Which weans their souls from enmities and cares.
Upon that Tree, the Church as a new branch
Was grafted by the Branch, and with her prayers
Still asketh, though the wondrous ancient form
Hath suffer'd loss judicial, for the Jews,
Upon the day of mercy, mercies fresh
To atone them with us, and the stem beneath
To hallow also by unwonted force
Miraculous [15], from out her grafted bough
Proceeding downwards to the ancient root,
The root by which she still draws nourishment,
The root in which her fruits are garner'd all,
When they by Angels' hands are thither borne.

E'en now the Jewish branches still have leaves,
Beneath whose covering shade the Christian's eye
May find full many a pearl by prophets left
Unto the whole collective Church, still stored
In Jewish lays: and all their ancient rites
Pass'd on to us, though inwardly new life

And greenness was infused more vivid far
Than aught before that bloom'd to glad the eye
Of those that flourish'd in the House of God.
Hence was it that the oil, the hallow'd oil,
Was common to both Churches, the one Church
More aptly were it said, from olden time
To latest days its branches reaching forth.
To David, ere he went against the foe
Long time before, the consecrating oil
Was given, and to Christian warriors too
The hallowing chrism strength abundant gave
To meet the spiritual Goliath's rage.
Thus in all things the pure and ancient Church
Converted types to sacraments, and rites
Significative into channels turn'd,
Which those who never sated with the gifts
Of grace would joyously have courted then,
And those who long for ampler progress now,
Must ever dread the loss of, and suspect
That those who snatch'd the ancient boon away,
Miss'd of the good Samaritan's true love
When they restored the Cup, yet pour'd not in
The blissful chrism along with mystic Wine,
To heal the wounds of those who should descend
From the celestial Church to seek the world.
  No early rite by holy Church was used,
But she thereby was helping to unfold
The sayings of dark prophecy, in which
Not the existence only, and bare power

Of Christ's king-humbling kingdom was declared,
But all its rites and sacramental bands
Were told and number'd ere yet any one
Of them was known, save as an outward form
That suited with the shadows of the Law.
For me, I own it seemeth quite profane,
To deem that prophets heathen figures used,
And comely metaphors, with sense unreal.
I cannot choose, but think that every word
Hath some reality in Christ's domain
To answer to it, (though some parts be kept
For Angels' vision,) Eucharist to wine,
That maketh maidens glad, chrism to the oil,
(On holy priesthood in a cross's form
Imprinted,) as to waters doth the Font.
Each was a symbol void of inward strength
In Jewish times, in Christian had become
A Sacrament, sustaining us in war
With spiritual wickedness, in places high.
Hence as I sorrow that my own dear Church
Hath lost the gift of oil, I gladly hail
The blessed Martyr who for her preserved
The regal unction, though methinks 'tis clear
(So little of the foe's enslavèd race
Of Gentiles have we won to glorious light)
That we have lost the gift that Oil conveys
Of prayer continuous, in the inward shrine
Of hearts retired: for in the Church's type [16]
The lips alone did move; no striving voice,

No cumbrous preaching, but is wanting found,
Because within, the real converting power
Of life austere and shameless prayer is gone.
Oil for the light was by Bezaleel wrought,
As no faint shadow of the burning Light,
Which shining first in John, the Lantern set
For God's Messiah, in Messiah shone
With brightest Glory; with the Holy Oil
The priests were hallowed for the daily course
Of ministries prophetic; Aaron's line [17]
Was in the forehead sign'd by Moses' hand.
In form well chosen did his fingers move,
If old Tradition's voice be credited
For things she saw and knew: it was a Cross
That mark'd the high-priest for the office dread
Of entering where the cherub-figured veil
Enclosed the auguster sanctuary within.
These, then, and others, by the Apostle's touch,
When handed onward to the Christian Church,
Were with a freshen'd holiness infused
For holier functions: once the Altar beam'd
With two continual monitors of Him
Who is the Well of Life; Saint James the foe
Of those who are not zealous of good works,
Reproachful sounds what time he tells of oil
Wherewith in olden times the languid sick
Were comforted by sacramental aid.
Gone are these holy channels, gone perhaps
Some portion of the grace they once convey'd,

And those with perfect hatred some might hate
Who snatch'd these boons away, were not the tree,
Which leads our mournful spirit in these musings,
An exhortation in itself to peace.
Oh that we had the skill to enter in
By faith, and dwell among the symbols still,
Yet vocal in their stillness, of thy House
In Zion builded! stay we at the doors,
And they to peace admonish: olive-trees
Supplied them, and the posts whereon they moved,
And Cherubim within of olive-tree
Were also form'd, and they from thence proclaim'd
Glory to God in Heaven, Peace to men.
Thus was the Olive that wherewith of old
Men honour'd God and man, and in the house
At Bethany the blessed penitent
Did honour both in One with unguent sweet,
And filling all the house with mystic smell.
Hence when I look abroad into the Church,
This gift of peace, of peace whose odour is
From rigorous orthodoxy and stern ways,
I sorely miss and willingly would court,
As far as lawful, opportunities
For acts of love with every Catholic
Who through the world by Bishops hath been blest.
Dear is to me the Church of ancient Rome,
Dear the Apostles' consecrating bones,
Dear is the seat of twice-blest Gregory,
And all I can, will I in humble ways

Be labouring after, for a peace with these!
Would that to these the Cup were once restored,
Whence flows the true Vine's Blood within the veins!
Would that Communions throve abundantly!
For little hope of inward peace appears,
Despite of eyes that gush with water oft,
Because that Christians keep not Christ's new law,
Until we see not only to Rome's maids
New wine restored, but chrism unto us.
Joy would be put within my inmost heart,
If Corn, and Wine, and Oil, were so increased.
Then would that Oil as with the widow erst,
Run over into other vessels still,
Till by them, too, the treasure of the creed
Was holden in their conscience wash'd and clean.
Upon the Olive of the patriarchs
The Christian Church was grafted; by the graft
The nutriment which through the cunning roots
Was drawn together from the ambient soil,
Was all to other purpose straightway turn'd.
It from itself change marvellous hath made
In all the gifts of fatness in the trunk:
They passing onward to the Christian Church,
From her their life, from her their inward powers,
From her their majesty, their strength have gain'd.
Is it not wondrous that the little bud
Should so absorb and concentrate the sap
Of the maternal stock, that from the bud
It thenceforth takes its colour, fruit, and flowers,

Upon it only necessary gifts
Of life and place bestows, not any grace,
Which to the bud is still unchangingly
Confined, by order'd law! As though all trees
Were witnesses against that wither'd stock
Which only works for others, hath its being
But as a minister and servant stem—
Were witnesses against the Jewish race,
Types of the loss the parent trunk sustain'd,
By turning wood to that rebellious deed
They wrought on Calvary. For they are wild,
And nations, wild of old, are made the branch
For honour and delight—the very graft
Hath had its nature alter'd, glorified,
And re-created, while the stock hath lost
The fruit it used to yield—of sacrifice,
Or of symbolic rite and order'd priests.
  But let not Jotham's fable pass away
Ere first we cast a parting glance to ask
Why was it that the thorn came last of all?
Might it not have along with its reproof,
For that fair land, which like Abimelech
Was but of thorny semblance now become,
A somewhat in the order and the place,
Betokening that great King? He last of all
Wore on His hallow'd brow (the brow that sweat
For man's first sin to turn his burdens light,
And hinder earthy natures any more
From yielding thorns alone) a Crown of thorns.

The natural produce of a human heart—
And as He wore it, He upon Him clad,
As in a mystery of things to come,
Our wild and evil natures, turning them
To joyous fulness, by the hallowing might
Of suffering, jeopardy, and gentle wood,
Bestowing on us Unction which the Head
Of all things to the Church Himself had borne.
Hence at the Sacrifice, unbloody now [18],
He makes us share with Him His Suffering,
And of His own Divinity partake.

Hail to the Crown of Thorns, for of such thorns
Men gather grapes indeed, and He who made
The thorns when first men fell from Paradise
Destroy'd them not, but wholly changed their powers,
Giving to suffering and to toil and pain
A sanctifying sweetness which the world
And all its jolly votaries alike
Despise and know not! hail to blissful pain,
The Christian's chiefest ornament and joy;
Hail to the bush of thorn, in which at first
The Word appear'd; by which, when lifted up,
He shew'd the fulness of His Power Divine.

But as the trees, so are the slighter herbs
Each typical of divers mysteries:
The barley, with its long and husky ears,
A semblance is of that whose secret truths
Were hidden under figures, and the wheat
Of Christians fitted for the granary

By eating of the Grain of Corn Divine.
The Grass may figure a mix'd multitude
Of worldly men, that wither in the sun
Of trial or temptation. Hyssops[19] on the Wall
Are salutary discipline bestow'd
By doctors of the Church, for cleansing sin.
And each with divers ministries are charged,
Nor is their slender form and feebleness
Itself inapt to shadow out the Law
Or other transient things, or, view'd as fresh
And springing joyously, to be a type
Of Gospel grace, removing slighter sins.
All too were able by their life renew'd,
Continually to teach the Gentile world
Of man's fleet passing being, which again
Shall rise to life renew'd, or to prepare
By nature's lessons souls which afterwards
Received the teaching of the ancient seers,
Whose symbols were exact and running o'er
With meaning, when by Gospel light beheld.
These all are able as the mustard plant
To spring from petty seeds, which if unknown
To have that office, had not won belief
By aught to man their outward form displays.
'Tis so by worldlings in His Ministers
The Presence of the Life is not believed,
When they upbraid the wondrous eagerness
Which men bestow on fleeting vanities
Of beauty, wealth, or friendship's sounder joy.

Contempt must be their lot, as it was Thine;
They must appear as Thou didst, but as men
To men of sight, while Angels of the Church
They by the unrepenting Gift of God,
To childlike faith of tearful eyes appear.
By most men still unheeded, (though endued
With power of choosing good and shunning ill,)
The Priests—or Cedars planted by the Lord,
The Vine, the Fig, and all the other trees,
And all the herbs of healing powers for man,
Alike have ever preach'd, that few of all
Who were of goodly seed, shall ever grow
To fruit mature [20]—thousands on thousands die
Unopen'd from the sheath which pens their powers
Within a tiny space: both seeds and men
Having within them power to glad their kin,
And spread majestically wide, and yield
A shade of healing leaves, are born to die.
Go to the woods, how many an acorn crush'd
Lies on the pathway, and its future powers,
Which it as well as others might have had,
To build a house for God to dwell within
From age to age, are vanish'd at a step.
Go to the vineyard, and how many a stone
Which might have spread into a noble vine,
That children, mindful of their grandsire's looks,
Could eat of, and remember how he said,
I as a child would eat uncloy'd as you,
Of this same vine-tree—yea, how many a stone

Hath vanish'd, and its record no man knows?
Go to the corn-field, think what endless store
Of corn-fields lie within each single grain;
For as potentially there is in each
The fullgrown plant with its capacities,
So, of the plant, its seed is in itself.
How few of all, pluck'd by disciples' hands,
The elect of seeds, are chosen for the Feast,
Their highest office, on the Sabbath time
Of Christian rest, when Christ doth give us rest
By strengthening us His burdens easily
To bear with Him, nor feel them burdensome.
'Tis strange that in the country once possess'd
Of most divine traditions, it was held
That on a certain day with order'd rites
The king alone, though doubtless keeping free
From sinful interference with the priests,
Might offer[21] up, from hallow'd meadows brought,
A sacrifice of Wheat, reminding thus
Of what Melchizedek, foreshadowing Him,
Who as a Priest for ever in His Priests
Still offers the pure Offering, did of yore.
And such methinks are they who gather'd are
By holy Reapers to our Master's Barn.
How few in number from how many chosen!
For go to crowded cities and how few
Shall be the Elect, when as the winnowing Fan
Shall throughly purge the area of the Church
Of all that doth offend. Oh! think how few

Of all thou knowest thyself are earnest men,
How many are uncertain, and perhaps
Cover beneath an outward sanctity
The spreading blight of unrepented sin.
Fix not on single persons—merely weigh
That there are halting men and ever were,
That there are hypocrites and ever were,
That there are self-deceivers, ever were,
That thou thyself mayest have deceived thyself,
Knowing but little of thine own heart's ills.
Then of those few, those earnest few, select
By thee who seest with the eye of flesh,
And choosest them from out a multitude
Of such as lack the semblance of a tone
Of earnest wrestling with their lower part,
How few, with all allowances and bates
For errors in discerning of the tares
Before the time, how few shall haply come
To what their own capacities are aim'd.
Few surely as the seed that doth fulfil
Its perfect course, and indistinct as they
Which shall fulfil it, ere that fulness comes,
And thou behold it—as the branches left
After the vintage, as the grains of corn,
Which out of a whole harvest shall attain
A place upon the Altar of their God!
  Again consider, how the acorns shed
Upon the ground are scatter'd everywhere!
Of these a few shall strike a lasting root,

And having grown in future days, shall yield
A shelter from the storm for other age
Than that wherein it budded from the ground,
And ask of it what it can prophesy
Of man's intended destinies, if those
Who by a life in holy walking spent
Are worthy counted of the joys to come,
Shall so unfold in far extending rule
Over some future race of beings placed
Beneath probation, if ten cities then
Shall feel their secret rule, or if their fame
In awe mysterious shall then be felt,
As anciently throughout Decapolis,
Their Master's was to Whom the perfect like
Shall be in all things; and if such shall be
The guardian saints of races uncreate
As yet, nor to be born until the earth
Shall have a face renew'd for other beings
To walk upon, and they be then what now
The elected Angels have to us become—
Or are not all things at the dreadful day
Consummated, and all probation closed
Throughout the entire Universe of beings?
He wisest shall these questions of the seed
Be asking, who on them enough shall dwell
To learn the possibilities of things,
And turn with sober'd mind to walk with awe
And cheerfulness restrain'd 'mid brother men,
Who have, unknown to him, each one of them

Capacities of being for weal or woe,
Whose greatness far transcends the widest reach
Of man's best reason and his purest will.
Out of all flowers few retain their scent
When wither'd from their shape, or then will serve
To heal the wounded, or in censers burn
Around the Altar, as the ancient Church,
Mindful of doing Heaven's Will on earth
As Angels do above, by daily Bread
Would kindle incense that her outward form
Might echo Malachi's prophetic note,
While with the very censers Angels lit
The flame of holy litanies[22] within,
And Saints perceived the odour unto life
From Heaven's inward courts, and on their beds
With voice of melody to David tuned,
Were holpen by their brethren to rejoice.
They as the scented plants embalm the Church,
They are as myrrh, of wholesome bitterness,
Yet fragrant to the taste, as cinnamon
And cassia, which fill the entire Church
With gladness from the palaces outpour'd
Wherein they dwell, in whiteness uncorrupt.
And myrrh was honour'd more than aught beside
Of all that green things yield, for twice it came
Before its Maker when He dwelt with us.
It with its bitterness foretold the day,
E'en from His cradle, when His bitter pangs
Should sanctify all bitterness, and heal

The inward man by might of wholesome pain.
And when those pangs were on Him, it again
Appear'd before Him though rejected then;
Since the reality no more allow'd
Of those prophetic functions which at first
The fragrant gum in Bethlehem discharged.
And as the myrrh sweet smelling savour gave,
And promise of immortal frames to come,
So did the cedar many times afford
Sweet savour in the ancient sacrifice.
So was the pine and myrtle with it join'd,
With fir, box, oil, and shittah, as the signs
Of incorruption in the desert vast
Some time to flourish, seven holy trees
Which figured there the sevenfold energies
Of Him whose gifts restore the immortal life
Once forfeited, and clothe the FATHER'S trees
With ever-during verdure, springing forth
Spontaneously from life bestow'd within.
And these be often sweetest after death,
And then their likeness to the saints fulfil,
When they are taken from their present life.
  Lilies and violets, and roses fair,
And all the host of wondrous images,
I linger on ye, and would fain be bold
To wish ye a farewell. The chief of all
The lily seems, because it had the bliss
To have its name upon the lips of One
Greater than Solomon, the King of peace,

Who bade us look upon you. Shall I dare
To pass unnamed the white-robed innocence
Which their Creator and our gracious Judge
Commended to our heedful reverence?
For even Solomon with ivory throne
And typic state, had not the whiteness pure,
The unblemish'd beauty of your low estate.
Albeit he in awful canticles
Was chief in praising you, yet greater praise
Than Solomon's was your's: ye neither spin,
Nor toil ye now at works to earn reward,
But out of your own essence, angel-like [23],
Pour forth from year to year the glorious vest
Of purity and whiteness! and for those
Who are to be as Angels, kindred power
Shall be bestow'd—though fullers upon earth
May whiten garments more than this of your's,
Yet they shall never equal by their art
The whiteness which ye signify for those
Reserved, who shall with Jesus shine:
For this your meaning were ye praised above
The man by God beloved for Wisdom's sake,
The which he chose when lying on his bed,
Through chaste affection for her Beauty known.
And even on earth the Priests that minister
Before the Lord, in white investitures
(As yet not forfeited by stupid sin)
Are clad, the emblematic vest of joy
Which emanates from Sanctity within.

White are the robes upon the saints bestow'd,
And sweetly doth the Church on earth in this
Act out obedience to her daily prayer,
Which is the sanction, guide, and voucher here
For all that is by Christian ritual
So done on earth, as they in Heaven do
Who are at peace amid the Angel quires.
And if my fancy doth not practise sway
Unlawful o'er my memory, lilies grew
Within the room of one I dearly loved,
And dearly love with freshness unimpair'd
By winter's outward air. For friends are friends,
And friendship [24] is a habit in the soul
Which death with flimsy veil may intercept,
So only as to make it energize
By faith not otherwise than distance doth,
Or other temporary foe of love.
Oft would I wander near my native stream,
To learn from him the properties of flowers,
And loved to hear him turn to his delight,
And gently snap my conversation's thread.
But over-pleased to yield to such an one,
An innocent and gentleminded man,
Who used not nature with the irreverent hand
Of those that deem it hath no mysteries.
With special power the poor forget-me-not
Was gifted when I lost thee from my sight,
And bitterly it made me weep a while
Until I grudged thee not the company

Which I am much unfit for—may the eye
Of faith be capable to see thee still,
In solemn office thinking oft of thee!
We see that habits or of will or mind
Are able to survive the mortal change,
And as belief that those of love survive
Is calculate to cheer us with the hope
Of mutual assistances supplied,
As each hath means; so for those other powers,
The intellectual habits, one may deem
Some scope for exercise is yielded them,
However alter'd be the circumstance
And form of their existence whom we love.
The fishermen for catching men were train'd
By lowly art; the tentmaker was chosen
To enlarge the Curtains of His Master's tent;
The Master-builder of the Eternal House
Himself, as Mary's Son, was Carpenter.
And sure the change which death to Saints supplies,
May be with kindred circumstance of life
Attended. They are haply looking back
Upon the childhood of existence here,
As we may look upon our infancy,
And feel whereto its lessons bent their way.
Haply to him the vegetable world
Is open'd into a transcendant scheme,
And he is marvelling how men can walk
Unawed among prophetic presences,
Or harshly breaking symbols delicate

Of kings whom Solomon in glory fail'd
To equal: windings of each diverse leaf
To him are haply realized to be
The order'd doings of the Almighty Hand
That worketh hitherto, not idle chance,
But interpenetrated every one
With some great mysteries to us unseen,
Whose requisitions call their limber shapes
Into the very attitude they take,
As naturally as doth the Eucharist
Prostrate the faithful to their present King.
Then are we chiefly present with the Saints
Who kneel before the Lamb; we see it not,
Though twenty thousand chariots of GOD
Are round about us, and have once appear'd
To take away the Saint austere who saw
His hidden LORD transfigured on the Mount,
That did rejoice in Him. They shall be green
Like grass upon the earth, when He shall come.
Then shall the mystic Vine be evermore
From the wild heretics that pluck her bough
Protected, and the Olive-branches, won
By Eunuchs to the Church, or penitents
That when converted strengthen boughs that serve
As peace-making hosannahs, thrive around
The Table of the Lamb, what time his Wife
Shall make her ready, and Himself come forth
To serve them, and the glorious Branch in us
Planted beside Baptismal waterbrooks

With leaves unwither'd prosper, and the boughs
When He doth enter new Jerusalem
In Him and in His Father shall abide.
As for th' ungodly, 'tis not so with them.

NOTES

ON

BOOK V.

Note 1. p. 208.

Allusion is here made to the doctrine, that in the Holy Communion a principle of new life was imparted. The note at the end of Mr. Newman's Sermons, vol. ii., may be consulted. I may also quote the following passages of S. G. Nyssen de Hom. Opif. i. p. 118, p. 123, and p. 125, where he writes as follows: *καθάπερ γὰρ τὸ σῶμα ἐκ βραχυτάτου πρὸς τὸ τέλειον πρόεισιν, οὕτω καὶ ἡ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐνέργεια καταλλήλως ἐμφυομένη τῷ ὑποκειμένῳ, συνεπιδίδωσι καὶ συναύξεται. προηγεῖται μὲν γὰρ αὐτῆς ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ κατασκευῇ οἷον ῥίζης τινὸς ἐν τῇ γῇ κατακρυφθείσης ἡ αὐξητική τε καὶ θρεπτικὴ δύναμις μόνη. οὐ γὰρ χωρεῖ τὸ περισσότερον ἡ τοῦ δεχομένου βραχύτης. εἶτα προελθόντος εἰς φῶς τοῦ φυτοῦ, καὶ ἡλίῳ τὴν βλάστην δείξαντος, ἡ αἰσθητικὴ χάρις ἐπήνθησεν. ἀδρυνθέντος δὲ ἤδη καὶ εἰς σύμμετρον ῥῆκος ἀναδραμόντος, καθάπερ τις καρπὸς διαλάμπειν ἡ λογικὴ δύναμις ἄρχεται, οὐ πᾶσα ἀθρόως ἐκφαινομένη· ἀλλὰ τῇ τοῦ ὀργάνου τελειώσει ἓν ἐπιμελείας συναύξουσα, τοσοῦτον ἀεὶ καρποφοροῦσα, ὅσον χωρεῖ τοῦ ὑποκειμένου ἡ δύναμις.* S. Hil. de Trin. lib. v. p. 41: "Quia ambiguitate locus nullus est quin Moyses unum Deum intelligatur de Dei Filio significasse, quod Deus sit: per ipsas illas significationis suæ auctoritates, recurramus et re-

quiramus, an quem Deum significaverit, Deum quoque verum intelligendum docuerit. Nulli autem dubium est veritatem ex naturâ et ex virtute esse, ut exempli causâ dictum sit: verum triticum est quod spica fructum et aristis vallatum et folliculis excussum et in farinam comminutum et in panem coactum et in cibum sumptum reddiderit ex se et naturam panis et munus. Neque quia naturæ virtus præstat veritatem, videamus an verus Deus sit quem Moyses Deum esse significat," &c. St. Hilary's meaning appears to be more fully drawn out by St. Ephrem: "Take wheat, and bruise it and examine it, and show us how the blade, the ear, and the root are hidden there, each one whereof is perfect in the midst of it, in threefold way; and which is young and old, or before the other: and though they have beginning, a task is this to comprehend, since from out themselves is their hidden beginning for themselves. And since even the type faileth, as not sufficing, reaped it is and winnowed to be fit for use. And when the likeness is overborne by contentiousness, then do thou healthfully behold it, how the blade is the type of the body, and the fruit stands as type of the spirit, the ear of the soul. Glorious is this parable! For see how every similitude that is sealed up, and curiously wrought, if it suffice to describe the thing unto full perfection, would be found not to be the resemblance but the reality. Meet is it for shadows that they should pass through the network of time." And again, p. 77, he says, "Yea, there is a hidden treasure in that plant, that may be seen. Three concealèd there there are, nor can they be searched out there. Three they be that are but one, and though one they yet are three. Who hath penetrated into the midst of the plant, to see how the root, the stem a second, and the fruit a third are there, which each with each commingled are," &c. &c. In both passages the context makes it appear that the mystery of the Trinity in Unity is before him, though in the former he passes on to man, who is made in the Image of God." There is a passage similar to the former in St. Greg. Nyssa, vol. i. p. 123—5, part of which passage has been just given. It seemed as well to throw these passages together here, because, though only partially referred to now, they are made use of in other parts of the poem, and could not be so conveniently given in fragments when wanted.

Note 2. p. 209.

The following passage of St. Hilary was in my mind here, p. 842, on Ps. cxviii. Aleph: "Et si quid incalescentibus jam ad crimen animis promptum est, tamen furor insanientis voluntatis occursu testis coercetur: et in sese abruptam humanæ petulantiæ naturam nonnunquam intercessio repentina revocavit. Si ergo metus intercessionis jam præsumptum animo facinus demoratur; quid Christianum hominem agere conveniet, scientem se tot undique spiritalium virtutum testimoniis, non dico operum suorum, sed ipsius tantum voluntatis obsessum? Nonne cum in aliquam turbidæ affectionis voluntatem infirmitatis nostræ aculeis commovemur, metuimus adsistentes undique nobis choros angelorum, et plenum ministeriis cœlestibus mundum? Si enim angeli parvulorum patrem nostrum quotidie vident, qui in cœlis est; possumus testimonia eorum metuere, quos et nobiscum manere, et Deo quotidie scimus adsistere."

Note 3. p. 210.

Aust. in Ps. lix. § 9: "Pendebat et contemnebatur; granum erat; intus habebat vires trahendi post se omnia. Quomodo in grano numeri seminum latent, abjectum nescio quid apparet oculis, sed vis convertens in se materiam et proferens fructum abscondita est: sic in Christi cruce abscondita erat virtus, apparebat infirmitas. O magnum granum," &c. And to the Trallians, c. xi. St. Ignatius says, *Οὗτοι οὐκ εἰσὶ φυτεία Πατρὸς, εἰ γὰρ ἦσαν ἐφαίνοντο ἂν κλάδοι τοῦ σταυροῦ, καὶ ἦν ἂν ὁ καρπὸς αὐτῶν ἄφθαρτος.*

Note 4. p. 212.

St. Augustine de Doctrina Christ. bk. ii. chap. xli. "Herba hæc mitis et humilis est, et nihil fortius et penetrabilius ejus radicibus, ut in caritate radicati et fundati possimus comprehendere cum omnibus sanctis quæ sit latitudo et longitudo et altitudo et profundum, id est, crucem Domini: cujus latitudo dicitur in transverso ligno, quo extenduntur manus, longitudo a terra usque ad ipsam latitudinem, quo a manibus et infra totum corpus adfigitur,

altitudo a latitudine sursum usque ad summum, cui adhæret caput, profundum vero quod terræ infixum absconditur."

Note 5. p. 213.

Origen in Josh. p. 419, Hom. ix. 2: "Isti sunt ergo lapides vivi, ex quibus Jesus Dominus noster altare construxit ex lapidibus integris, quibus ferrum non est injectum, ut offerat super eos holocausta et sacrificium salutis. Ego puto quod forte isti tales lapides integri atque incontaminati, sancti Apostoli esse possint, omnes simul altare unum facientes propter unanimitatem atque concordiam."

Note 6. p. 213.

St. Greg. Moral. xxvi. 9, and in Ezek. i. Hom. xii. § 23: "Quia vero idem Propheta, ut supra jam diximus, typum prædicantium, vel doctorum tenet, recte ei nunc dicitur: '*Sume tibi laterem, et pones eum coram te.*' Omnis enim doctor cum terrenum quempiam auditorem ad cœlestis verbi doctrinam suscipit, laterem assumit. Cui dum loqui cœperit quæ sit retributio cœlestis patriæ, quæ visio pacis supernæ, civitatem Jerusalem describit in latere. Quem coram se ponit; quia intenta mente qualitatem audientis considerat, id est, provectum vel defectum conspicit, et juxta ejusdem intelligentiam, prædicationis suæ verba moderatur, ut describi in audientis mente civitas Jerusalem, id est visio pacis, possit. Dicatur ergo: '*Sume tibi laterem,*' videlicet proximi cor terrenum. '*Et pones eum coram te,*' scilicet ut vitam atque intellectum illius intentâ mente custodias. '*Et describes in eo civitatem Jerusalem,*' ut ei quæ sint superna gaudia de visione pacis innotescas. Quasi enim jam Jerusalem in latere descripta est, cum terrena mens cœperit quæ sint illa internæ pacis gaudia vera cognoscere, et ad conspiciendam gloriam patriæ cœlestis anhelare. Quasi in terra visio pacis describitur, quando mens, quæ prius terrena sapuerat, per amorem jam ad contemplandam gloriam regni cœlestis elevatur." And Origen in Ps. cxxiv. 1: Οἱ πεποιθότες ἐπὶ Κύριον ὡς ὄρος Σιὼν, κ. τ. λ. Οἱ προσερχόμενοι Σιὼν ὄρει καὶ πόλει Οεοῦ ζῶντος, Ἱερουσαλὴμ ἐπουρανίῳ, φοροῦσι τὴν εἰκόνα τοῦ ἐπουρανίου, καὶ πεποιθότες ἐπὶ Κύριον γίνονται ὡς ἐκεῖνο τὸ Σιὼν ὄρος.

Note 7. p. 214.

It is not uncommon in writers of all parts of the Church, in St. Jerome as well as in Origen, St. Clement, St. Cyril, and others of the Alexandrine school, in St. Ephrem, and St. Austin, and St. Gregory, (whose whole Moralia abounds in it,) to pass from spiritual to moral allegory, as here alluded to: the full discussion of such a subject would take up too much room here, though passages to the purpose might easily be supplied.

Note 8. p. 215.

I believe I had in my mind, at the time I wrote this, the Syriac version of Ezekiel xv. 4, which gives 'two branches' for what in ours is 'both the ends of it.' The 'planes' of Mamre is by ours made the 'plains,' on the authority of the Chaldee and others, but entirely against the analogy of the language, as far as one can see. Different trees have been assigned: I have taken the 'planes,' that the ear may not be offended by a change from the authorized version. The origin of the Chaldee version is probably this, that the trees spoken of grew in plain countries: hence they paraphrase rather than translate. The reflections upon Solomon's history of trees were, I think, suggested by the Chaldee Paraphrast, who renders 1 Kings iv. 33, "and he prophesied concerning the kings of the house of David, that were to rule in this world, and *in the future world of the Messiah*, and he prophesied concerning beasts and birds, and concerning reptiles, and concerning fishes." The hyssop is so explained of Christ's humiliation, and its cleansing powers by St. Cyril de Ador. p. 601; by St. Austin in Ps. l. § 12; and in St. Barnabas, ch. viii., where Cotelerius gives a number of references.

Note 9. p. 216.

St. Bas. Hex. v. 9: *Ἀείφυλλον δὲ ὁ φοίνιξ, τῷ αὐτῷ φύλλῳ ἐκ τῆς πρώτης βλαστήσεως εἰς τέλος συμπαραμένων.* The interpretation of Exodus xv. 27, is a very common one. It is thus concisely given by Bede in loc. "De veteri Testamento transitur ad novum, ad Apostolorum duodecim fontes. Ibi reperiuntur septuaginta palmæ: fuerunt et alii septuaginta missi ad prædicandum verbum Dei."

Note 10. p. 217.

The distinction between the things spoken of in Prov. i. 1—6, is noticed by St. Clem. Strom. vi. § 130, and applied by St. Ath. cont. Ar. ii. 44. The same thing is also insisted on by Jewish writers: thus Maimonides in the Porta Mos. says, "Has ob causas ænigmatice locuti sunt Sapientes (quibus pax) de rebus Theologicis; ideoque decet quempiam ubi occurrerit ipsi in verbis illorum quicquam quod ipsius opinione abhorreat intellectus, non verbis istis, sed intellectui suo defectum imputare, et ubicunque aliquam e parabolis ipsorum, cujus sensus literalis ab intellectu ipsius valde alienus sit, viderit, ob intellectum suum, qui scopum non attingit, adeo ut res veræ ipsi longissime remotæ videantur, plurimum angi."

Note 11. p. 218.

This view of Noah's drunkenness is given by Justin Martyr, p. 368, as also by St. Austin de Civ. Dei, xvi. 1 & 2, and cont. Faust. xii. 23, as follows: "Jam vero illud, quod de vineâ quam plantavit, inebriatus Noë, nudatus est in domo suâ; cui non appareat Christus passus in gente suâ? Tunc enim nudata est mortalitas carnis ejus, Judæis scandalum, Gentibus stultitia, ipsis autem vocatis Judæis et Gentibus tamquam Sem et Japheth, Dei virtus, et Dei sapientia: quia quod stultum est Dei, sapientius est quam homines; et quod infirmum est Dei, fortius est quam homines. Proinde in duobus filiis, maximo et minimo, duo populi figurati, unam vestem a tergo portantes, sacramentum scilicet jam præteritæ atque transactæ Dominicæ passionis, nuditatem patris neque intuentur, quia in Christi necem non consentiunt: et tamen honorant velamento, tamquam scientes unde sint nati. Medius autem filius, id est, populus Judæorum, ideo medius, quia nec primatum Apostolorum tenuit, nec ultimus in Gentibus credidit, vidit nuditatem patris, quia consensit in necem Christi, et nuntiavit foras fratribus: per eum quippe manifestatum est, et quodam modo publicatum, quod erat in Prophetia secretum; ideoque fit servus fratrum suorum. Quid est enim aliud hodieque gens ipsa, nisi quædam scriniaria Christianorum, bajulans Legem et Prophetas ad testimonium adsertionis Ecclesiæ, ut nos honoremus per sacramentum, quod nuntiat illa per litteram." There

is the same reference to the nakedness on the Cross in St. Ephrem, vol. ii. p. 397, though only by implication, in that he speaks of Shem and Japhet as looking, while they went to cover their father, to the Only-Begotten Son of God, who should come and cover the nakedness of Adam, who was drunken with pride. Reference is also made to the caution given by St. Irenæus, iv. 31: "Talia quædam enarrans antiquus presbyter reficiebat nobis et dicebat, De eisdem delictis de quibus ipsæ Scripturæ increpabant Patriarchas et Prophetas, nos non oportet exprobrare eis, neque fieri similes Cham, qui irrisit turpitudinem patris sui et in maledictionem decidit, sed gratias agere pro illis Deo, quoniam in adventu Domini nostri remissa sunt iis peccata; etenim illos decebat gratias agere et glorificari in nostrâ salute. De quibus autem Scripturæ non increpant, sed simpliciter sunt positæ, nos non debere fieri accusatores (non enim sumus diligentiores Deo neque super Magistrum possumus esse) sed typum quærere." If St. Irenæus appears to offend against his own rule in speaking of the 'turpitudo' of Noah, it must be remembered that we have only an old Latin translation here, and not the original Greek.

Note 12. p. 218.

St. Hilar. in D. Matt. p. 569: "In ficu synagogæ positum exemplum est. Dato enim pœnitentiæ spatio, eo videlicet tempore quod inter passionem et reditum claritatis est medium. Veniet esuriens plebis hujus salutem, et inveniet infœcundam, foliis tantummodo vestitam, id est verbis inanibus gloriantem, sed fructibus vacuam, operibus quippe bonis sterilem, et expectatis proventibus nudam. Et quia pœnitendi tempus excesserit, in perpetuum sententia judicii cœlestis arescit." P. 570, "Ex conditione arboris propria et competens synagogæ similitudo proposita est. Primos enim populi fructus quos ab exordio protulerat, grossorum amisit exemplo, quia plebem ejus inutilem fidelis et pertinax, et usque ad consummationem temporum manens populus gentium protrusit. Veruntamen credentes primi ex Israël Apostoli, et inter legem, et evangelia grossorum modo inhærentes, cæteros resurrectionis gloria et tempore anteibunt. Et quidem jam in exordio Genesis in hujus rei formam pudorem suum Adam atque Eva hujus arboris foliis texerunt, cum seipsos

ad adventum Domini vocantis occulerent, quia synagoga infidelis, et legis mandata transgrediens, impudentiæ suæ fœditates, et turpitudinum confusionem infructuosis esset verborum velamentis tanquam ficus foliis contectura." And St. Austin on Ps. xliv. § 20: "Appellavit Israelitam, in quo dolus non esset, propter Jacob. Et ille Nathanaël, Unde me nosti? Et Dominus, Cum esses sub arbore fici, vidi te: id est, cum esses in illo populo sub lege constitutus, quæ carnali umbrâ illum populum protegebat, ibi te vidi. Quid est, ibi te vidi? Ibi tui misertus sum. Ille autem recordatus quod fuerat etiam sub arbore fici in veritate, admiratus, quia putabat se a nemine visum cum ibi esset, confitetur et dicit, Tu es Filius Dei, tu es rex Israël. Quis hoc dixit? Qui audierat quod verus esset Israëlita, et dolus in illo non esset. Et Dominus, Quia dixi tibi, Vidi te sub arbore fici, credidisti; majora horum videbis." And St. Ambrose in D. Luc. § 163, (quoted by Lauretus in voc.) "Primi tamen ex Israel quos naturæ validioris ramus extulerat; sub umbra Legis et crucis, in utriusque sinu succo gemino colorati, grossi maturescentis exemplo, pulcherrimorum gratia fructuum cæteris præstiterunt, quibus dicitur: Sedebitis super duodecim thronos, judicantes duodecim tribus Israel. Nec illud alienum quod Adam atque Eva, primi illi nostri ut generis ita erroris parentes, qui hujus arboris texere se foliis, paradisi exsules esse meruerunt: cum Domini deambulantis præsentiam transgressionis suæ conscii declinarent; ut significarent futurum quod ultimis temporibus populus Judæorum sub Domini Salvatoris adventu, qui eos vocaturus advenit, excitum se virtutibus per diaboli tentamenta cognoscens, et intecta conscientiæ probra formidans, a religione devius, prævaricatione confusus, esset a Domino recessurus, verborum fluentium velut foliorum velaminibus adopertus pudenda gestorum. Ergo illi qui folia de ficulnea non poma carpserunt, eliminati sunt a Dei regno: erant enim in animam viventem. Venit secundus Adam, et jam non folia, sed poma quærebat; erat enim in Spiritum vivificantem. In Spiritu autem fructus virtutis adquiritur, Dominus adoratur. Quærebat autem Dominus non quia fructum ficulneæ deesse nesciret, sed ut ostenderet in figura, quia fructum Synagoga jam habere deberet."

Note 13. p. 221.

The absence of the vine from Egypt may be shown from Herodot. ii. 77. As he was an eye-witness, it seems that there can be no doubt of the fact that in his days there were none, whatever may have been the case in Strabo's time. They have again vanished under the Mohammedans. See Jablonski de terrâ Goshen, § vi. fin., referred to by Baehr ad Herod.

Note 14. p. 222.

The explanation of Jotham's fable is, in the main, the same as that given by St. Methodius, Conviv. x. Virginum, x. 2: *καὶ ἐπισκέψασθε μή ποτε τὰς ἀπὸ τοῦ πρωτοπλάστου μέχρι τοῦ Χριστοῦ καθεξῆς ἡ γραφὴ νομοθεσίας δηλοῖ, ὧν ὁ διάβολος ἀντίμιμος ἐξηπάτησε πλάσμασι τὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων γένος· τὴν μὲν Συκῆν ἀπεικάζουσα τῇ κατὰ τὸν παράδεισον δοθείσῃ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ ἐντολῇ· ἐπειδὴ τὴν γύμνωσιν ἀπατηθεὶς οὗτος πετάλοις ἀπεκάλυψε συκῆς. τὴν δὲ Ἄμπελον, τῇ ἐπὶ τοῦ κατακλυσμοῦ τῷ Νῶε, διὰ τὸ οἴνῳ κοιμηθέντα χλευασθῆναι. τὴν δὲ Ἐλαίαν, τῇ κατὰ τὴν ἔρημον τῷ Μωσεῖ· ἐπειδὴ τὸ χάρισμα τὸ προφητικὸν, ἔλαιον τὸ ἅγιον, ἀνομησάντων αὐτῶν, ἐκλελοίπει τῆς κληρονομίας. τὴν δὲ Ῥάμνον, τῇ ἐπὶ σωτηρίᾳ τοῦ κόσμου τοῖς Ἀποστόλοις· ἐπειδὴ γὰρ εἷ αὐτῶν ἐδιδάχθημεν Ἀγνείαν, ἧς ἀπατηλὸν μόνης εἶδωλον οὐκ ἴσχυσεν ὁ διάβολος σκευάσαι. διὰ τοῦτο καὶ εὐαγγέλια τέσσαρα παραδέδοται, τετράκις εὐαγγελισαμένου τοῦ Θεοῦ τὴν ἀνθρωπότητα, καὶ παιδαγωγήσαντος τέσσαρσι νόμοις, ὧν οἱ καιροὶ σαφῶς ἀπὸ τῆς διαφορότητος δηλοῦνται τῶν καρπῶν. ἡ μὲν γὰρ συκῆ διὰ τὴν γλυκασίαν καὶ τὸν ὠραϊσμὸν, τὴν τρυφὴν τὴν πρὸ τῆς παραβάσεως ἐν παραδείσῳ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου παρίστησι γεγενημένην. ἔστι γὰρ ὕτε δὴ καὶ σφόδρα πολλαχῶς τῆς συκῆς τὸν καρπὸν τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον ἐπὶ τοῦ κρείττονος λαμβάνει, καθὼς ἀποδείξομεν ὕστερον· ἡ δὲ ἄμπελος διὰ τὴν ἱλαρότητα τὴν ἐκ τοῦ οἴνου, καὶ τὴν εὐφροσύνην τῶν περισωθέντων τῆς ὀργῆς καὶ τοῦ κατακλυσμοῦ, τὴν ἀπὸ τοῦ φόβου καὶ τῆς φροντίδος, τὴν εἰς τὴν χαρὰν αὐτῶν μεταβολὴν αἰνίσσεται. ἡ δὲ ἐλαία διὰ τὸν καρπὸν τοῦ ἐλαίου τὴν εὐσπλαγχνίαν τοῦ Θεοῦ μηνύει, πάλιν ἀνεξικακήσαν-*

τος μετὰ τὸν κατακλυσμὸν, τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐκτραπέντων εἰς ἀθεότητα, δοῦναι νόμον, καὶ ἐμφανισθῆναί τισιν, καὶ ὥσπερ ἀποσβεννυμένην ἤδη τὴν αὐγὴν τῆς ἀρετῆς ἐλαίῳ λιπάναι. iii. Ἡ δὲ Ῥάμνος καὶ ἄγνος ἐστὶν, ὑφ' ὧν μὲν ῥάμνος καλούμενος, ὑφ' ὧν δὲ ἄγνος· καὶ τάχα διὰ τὸ συγγενὲς φυτὸν τοῦτο τῇ Παρθενίᾳ πεφυκέναι, ταύτῃ ῥάμνος καὶ ἄγνος προσηγορεύθη· ῥάμνος μὲν, παρὰ τὸ στερέμνιον καὶ καρτερὸν πρὸς τὰς ἡδονάς· ἄγνος δὲ, παρὰ τὸ διαπαντὸς ἀγνεύειν. Ὅθεν καὶ τὸν Ἠλίαν ἐκ προσώπου τῆς Ἰεσάβελ γυναικὸς φεύγοντα, λόγος ὑπὸ ῥάμνον ἐλθεῖν πρῶτον, καὶ εἰσακουσθέντα ἐνισχύσαι καὶ λαβεῖν τροφὴν, ὅτι τῶν φευγόντων οἶστρον, καὶ τὴν γυναῖκα, τὴν ἡδονὴν, τὸ καταγώγιον καὶ ἡ σκέπη. τὸ τῆς ἁγνείας ἐβλάστησε ξύλον, ἀπὸ τῆς παρουσίας τοῦ ἀρχιπαρθένου Χριστοῦ βασιλεῦσαν τῶν ἀνθρώπων. τῶν γὰρ πρώτων ἀδυνατησάντων σῶσαι νομοθετημάτων τὸν ἄνθρωπον, τῶν ἐπὶ τοῦ Ἀδὰμ καὶ τοῦ Νῶε, καὶ τῶν ἐπὶ τοῦ Μωσέως, ἡ κατὰ τὸ εὐαγγέλιον ἔσωσε μόνη νομοθεσία πάντας.

Note 15. p. 223.

Allusion is here made to the fuller forms of intercession in the R. Missal service for Good Friday. The less full expression given to the same feelings in our own abridgment of those forms, is, I believe, distressing to some acquainted with the original. May I suggest to such persons, that even the want of the necessaries of spiritual life might in one view be made a blessing to them upon that day of Forsaking?.... St. Clem., Strom. vi. 118 : Λαμβάνει τοίνυν τροφὴν μὲν πλείονα ἡ ἐγκεντρισθεῖσα ἐλαία διὰ τὸ ἀγρίᾳ ἐμφύεσθαι, οἷον δὲ ἤδη πέττειν ἐθίζεται τὴν τροφὴν συνεξομοιουμένη τῇ πιότητι τῆς ἡμέρου, ὡς δὲ καὶ ὁ φιλόσοφος ἀγρίᾳ εἰκαζόμενος ἐλαίᾳ, πολὺ τὸ ἄπεπτον ἔχων, διὰ τὸ εἶναι ζητητικὸς καὶ εὐπαρακολούθητος καὶ ὀρεκτικὸς τῆς πιότητος τῆς ἀληθείας, ἐὰν προσλάβῃ τὴν θείαν διὰ πίστεως δύναμιν τῇ χρηστῇ καὶ ἡμέρῳ καταφυτευθεὶς γνώσει, καθάπερ ἡ ἀγριέλαιος ἐγκεντρισθεῖσα τῷ ὄντως καλῷ καὶ ἐλεήμονι λόγῳ πέττει τε τὴν παραδιδομένην τροφὴν καὶ καλλιέλαιος γίνεται· ὁ γάρ τοι ἐγκεντρισμὸς τὰς ἀχρείους εὐγενεῖς ποιεῖ, καὶ τὰς ἀφόρους φορίμους γενέσθαι βιάζεται τέχνῃ τῇ γεωργικῇ καὶ ἐπιστήμῃ τῇ γνωστικῇ. Austin in Ps. lxxii. 2 : "Et quis inserit oleastrum in olivâ? Oliva solet in

oleastro, oleastrum in olivâ nunquam videmus. Nam quisquis fecerit non inveniat baccas nisi oleastri. Quod enim inseritur hoc creseit et ejus rei fructus invenitur. Invenitur non radicis fructus sed surculi. Hoc ostendens Apostolus omnipotentia sua Deum effecisse ut oleaster in radicem olivæ insereretur et non baccas sylvestres sed olivam daret, ad omnipotentiam Dei revocans hoc Apostolus ait, Si tu ex naturali," &c. &c.

Note 16. p. 225.

St. Cyprian de Or. Dom. i. "Nec admonendus est clamoribus qui cogitationes hominum videt, probante Domino et dicente : Quid cogitatis nequam in cordibus vestris ? Et alio loco : Et scient omnes ecclesiæ quia ego sum scrutator renis et cordis. Quod Anna in primo Regnorum libro Ecclesiæ typum portans custodit et servat ; quæ Dominum non clamosa petitione, sed tacite et modeste intra ipsas pectoris latebras precabatur. Loquebatur prece occulta sed manifesta fide. Loquebatur, non voce sed corde, quia sic Deum sciebat audire ; et impetravit efficaciter quod petiit, quia fideliter postulavit. Declarat scriptura divina quæ dicit : Loquebatur in corde suo, et labia ejus movebantur, et vox ejus non audiebatur, et exaudivit eam Deus."

Note 17. p. 226.

I saw this somewhere in Kimchi first, if I mistake not. It is, however, given by Voisin in his notes to R. Martini, Pugio F. f. 246. "Quomodo ungebantur Reges ? per modum coronæ. Sacerdotes vero quomodo ? per modum Chi. Quid significat hoc, per modum Chi ? Dixit R. Menasseh ; per modum Chi Græci : i. e. Infundebatur oleum super caput Abaronis, et hac illac descendebat instar quatuor guttarum pretiosarum. Quæ littera Chi (X.) quum signum Crucis repræsentet ; ideo recte observat Fabiano Fioglie in Introduct. sua alla Fede, c. 54. Etiam nel tempo della Lege vecchia, avanti che venisse il Messia, quando si ongevano i sacerdoti, si, ongevano con il segno della Croce, per che havendo loro da offerir i sacrificii per il popolo in remis-

sione de i peccati ; voleva Dio, che quando si ordinavano per cio, fussino segnati con il segno della sancta Croce, nella qual doveva esser posto quello, il qual doveva esser sacrificato al Padre eterno, per la remissione di i peccati di tutto il mondo."

Note 18. p. 230.

St. Clemens of Alexandria, Paed. ii. 73 : Ἀοχλήτου ἀμεριμνίας ὁ στέφανος σύμβολον· ταύτῃ καὶ τοὺς νεκροὺς καταστεφανοῦσιν, ᾧ, λόγῳ καὶ τὰ εἴδωλα, ἔργῳ προσμαρτυροῦντες αὐτοῖς τὸ εἶναι νεκροῖς· οἱ μὲν γὰρ βακχεύοντες οὐδὲ ἄνευ στεφάνων ὀργιάζουσιν, ἐπὰν δὲ ἀμφιθῶνται τὰ ἄνθη πρὸς τὴν τελευτὴν ὑπερκάονται. οὐ δὴ κοινωνητέον οὐδ' ὑπωστιοῦν δαίμοσιν, ἀλλ' οὐδὲ τὴν εἰκόνα τοῦ Θεοῦ τὴν ζῶσαν δικὴν εἰδώλου καταστεπτέον. ὁ γὰρ καλὸς τοῦ ἀμαράντου στέφανος ἀπόκειται τῷ καλῶς πεπολιτευμένῳ· τὸ ἄνθος τοῦτο γῆ βαστάζειν οὐ κεχώρηκεν, μόνον δὲ αὐτὸ καρποφορεῖν ἐπίσταται οὐρανός· πρὸς δὲ καὶ ἀλόγιστον, ἀκηκούτας ἡμᾶς τὸν Κύριον ἀκάνθαις ἐστεφανωμένον, ἐντρυφῶντας τῷ σεμνῷ τοῦ Κυρίου πάθει, ἀναδεῖσθαι τοῖς ἄνθεσιν. ὁ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ Κυρίου στέφανος ἡμᾶς αἰνίττετο προφητικῶς τούς ποτε ἀκάρπους, τοὺς περικειμένους Λύτῳ διὰ τῆς Ἐκκλησίας ἧς ἐστιν Κεφαλή· ἀλλὰ καὶ τῆς πίστεώς ἐστι τύπος, ζωῆς μὲν διὰ τὴν οὐσίαν τοῦ ζύλου, εὐφροσύνης δὲ διὰ τὴν προσηγορίαν τοῦ στεφάνου, κινδύνου δὲ διὰ τὴν ἄκανθαν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀναιμωτὶ προσίεναι τῷ Λόγῳ ἔξεστιν· ὁ δὲ πλεκτὸς μαραίνεται στέφανος οὗτος καὶ τὸ πλέγμα τῆς σκολιότητος ἀναλύεται καὶ τὸ ἄνθος ξηραίνεται, μαραίνεται γὰρ ἡ δόξα τῶν τῷ Κυρίῳ μὴ πεπιστευκότων. Ἰησοῦν δὲ ἐστεφάνωσαν ὑψωμένον τῆς αὐτῶν καταμαρτυροῦντες ἀμαθίας· τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ οἱ σκληροκάρδιοι προφητείαν οὖσαν σεσοφισμένην οὐ νοοῦσιν, &c. He has the same application of St. Matth. vii. 16, shortly after ; as also several other remarks which I have in part made use of. St. Greg. of Nazianzum is also alluded to, i. p. 70 : Διὰ τῆς ἀναιμάκτου θυσίας ἡμεῖς κοινωνοῦμεν Χριστοῦ καὶ τῶν παθημάτων καὶ τῆς Θεότητος.

Note 19. p. 231.

See notes 4 & 8, and St. Austin de Doct. Christianâ, ii. 16 : " Multi autem propter ignorantiam hyssopi, dum nesciunt quam

vim habeat, vel ad purgandum pulmonem, vel ut dicitur ad saxa radicibus penetranda, quum sit herba brevis atque humilis, omnino invenire non possunt, quare sit dictum : ' Adsperges me hyssopo. et mundabor.' "

Note 20. p. 232.

Bp. Butler, Anal. ch. i. p. 142 : " For of the numerous seeds of vegetables and bodies of animals, which are adapted and put in the way to improve to such a point or state of natural maturity and perfection, we do not see perhaps that one in a million actually does. Far the greatest part of them decay before they are improved to it ; and appear to be absolutely destroyed. Yet no one who does not deny all final causes, will deny that those seeds and bodies, which do attain to that point of maturity and perfection, answer the end for which they were really designed by nature ; and therefore that nature designed them for such perfection. And I cannot forbear adding, though it is not to the present purpose, that the appearance of such an amazing waste in nature, with respect to these seeds and bodies, by foreign causes, is to us as unaccountable, as, what is much more terrible, the present and future ruin of so many moral agents by themselves, i. e. by vice."

Note 21. p. 233.

For this fact see Windischman, Philosophie, &c. i. p. 255: " Bei dem grossen symbolischen Opfer des Kaisers, in welchem er das ganze Volk einschloss, bediente man sich, entweder reiner Opferthiere, besonders des Stiers, oder unter Ceremonien, die noch nicht bekannt genug sind, auch des Brodes und des Weins. Jenes war aus dem Korn vom heiligen Felde zubereitet, dieser aus Hirse oder Reis nebst einer aromatischen Pflanze. Beides wurde auch den Geisten und den Ahnden dargeboten, und der Genuss, insbesondere auch des Weins erfordere, heisste es, ein reines ehrfurchtvolles Herz." Aristot. Polit. iii. § 14, makes the assertion concerning the non-interference of the kings with the priestly office probable. He says, p. 1285, 6, Βασιλεῖς δὲ κύριοι

ἦσαν τῆς τε κατὰ πόλεμον ἡγεμονίας καὶ τῶν θυσιῶν, ὅσαι μὴ ἱερατικαὶ, καὶ πρὸς τούτοις τὰς δίκας ἔκρινον. τοῦτο δ' ἐποίουν οἱ μὲν οὐκ ὀμνύοντες, οἱ δ' ὀμνύοντες· ὁ δ' ὅρκος ἦν τοῦ σκήπτρου ἐπανάτασις.

Note 22. p. 236.

This is taken, I believe, from some Syriac Missal, but I am not able to find it again.

Note 23. p. 236.

St. Hilary on St. Matthew, p. 483, can. v. "Lilia nascuntur potius quam operantur. Cooperatio autem velamentum est corporis non corpus ipsum. Quod si ad sensum humanæ intelligentiæ res refertur, colorem lilii velamenti candor potuerat æmulari. Sed lilia non laborantia neque nentia significari intelligenda sunt, ut cœlestium angelorum claritates, quibus extra humanæ scientiæ eruditionem suique operis mercedem a Deo gloriæ candor indultus est: ne quid ex proprio labore aut arte existimarentur habuisse. Et cum in Resurrectione similes homines Angelis erunt, sperare nos cœlestis gloriæ voluit operimentum exemplo angelicæ claritatis. Est autem in naturâ istius germinis ut aptissime cœlestibus angelorum substantiis comparetur. Hoc enim efflorescens cum a stirpe detenta humi radicis avellitur, naturæ suæ virtute licet aruisse putetur occultat et redeunte tempore rursum lilii sui honori vestitur. Ex se igitur efflorescit ac redditur et, quod est, nec radici potest debere nec terræ: cum ille, qui se subeat, succus ex se sit. Atque ita, annuæ licet, hujus viriditatis exemplo virtutem cœlestis substantiæ æmulatur; cum ex eo tantum quod intra se acceptum habeat alatur in florem. Ideo ergo lilia non laborant neque nent quia virtutes Angelorum ex eâ quam adeptæ sunt originis suæ sorte ut sint semper accipiunt."

Note 24. p. 239.

Bp. Butler, Analogy, i. v. p. 132. "This way of putting the matter supposes particular affections to remain in a future state; which it is scarce possible to avoid supposing." (In confirmation

of which, see St. Luke, xvi. 27, 28.) And again, p. 89 : "Virtue from the very nature of it is a principle and bond of union, in some degree, amongst all who are endued with it, and known to each other ; so as that by it, a good man cannot but recommend himself to the favour and protection of all virtuous beings, throughout the whole universe, who can be acquainted with his character, and can any way interpose in his behalf in any part of his duration."

BOOK VI.

BEASTS AND ALL CATTLE.

ARGUMENT.

Mysteriousness of things present—of the ranks and condition of Animals. Effects of the Fall upon these, as subjecting them to destruction in many ways. The primitive and greater intercourse between all ranks of beings impaired by sin ; tendency of goodness, in many ways, to restore this. Noah, Daniel, Job, as proofs of this. Instances in Christian times. Different Beasts typical of different Characters. Heathen illustrations of this principle. St. Peter's Vision. Amelioration of their condition by the ordinances and presence of the Church. Concluding digression on the duty of England to further Christianity.

BOOK VI.

What need to wander deep into the maze
Of hoar antiquity, or tell the stars
That sparkle in the lofty arch of Heaven?
What need to roam and search for mysteries
Of distant age or clime? Where is the man,
Who with sufficient ampleness of thought,
Shall realize things present, see the spot
Whereon he stands, the creatures with him here
Kindred, or of a kind from his estranged?
Shall contemplate their present offices
And future destinies, content to feel
The awe that riseth ever and anon
(As from a grave phantastic ghosts were deem'd
To show their presence still) from common things?
How hardly do we guess aright the things
That be before us! how this present world
Seems as the spot where mysteries converge
But to diverge afresh! as on the stone
That Iceland sends, the Sun's embosom'd ray
Falls, and in falling makes a spot of light
That stands obedient to the artist's gaze,
Then boundeth off again to distant space:

Not otherwise do mysteries seem to meet
Upon this radiant world, and wend their way
Some whither, we have not the reach of skill
To follow them, until from eager sight
They vanish as an unsubstantial mist.
As common things avail to baffle man,
So, for the soul that plods the hardy road
Of stern yet joyous discipline, (beset
With thorns of doubt if haply he have gone
Too high for him, when in the feast of pain
By Calvary made inviting, he hath dared
To choose the upper rooms,) do common deeds
Of necessary obedience, daily seem
To have some baffling power, and many a time
Contentment followeth these, if rightly done.
Yet holy sternness, yet ascetic's fast
And vigil, time for tears, would ye were mine,
Despite of doubting, though the scorner scorn,
Or would, with silly moderation drunk,
Make songs of caution o'er ye! Ye would leave
Beginnings of a meeker temperament,
And overflowings of unclaim'd delight,
And yearnings for an universal love,
That in and by the mystery of pain
Should spread against the very gainsayers
Its arms of prayer effectual all day long.
And hail this holy season, dear to me,
And dear to friends of mine! There gleams afar
The Sun of Easter, soothing all our toils

With promises that are not satisfied
With seasonable fulfilment; but must pour
A large forestalment of their Easter joy
Into the very sackcloth of the frame
That fretteth patiently with discipline,
Which it hath girded on it as a robe,
Thwarting itself that it may meeker bear
Its brother's burdens, blessing every soul,
Both those that in their bodies bear the mark
Of Christ their Captain, and the men that scorn
Such as the Holy Cross's burden love.
Nor deem I that the largeness of their love
Is wanting, in due measure, for the beasts
And other creatures that are here with us,
To enjoy our common world, and all its goods,—
Or blithe bird singing to the breeze of spring,
Or cattle browsing on a thousand hills,
Released from sacrifice: for that one Sacrifice
Which set us free, transferred from them to us
The privilege of being as the sheep,
Appointed to the slaughter all the day!
  There have been times when all this order'd world
Seem'd by gradations sever'd, and the man
Was not the partner to his helpmate wife,
But her despotic ruler, when the slave
Was a still lower class, which crouch'd with awe
To the fell tyrant, whose accursed gold
Had paid the man-stealer; and here or there
A higher intellect perceived that this

Was not a lasting rule, and chose to shape,
As wisdom ever doth, profounder truths
In forms that might invite the ridicule
Of such as vice or common-sense conceit
Had arm'd with blindness against higher light.
So Plato thought equality alone
Was that which suited with his deepest grasp
Of heavenly Society—and Christian rule,
If it prevail'd, would tend to level all,
Because in it humility is chief
Of all the virtues, in the house of God
No dainty separations it allows;
And poverty, as being its parent stock,
Is next humility, and 'mid the rich
Hardly are Christians rangéd, in the sight
Of the stern Gospel's world-abhorring Law.
Be this then counted as the sovereign[1] rule
Of Christendom: a levelling spirit 'tis
That leaves the pomp of this world's orderings
Untouch'd, or uses them for whetting-stones
To sharpen that submission, which at last
Shall mow the stubborn tares of this world down.
But of all kings his is the highest rank
In th' estimate of Christian balances,
Who casting down the tinsel of the state,
And all its high-fed squeamishness, can stoop
Beneath the cottage doorplate, and rejoice
To cheer some sickly inmate, or to fill
The debtor's hand with gold, his heart with prayer.

Never are kings so high as when they brook
To mingle unobserved among the poor!
Never is Christian Church so bowéd down,
As when within its consecrated courts
It brooks of party-walls, not heeding Him
Who sat not *by* our soil'd humanity
To help it from aloft, but clothed Himself
Ev'n with our filthy garments [2], making clean
Our own corruptible, which at His day,
The fourth of days that were a thousand years,
Stunk with an evil savour unto death.

This spirit, then, which tends to level all,
Not with the democrat's rude tyranny,
But by diffusing meekness, and pale fast,
And fast-born condescendingness of heart,
Lies at the core of this New Polity.
Already hath it driven from the world
In sundry places, the fierce tyranny
That slaves were wont to feel, what time it chased
The lovers of devotion from their wealth,
That they amid religious cells [3] might live
And bondage take, while freedom they bestow'd.
And animals have shared its gentle gifts:
It cannot be, but it must better all
'Mid whom it finds abode, and hence the race
Of humbler brutes are lifted in the scale
And rank of being: whilom suffering fell
Upon them, not alone from human rage,
As yet ungifted with internal powers

To govern its own fierceness, or to turn
Sharp on itself serenely sweet revenge
Of holy penance; not from want of power
To govern rage, but from an order changed,
Which order he may haply trace who looks
Back to primeval times, when Adam, lord
Of earth, who had an Archetype in Heaven,
Could tell the number of the beasts, and call
All by their names, obeying his behest.
  Soon then as man was liable to sin,
There fell a blight upon the creatures too,
And they were liable each time to fall
To atone the sinners' guilt, by sacrifice
To cover inward shame, as by their skins
To hide uncomely nakedness without.
Thus from the first the innocent began
To suffer for the guilty! Sad it was
That they should have their unoffending life
Cut off thus prematurely for man's sin!
How they atoned, or whether sacrifice
Until the great One had atoning power,
Or only gave beforehand suretyship
That That should to those worshippers avail,
Or whether beasts be everlasting[4] things
Whose suffering did interfere to do
Wonders, to sense invisible, to me
A secret yet remains. But not alone
For human needs were harmless animals
Vicarious sufferers made; but lo!

Another and more wonder-stirring sign
Appears to startle him that wisely weighs
Whether, along with things presignified,
The outward means no lesson may convey.
'Twas no new thing to Moses first disclosed,
That for the purposes of sacrifice
A party-wall existed 'twixt the clean
And the unclean, amid the animals.
But in the ark, where by the saintly force
Of Noah's presence for a while the brutes
Were from their own proprieties withheld,
The wonderful division had its reign,
And doubtless there no novel truth it was,
But one, with sacrifice, of old reveal'd.
As though among the beasts, upon the fall,
Some were the vessels of Almighty wrath,
And rank'd among the powers of him who wrought
With serpent's wisdom mischief undefined
At Adam's ruin. All around us stand
The kinsmen of those mysteries we ken
As in the eternal distance: while we war
In bootless polemics, and waste our powers,
For worship and belief bestow'd, in arguing;
There ever stands beside us mystery
As puzzling to our nothingness as aught
We in that distance fret ourselves to know.
The world is govern'd by a sovereign LORD
Whose doings, being His, necessitate
The attendance of a mystery, as a shadow

Which ever followeth them on either side.
Why is it that among the herd of things
That browse the hill of chance, this one or that
Is singled out to work some future end,
While others eddy down the stream of time
Into the mass confused of incidents
Unheeded and unmeaning? This or that
I do with all the freeness of a chance,
Yet in the hereafter of this present life
It meets me with a solemn air, its beck
Is all commanding, and I follow it
The while it seems in overawing tone
To claim itself precedency and power
Which shall exempt it from the poverty
Of common incidents. And whether all
Our trifling deeds have issue in a sphere
Too wide for us to trace their action there,—
All things, at least, all beings, all the sum
Of what we have to live and be amongst,
Are subject to strange biasses, and seem
Pregnant with huge capacities for ill
Or for advantage, as that tiny seed
That rots, or swells into the mustard tree.
What then forbids but we may hold that some
By Wisdom infinite are chosen out
Among the diverse ranks of things and beings
For greater purposes, while others pass,
'Melt and dissolve, and are no longer seen?'
Thus musing on this all-pervading Law,

One might incline to ask, if under *it*
The firstborn only of the beasts were set
Apart to God? or if 'twere but a means
To show good things to come, or if an end
As well as means[5], before the judgment-seat
Of the most High? 'Twere likewise suitable
With this, to inquire, wherefore there were beasts
Who suffer not for human beings alone,
But were vicarious for other beasts?
And if, indeed, as some have deem'd, there be
A natural immortality of brutes,
How shall the suffering of these affect
Their future destinies? Is it not more wise,
And more befitting man's intelligence,
To dwell upon the beasts, whose dying breath
Accompanied the Hallelujahs raised
At Solomon's great dedicative feast,
As types of those who for the building up
Of Christ's dread House, have shed their precious blood,
Who gain'd thereby some future privilege,
To be by all beheld with gratitude,
What time the pompal Hallelujah song
Of thousands and ten thousands, newly clad
With Angel tongues, shall hail the eternal morn.
Their Master enter'd, with His garments dyed
In Blood and Suffering, through the anguish-gate,
To Him a Glory-gate, that we might bear
The hallowing Cross's burden all the night
Of this world's darkness, and with Him rejoice

Upon the eternal Morn of cloudless Day.
And such, who by their deeds of suffering oft
Have brought forth thousands and ten thousands here,
Or trodden out the Wheat that shall not die
By labours pastoral, or as presbyters
Or deacons shall have used aright the strength
For labour given, shall new Jerusalem,
Where no decay shall mar their hardy toil,
No leading forth to Hell's captivity
Affright, in chiefest brightness then behold!
At least the lambs, who in the ancient shrine
Were sufferers in behoof of other beasts,
Are witnesses to that awe-striking law,
Whereby the unoffending suffer here
For the offending, and the guiltless race
Which violates no law to them promulged,
Became the sufferers for those whose law,
Though higher far, was wilfully transgress'd.
Nor if in ancient days we read of one
Who was to reason's law, that aye condemns
Each cruel deed, insensible, before
He slew the harmless creatures, should we deem
That he or other kindred slaughterers,
Without a mystery their rage have shown
On guiltless beings. Seems he not to show
Whither, if reason's Heaven-born light from man
Were once withdrawn, the maddening[6] spirit would lead
His unprotected liegemen, and would bring
Upon the tranquil race of animals

A shortening of th' allotted time of being,
So far as man hath faculties to trace
Their visible existence? Or hateth he
The very types and symbols of the few
Who suffer with vicarious punishment,
Enduring all things for the elect on earth?
Them hateth he whom that One Sacrifice
Hath made burnt-offerings. He upon the Cross
Did hallow Achor's valley as a door
For hopes of Heaven, and present in His Priest
Bestow'd on them the Cross, it's magic Key,
To stamp on children's brow that glorious Sign,
And make them shameless venturers in trade
Of heavenly sort, in selling all they have,
Their health and strength, and ease and daily joys,
For gainful fast and pain. The beasts no more
Were of this privilege possess'd: to man
The Lord of Glory drew the privilege
And right of such vicarious agony,
He of whose fulness we have all received,
Chose Him a second and more glorious way,
Chose that His perfect sufferings should lack
And be fill'd up in all the martyr lives
Of His own Members, and by Presence dread
Made it His lot[7] to suffer evils still
As in His Members. Hence He call'd them friends,
And hence they all as Moses, chief of those
Who suffer'd for his brethren's sake before
His Master came, were privileged to see

Him face to face, as friends, and to accuse
Such to the Father as despise their blood,
Now better than was Abel's, crying loud
For holy vengeance. Yet, although the stain
Of Martyr blood cry not from off the ground
For us faint followers of earlier times,
He hath a bottle for our bitterest tears,
He hath a record-book for all our fasts,
He sees what time the midnight lamp is dim
Before the eyes of sobbing penitents.
And those who lifted to the Cross with Him,
Draw others to Him, hide the multitude
Of their own sins, the very sheep are clothed
With their own lambs [8], while they in Sion's streets
Bring thousand and ten thousands to the fold
Unknown to them as are their qualms to men.
  Could dust and ashes but be bold to speak
To Him who rain'd eternal vengeance-fire
On Sodom and Gomorrah, then what boon
More rightly might it sue for, than that here
In our own Church such hidden sufferers
Might, as the poor shy violet, be found
To send their savour, unperceived themselves,
Up unto those whose incense lacks return.
What tender penitent, that daily spends
Some few poor hours on intercessive prayer,
That still is tied and bounden with the chain
Of fretting sin, yet should not wish that all
Might be as he himself, except those bonds,

However scant and heartless to himself
His hardy wooings of dear pain may seem!
Oh chiefly may this privilege to those
Be largely given, who in Saint Peter heard
The Charge to feed His weary sheep on earth!
Give us but suffering Bishops, and the Priests
Will go before, the ministering Deacons bear
The solemn Cross behind, and then the Flock,
The little Flock, impregnated through pain
With everlasting glory, should bring forth
So, as in other lands new folds to need!
Only our Oxen, gendering then no more,
Must through a pure celibacy have learnt
More strength for labour, ere they shall tread out
The Corn mysterious, ready though it seem
For harvest now, and in themselves the Cross
Must for the seeds of joy its furrow cut.
  But whether beasts that suffer'd guiltlessly
In sacrifice, were but the types of those
Who bearing in their frames their Master's Death,
Are ready to be offer'd, by this Key
Of David, king of penitents, assured
That they can enter only, as did he
Who on the Cross partook of Jesus' cup,
That in that night he as a Thief might go
To rest in Paradise—or aught beside
Shall by their suffering to such beasts accrue,
Suffice it to have *asked*. Thus much we see,
That when fierce plagues infest the swelt'ring air,

The beasts are not exempted from the scourge,
Whether invited by the tyrant's sin,
As sings the ancient bard, or by the wrath
Of God against the people, as of old
When David long'd to be again the type
Of Him who suffer'd for His straying[9] sheep.
But if indeed the judgments upon earth,
Which separate the wicked and the good,
As natural consequence of all that is
Of judgment's kin, or present or to come,
A foretaste and a sample of the Doom,
(Be they the war, or famine, or the pest,)
And beasts with human suffering often share;
What shall they do in that all-troublous time?
Lo, when the type of Jesus led the host
Into the promised land, itself a type
Of a new country, then along with men
Did he destroy the beasts; and prophecy
Beasts of the field, and fowls, and silent fish
That bear no malice in their memories,
Did threaten with destruction for the guilt
Of those who desecrated holy land.
  If then the fall of man, that is prolonged
In all his progeny, entail such ills,
It hath on both entail'd them, upon beast
As well as man; yet all their savageness
Seems not at once to have reach'd maturest growth
Till sin had made more progress. Look we back
To oldest times when innocence prevail'd,

The beasts are subject to their rightful lord,
The Mother of all living, unalarm'd
To caution by the sound, could hear and speak
With one of them [10], and even after times
Have often told of beasts that converse held
With men; and if the fables far and wide
From earliest ages known, should aught retain
Of what in days when intercourse between
All orders of creation had not ceased,
Then may we deem that innocence secured
A power and sway above brute animals;
Such that the fell magician who was hired
For tempting Israel by Zippor's son,
Was not afraid, as at unusual sign,
At hearing the dumb ass. And whence arose it,
That fabled converse 'twixt the lower ranks
Of being and man, held universal place
In ancient story? Surely it is strange
If somewhat true be not the clue and key
To unlock this old belief! Shall we not ask
If beasts were subjected to Noah's power,
Or to his justice, if Satanic powers,
As Satan's self, by aught could be restrain'd
But justice, name instructive for the sum
And scope of all the virtues? If there was
This strange intercommunion of peace
Betwixt the good and animals below,
Whether a kindred law pervaded too
The Heavenly powers, and the Sons of God

(A rank by none but Angels ever claim'd,
Till after Baptism had wash'd the drought
Of human nature) did frequent the earth,
And make themselves the guests of Abraham
And other saints. For in the earlier stage
Of things more visible assistances [11]
Were suited to man's need, and lack of faith,
The Gospel power for converse with the world
Of unseen beings, made the use of forms
That should be touch'd and handled, not unfit
For present exigence. But whenas man
Had by the agency of higher powers
The necessary appliances of art
Discover'd, then those agencies withdrew.
Yet long survived belief, that holy beings
Still walk'd [12] the earth to yield their presences
To hospitable men, although disguised
And hidden from them, and the wondrous things
Of art were deem'd in truthful simpleness
To have been on man by demigods bestow'd.
Nor when we think how manifold the zeal
Of forward Mercy is, is it forbidden
To hold that still these interferences
Take place unview'd by man; that things of art,
Howe'er the wicked may abuse the good,
Are yet bestow'd by the beneficence
Of better Creatures, and among the good
This often strikes me, how their *tendency*
Is to ameliorate the state of sufferance

In which the brute creation ever groans.
Yet are the laws Divine that regulate
Discoveries, a mystery still to man:
Though medicines alleviate disease
Which Angels once did visibly relieve,
Though times of blessings, in the things of art,
Are not perhaps the times when Grace's Dew
Falls most abundantly [13], though mischief dire
And speed for hellish deeds, machinery
Afford: yet surely it forebodes
Somewhat of good that cattle of the field
It saves, in tendency at least, from ill;
That holy things which at a distance lie
Are more compatible in one day's space.
Oh may this merciful aspect of things,
By leading man to mercy, pave the way
For greater intercourse betwixt the rank
And orders of the Church, and beasts be types
Again of privilege to light on man,
When from the kings of this world's Babylon
The Church again is free, and when again
Through purity restored is teachable
To set her up one head, and when true Jews
With Israel join'd shall gather them to one,
And rise above dependance on the world.
  But if primeval times more intercourse
Beheld with either rank of being, above
Our nature or below, observe besides
How righteous types of Righteousness to come

Had power restored them over evil beasts.
'Twas Job, that type of suffering Righteousness,
Who first proclaim'd a future day when man
With stones and beasts should live in peace secure—
The man who held his patience to the last,
And bore to be mistaken by the types
Of Jews and heretics, whom in His Church
Christ ever prayeth for; 'twas Daniel
Who set the lions, types of hellish powers,
At bold defiance, through the innocence
Which, supernatural itself, perform'd
The miracle by nature: Noah, too,
That type of Him who preach'd to those below
In durance awful bound, by holiness
Held in subjection from the wicked one
His powers amid the brutes[14]. The mighty three
Who would have saved Jerusalem from wrath,
Were those whose majesty of innocence
Restrain'd the agencies of wicked beings.
And Christ the while He put Himself beneath
The Law of shadows, in the wilderness
Was with the beasts, and hallow'd with his arms
Ignatius, whose sanctity disarm'd
And broke the teeth of lions in their mouths.
Thus when the Church had need of miracles
For them that are without, did she display
Such signs, as, beneficial in themselves,
Were yet the semblances of higher powers
Against the wicked one for those within.

But as the common cast of outward things
Is ever like to more unwonted gifts,
So is there yet a wonder of the race
And kindred of such miracles, whene'er
We see a child that wantonly invites
The anger of a dog, which patiently
Endures it from the innocence, bestow'd
Perhaps for such command on animals,
By Baptism only. Thus doth Prophecy
Work for itself fulfilment outwardly
As well as in things signified—The child
Sports with the type of evil undismay'd.
Alas! that men should hold in cheap esteem
The gift which by this power prognosticates
Its future sway above the powers of ill.
The gift of innocence is hardest to regain
Once forfeited, its smallest outward acts
Are better and more comely than the deeds
Of sternest penance, or the patiency
Of lowliest meekness cowering under sin.
Alas! that idle knowledge and display
Of trim instruction should be set on high
As princes able to bestow the boons
Of Christian goodness, while the TRINITY,
Tied to the soul by innocence, is naught
In statesmen's eyes, that cannot see the Blood
Which in the cleansing Stream first seal'd it there.
Better to trust in HIM than Angel Hosts,
Their Princedoms and Dominions! how much more

Than in these princes, knowledge without creed,
Instruction without innocence, the banes
For which the old dominion over brutes
Was forfeit by the mother of us all.
If then the fierce and violent of beasts,
The lion and the dragon, pard and wolf,
Were types of evil ones, and men may grow
In nature like to these, yet these, when drawn
Into the Ark by Noah, there to lose
Their natural cruelty, and so foreshow
How fiercest persecutors may become
As gentle as a nurse. Saint Paul, who tore,
As doth a wolf [15], his prey, at morning tide,
At evening time—when this world's sun was set,
And Christ was come to give His labourers
Their penny, symbol of the cleansing Font—
The spoil did he with that Strong Man divide
Who spoil'd the Spoiler, and as on the Cross,
Betwixt his shoulders dwelt to bear the sheep
Or carry His own Name to Gentile host:
While He upon Saint Paul, as on His shrine,
With overshadowing Shechinah dwelt.
The Lion too may be the type of things
More holy still—or all this medley strange
Be prophesied of as inhabitants
Of Christ's new Ark, because the outward chaff
Of literal meaning is the only food
That some therein enjoy, or to show that just
And unjust feed upon the Grain alike

In outward semblance, by the Altar's side,
While outward things be all that carnal mouths
Attain to from the Feast of fine Wheat flour [16].
Hence tamer cattle haply too were there,
Where in the manger lay the Holy Child,
The Ox was present at his Master's crib,
To show that Priests should at His Altar live,
The Ass the type of Christian laity,
Who meekly bear the burdens on them plac'd,
Was present there! The Oxen are as Priests
Fraught with one function of the Cherubim;
Whence he who most of all the Evangelists
Discourseth of the spiritual cures
On penitents bestow'd, hath chiefest claim
Upon this symbol as his own, while he
Who stirréd up his strength in latest age
To tell of Christ's Divinity, is stamp'd
With likeness to the Eagle mounting high.
The Man and Lion in that fourfold form,
At unity within itself, as those
Whom they presignified, the other twain
Describe, whereby the Lord of Glory flies
Through all the world with Gospel tidings glad.
And being four in one, and one in four,
By each the others' offices are shared,
As though these signs were purposely devised
To puzzle such as will not bow them down
To holy Church's teaching with a look
Of incoherence, contradictory

To worldly wisdom's undiscerning scorn.
Man then by contrast may be fittest type
Of Christian Priest, as closer unto Him
Who is the Son of Man, yet prophecy
To Christian days did promise seed of beast
As well as seed of man: to save alike
Both man and beast, both Priest and Laity
Was what He took upon Him. Whence the beasts
Ill treated and accused of stubbornness
By this world's people, are the Church's sign
What passive and despised humility
Is suited to the Christian folk who turn
Their cheek unto the smiter as did He,
Whom we when imitating rightly call
Our Lord and Master. Yes, the humble ass
Is type of Christian laity, or those
Who from the nations come to break their thirst
At fonts of living Water, who erewhile
Had been unclean, and needed that the Lamb
Should be presented for them in the Shrine
Which better Sacrifices purify.
And sheep that are with young, who alway need
A gentle leading, are the penitents
In whom the Lamb of God is not yet form'd
Afresh by Holy Church's travailings:
For they must enter once again the Womb
Of Her who is the Mother of us all [17],
And then be born again, and when reborn
Shall have, however sad and long their pangs,

Christ form'd afresh within them; until then
They need a nurselike gentleness from those
Whose knees, though bending down in often prayer,
Shall bear them as their children, even theirs.

Hark! 'tis the sound of huntsmen's boisterous cry,
The dogs and horses merrily go on,
Excitement reigns, nor peaceful boundary now,
Nor stream, nor pregnant field can stay their course,
But all before their self-will'd jollity
Is batter'd down, and blasphemy around
Betokeneth who[18] is overruling these.
Or is the merriment a holy one?
Is trade in horses one which Scripture loves?
Are dogs there mentioned as the types of good,
Or coupled with the types swinish of lust,
As horses are with multiplying wives?
'Tis man bestows upon high-spirited horse,
Or vigorous dog, the honourable badge
Of nobleness, while Scripture's holy page
Is friendlier to those who live a life
Of humble drudgery and lowly toil,
And seem too dull to act the warrior part
Of self-avengement—who in placid tents
With artless Jacob dwell, and love to hear
What schools of prophecy[19] have handed down.
Not those who with apostate Esau hunt,
Or with rebellious Nimrod, are the themes
For hallow'd praise; though doubtless among these
Much undevelop'd goodness often dwells,

Yet are not these the themes for Scripture praise.
But is there any type amid this scene
Of riotous enjoyment, not of ill
But goodness speaking? yes, the frighted stag,
That flees before the huntsman, is the type
Of Him whom sinners hunted to the Cross.
'Twas to the tune of ancient minstrelsy
That David sung of all His Sufferings:
The 'Morning Stag' that minstrelsy was call'd,
A Psalm that maketh wise. The Stag[20] hath power,
Frighted and timid as it seems without,
Hath power within for treading serpents down;
And therefore was it symbol meet of Him
Who in the Garden was astoniéd
Before He drank the Torrent in the way;
And we have need to thirst for suffering
Ere we can share His Glory, as the Stag
That panted for that Torrent! through its stream
We may, though halt by nature, be empower'd
To tread the dragon underneath our feet,
And, though the lowest members of our Lord,
May bruise the head of Satan, and be strong
Against his venom, and with bounding feet
May walk and leap, and glorify our God.
Moreover, in the Ark were divers kinds
Of beasts collected, some as types of good,
Of ill the others: and in holy writ
Leviathan and Behemoth are set
As likenesses of him who with his tail

Swept Heaven's children down; Leviathan
Is made to sport amid the troubled sea,
That God may lead him by the hook of woe,
Like to that other type of fallen spirit,
Sennacherib, upon the day of woe,
When He shall laugh His enemies to scorn:
And Behemoth, who, risen from the surge,
Abode on earth, again betokens him
Who from the lake of brimstone rose to mock
The city of the saints, that he might go
Back to the lake of fire, tormented evermore.
Of him are divers types, and divers powers
Of mischief dwell in him, the lion's rage,
The serpent's subtlety, the greediness
Of these sea-monsters—all a place have found
Of likeness to him, some are also chosen
As semblances of better energies.
The Lion of the Chief of Judah's race
Was type of old—the Serpent in the waste
Could speak of Him whose very look could heal
The men that first look'd on Him, though indeed
No second healing *there* be promised such
As catch again the pestilence of sin.
And through the world some vestiges were kept
By heathen rites of meaning like to these:
The Serpent was the hieroglyphic sign
Of Wisdom far and wide, the Ox obtain'd
A right to signify what duty was,
And virtue ever waning [21], or was placed

On high for worship, as by wicked kings
Who learnt from Egypt strange idolatry.
The dove was held the inspiring messenger
Of sacred truths in old Dodona's groves:
And other symbols manifold survived
From old tradition, or from cunning lore
Inspired by demons emulous of truth.
  If in the race of sovereign man prevails
Unbounded waste of faculties begun,
If in the multitudinous progeny
Of plants that yield their seed, a ruin spreads
Of kindred wideness, haply among beasts
Far more fulfil their destiny, though they
Be likewise liegemen all of time and chance;
Of old the mingled race of animals
Was sever'd into classes of unclean
And clean, as each was suited to fulfil
Its office as the type of divers sins.
For every sin found antitype in them,
Save the Idolater, because all sin
Is one idolatry, a worshipping of aught
Beside the Lord, in such way as to hurt
Or minish from the reverence due to Him.
However proudly Christians may arraign
Their brethren for the worshipping of forms
Of things in Heaven, this is better far
Than worshipping the images of aught
Beneath the earth, than rearing in the heart
The shrine of Mammon—god of Englishmen,

As reason erst of Frenchmen, and one day
Perhaps to have his outward image rear'd,
Secure already of the inward love.
For creatures of all kinds be in the Ark
Of Christ, until their natures change by aid
Of saintly intercession, or unchanged
Shall plunge them into ruin, where nor saint,
Nor prayer, nor any voice of praise remains.
Yet since this office sins to typify,
Or better things to come, was soon of old
Perverted, till they made the symbol take
The place of what was signified, and paid
To Oxen or to Calves the homage due
To Him, who is by penitents return'd
Fed humbly on as to the prodigal
The fatted calf was in a figure given;
Since beasts were worshipp'd, therefore fell on them
Some time the avenging scourge[22], the harbinger
Of what befalleth those, who change the use
Of natural symbols to the worshipping
Of nature in His place, who is the Lord
Of nature, who for this idolatry
Destroyeth it and them. Thus did the scourge
On Egypt's cattle fall, and on the men;
Thus we, from this sad dwelling-place of Ham,
Are warn'd of ill to come, as from the Ark
We learn of all the creatures good and bad,
That they should gather to the Christian Church.
While then the ceremonial state remain'd,

Ere types had changed to sacraments, or left
Their place unoccupied as having done
Their order'd task, while still Jerusalem
Was standing, though beneath a Saviour's curse;
Saint Peter at the hour of mid-day prayer
Miraculously hunger'd, and the trance
Before his vision held the ancient types
Of men, or clean, or yet unwash'd from stains.
A while before the roaring Lion sought
To slay the chief Apostle, with the rest—
But briefly did his faith to failing lean,
Soon springing back beneath the gracious ray
Of the o'ershaded Sun,—that Enemy
Would fain assimilate unto Himself
The Church's Rock; but now the Higher Rock
Hath set him up, and he is bid to eat[23]
The Gentile hosts, beneath the unclean things
Outshadow'd: soon the prophecy obtains
An earnest of fulfilment; and the man
Who was the deputy of Roman power
(The chiefest temporal power) before his knees
Was bowing down. The stronghold of the Foe
Who promised all the kingdoms of the earth
To Simon's Master, now unwilling yields
To the disciple,—that whose name is Strength,
Bows down to weakness; type of many kings
Is this Centurion, who before the Church
Should crouch in future days, whom prophecy
Before their life was given them, had bound

With wonder-working spell, that they should come
And do meet homage to the Church's lords.
Oh, mighty vision! by its agency
The destiny of typic ritual
Was seal'd for ever! Strange it must have been
T' assort with those who own'd no outward mark
Of sonship to the father of the race
That only bore the oracles of GOD!
They saw not in their types and semblances
What every where was hidden; and to them
The living Word was hidden; they despised
Clues which their fathers were entrusted with,
That they might have an understanding heart.
And shall we never feel with doubting awe,
That in the Apostles' history, beneath
The tackling and the girding of the words,
There are the solid truths, which we despise?
Shall we not look in visitation's hour
With wonder at our blindness, learning then
How much true guidance we have hearken'd to
With deafen'd ears? how in the Church's storm
Stern abstinence may help the nighted crew
To come, not by their wayward wilfulness,
But by obedient yielding up of self
To holy men's direction, to the port
And haven where they would be, if but those
Abide within the ship, subdued in heart
Amid this failing of the sun and stars?

For haply not alone are evil powers
Invisibly at hand within the Ark
As well as visibly, but every Church and folk
Good Angels have, who each, beneath their Chief,
Are glad to hold within their own domain
Such holy persons, as shall place themselves
Within the country which their Throne unseen
Presideth over, or by other act
Yield to the Principality or Power
That hath another Church, than this their own
To rule in such ways, as may perfect best
The sanctity of subjects whom they love.
'Twas so that Michael[21] felt his Brother Chief
Withstand him, while intent on Persia's weal
He long'd to keep the lively oracles
And saintly prayers and lives among them still.
And who can tell what Martyrdom may give
Of power unseen o'er such as yield themselves
To influences diverse? who shall say
There are no Guardian saints to every isle,
And place, and nation, from the ground of which
Their blood with hallow'd intercession cries?
  But leaving thoughts, where wonder may abide
And lisp its musings, free from just rebuke
If only, in some things, it do not dwell
Too pertinaciously on possibilities,
And shape them into party marks of strife,
To measure in the private of the heart

Love to the holder of them, hate to such
As have not weigh'd their well-earn'd likelihood;
Yea, leaving these deep bearings of the Church
On higher ranks of being, consider we
If aught of goodness hath through her approach'd
The humbler creatures of our common sphere.
What though mankind, baptized in Noah's flood,
Shook portions of his ceremonial state
From off him, and was able to destroy
The cattle for his food, and still is lord
Of that his right, (which may not be denied
Without asserting error in the gift
By All-wise Law bestow'd,) what though delay
From human wickedness impede the course
Which else the bearing of the Cross had wrought
In abstinence from flesh; though they who won
That Sign in Baptism seem to have flung away
The power of self-denial it convey'd;
What though ten thousand creatures roaring seek
Their meat from God, and with their gory mouth
Proclaim the fall by sundry shapes of death
Attended?—in despite of widest spread
Of carnage, still there lack not tendencies,
Beginnings, yearnings of a kindlier lot
For brutes. For while this one great Nineveh
In which we dwell, the Church's trumpet hears
Proclaim her solemn fasts, then rest accrues
To animals far greater, than of old

The Jewish sabbath, typical of rest
For fellow-citizens of Heaven's Saints,
In one poor corner of the world bestow'd.
For the new Law a constant rest enjoins [25]
From evil works, and gentleness and love
It bids men shed abroad abundantly;
And gives them inward courage to display
That which its words command, and righteousness
Is mercy in its estimate, and men
Of righteousness must each one know the mind
Of his own beast. And childhood's innocence,
While it preserves such power on savage bull
Or angry mastiff, that the cowering thing
Yields itself up to teazing patiently,
Doth also typify a gentleness, in men
Of childlike minds, extending its domain
To brutes which by the inward majesty
Of hallow'd lowliness it makes to feel
Some portions of the great forgiveness-scheme.
They by their inward gifts (apart from force)
Enjoy a kingly unction and a sway
Like that which o'er the lion and the bear
The ruddy youth of Bethlehem possess'd.
Nor is it gentleness (the Christian's arm
Of might) alone, that whensoe'er obeyed
Sheds a benignant shadow on the beasts
That dwell beneath it, while itself was won
By fasts, whose tendency must ever be

To lengthen out the life, we *see* is theirs:
But, also wheresoe'er the Holy Church
Hath borne the Presence (may I fitly say)
Of Him whose gentleness the foal from her
That bare it would not sunder; there the brutes
Evinced some alteration in their wrath
Against sin-stricken man, some intimate
And wary sense that now he was restored.
For as they roar and seek their meat from God,
As ravens cry to Him, as living things
Have all their way and access to the Throne
Of unknown Providence, which sways them all,
Haply by Angels to them visible,
And thwarting what they purpose, certainly
By fit rewards and punishments[26], and gifts,
Some with superior foresight, some with art
Inimitable, some with love to man,
And dutiful submission: so they all
Are doubtless capable of diverse gifts
Additional to these; of inward aids
For self-improvement, of submissiveness
Where they were sometime lawless, or of change
Further than aught which in the narrow scope
Of human wisdom ever hath appear'd.
Hence haply where the sons of Adam's race
By sacramental bands are made to share
Another Nature, there wild animals
Lose portions of their fierceness, and betray

A shake that hath been felt by Satan's powers,
That ranged of old the air, exorcis'd now
By the high Presence of the Sacraments,
Which from the Side of Him, who was uplift
In air upon the Cross, thus mighty flow:
And beasts of kindred kinds, from divers shores,
Show some diversity of gentleness,
According as that Presence hath been near
Or distant from the lair where they were rear'd.
Mighty indeed the stream of tendency,
That bears down much before it as it flows,
And as it ebbs shall doubtless bear away
More that resists it now. Yet whether this
Shall e'er become effect, and prophecy
Give man a literal domination back
Upon brute creatures, and by consequence
Most natural, though not as yet disclosed,
Shall yield these beings up again to man,
This have I not yet seen: but usefully
Methinks we dwell upon the mystery
Which gives a force additional to two
When join'd in prayer; for one alone is void
Of power to get him Heat, inviting down
That mystic working from the Triune Sun.
And till the race of man together joins
In fuller love, such rule above the beasts
Shall never come to pass. If power join'd
With reason, when proportionate, effects

Against brute powers of the Evil One
What trial proves it can, what amplitude
Of power would result, when all mankind
Were leagued in love, the members of one House!
And must not we, whose merchants rival Tyre
In self-congratulated wealth and sin,
See reason of alarm, when near the shrine
In which they worship Mammon with the rites
Of toleration on the Ganga's banks,
The lion sends his messenger for prey,
Or stealthy tiger yields the unclean birds,
That hover in the distance, human food?
Have we, with all our boast of purity,
Done aught to purify these conquer'd climes?
Or are we apostolical who send
No suffering martyrs forth, but men with wives
And comfortable cumbrances, that eat
And waste the missionary's time for prayer?
Sure it is hard to read in prophecy
Of judgments sore on nations that commit
The whoredom of their merchandise and trade
With all the nations, and to hold that now
Its voice has alter'd into history,
And speaks no more the destiny of those
Of whom those nations but the shadows were.
Tyre might have carried news of better law,
And truths reveal'd, and gracious things to come,
To all the kingdoms of the earth—and we

Might bear the things not as a promise now,
But as fulfilment! we who gather alms,
Amid the vanities of courtesans,
For the occasion, of a fancy fair,
Or herald forth in long subscription-lists,
That we have done what secrecy alone
Can make to be what it pretends to be!
We that a weekly sermon set on high,
And drive out daily prayer, or Sacrifice
At blessed Altar, we that are afraid
Of monasteries, or aught that yields the smell
Of sanctity and love, and lengthen'd prayer,
But think our nation by its factories
And pandemoniums of machinery
Is not a whit endanger'd, or by arts
And merchandise with sanction'd knaveries—
We, to be sure, are like a Christian folk,
And dwell in cedar houses, and with gold
Adorn our tables, and with burnish'd brass,
The while the mystic Table is not meet
For scullion's table, and the Lord of Hosts
Is laid on vilest metals—we, alas!
May not be hopeful when with humbled thought
We think what distant climes and sever'd isles
Have been entrusted to us, which we use
As mines to dig out incense for the god
Of this world's Mammon. And is this Church
Descended from great Becket, that could once

Bow traitor kings before Her Martyr's shrine?
Doth she belong to that Church Catholic
Who had not yielded kings *her* right to make
Her Bishops into Princes in all lands?
Who reareth now the Bulwarks as of old?
Who sets up houses for posterity,
To tell them that come after? Who can go
Blest by the Holy See, as Boniface
The self-denying monk of this dear isle,
To bring the erring back unto the GOD
Whom Woman bore for man? Alas! with ease
We may complain, and deem that stirring man
Against his Church's order'd punishment,
And miserable subjection to the state
And all its odious influences, were gain.
Far wiser if we each one shall forego
All pompous acts of Almsgiving, and learn
By fast to rend away our love of show,
By prayer and life on Eucharist intent
And sorrowing for it, where 'tis sinfully
Withheld, in silentness to seek to draw
With the Man's bands new members to His fold.
We must not traffic now in oliveyards
And vineyards,—nor for little ones desire
As olive-branches round the table set,
Nor covet wives to be as fruitful vines:
Nay—loneliness, and fast, and growing prayers,
And glad humility desirous not to do,

But to have done by God what it affects:
These be the only ways which may again
Restore the Church's right to rule the world—
That desert with whose wild inhabitants
She, by the aid of her dear Master's Cross,
Enabling her to live His life austere,
In safety dwells, till His good time be come
For her to work her miracles again.

NOTES

ON

BOOK VI.

Note 1. p. 264.

St. Clement, Strom. v. § 30, Ὡσαύτως καὶ ὁ Ἀπόστολος μηδένα εἶναι ἐν Χριστῷ δοῦλον ἢ ἐλεύθερον γράφει ἢ Ἕλληνα ἢ Ἰουδαῖον· καινὴ γὰρ ἡ κτίσις ἡ ἐν Χριστῷ ἀφιλόνεικος καὶ ἀπλεονέκτητος καὶ ἰσότης δικαία· φθόνος γὰρ ἔξω τοῦ Θείου χοροῦ ἵσταται κ. λ. Compare note 16, where mention is made of the intercourse of all orders when in Church.

Note 2. p. 265.

St. Ephrem on Zech. iii. vol. ii. p. 286. In that He was clothed with filthy garments—*that* in his prophecy Isaiah explains, when he says, "The Lord caused to fall upon Him the iniquities of us all." It is cited also by St. Cyprian, Test. ii. 13, to show that Christ came in a low estate at His first Advent. Origen in Levit. ix. 6, quotes it, adding, "Quod utique pro assumtione carnis dici pie intelligitur:" with which Jerome also, on the place, agrees. Other interpretations may be reconciled with this, by taking the passage to belong to Christ's Body, the Church. See St. Austin, c. Faust. xii. St. Just. Martyr. p. 344, &c.

Note 3. p. 265.

This alludes to the great service Monasteries were of in bringing about the liberation of slaves when rich owners became religious. See Möhler's Treatise upon this subject in his Works, ed. Döllinger, vol. ii. p. 65.

Note 4. p. 266.

The thing principally dwelt upon in this book is the uncertainty we are in as to the length of an animal's duration: it is not intended to assert that they have a future existence, but only that it is mysterious, that we should *know* so little of a duration of creatures amongst which we live. Gennadius, indeed, in the 17th chapter of his Eccles. Dogmata, gives it as the received opinion that their existence terminates with this life. But the learned Elmenhorst, in his notes on the place, gives so little authority from the Fathers, as not to prevent its remaining an open question. Such passages as Ps. xlix. 12, will not settle the question, both for other reasons and for this particularly, that 'perishing' and 'being lost' are expressed by the same word in Hebrew, as e. g. in the close of Ps. cxix., where no one would suppose that a lost sheep meant, one annihilated. Neither does Bp. Butler appear to me at all to deny the possibility of their existing in some future state. It is from a negation of such possibility on the part of authorities, that I wish to show myself secure; to *assert* the duration of animals after death is neither desirable, nor is it necessary for the purpose here dwelt upon, viz. our ignorance of their destiny.

Note 5. p. 269.

There is an allusion here to two passages of the Analogy. One is in pt. ii. ch. iv. p. 274, and runs as follows: "We know what we ourselves aim at as final ends, and what courses we take merely as means conducive to those ends. But we are greatly ignorant how far things are considered by the Author of Nature under the single notion of means and ends, so as that it may be

said, this is merely an end, and that merely a means in His regard." The other passage is in pt. i. chap. vii. p. 177. The following is a part of it: "There seems, indeed, nothing whence we can so much as make a conjecture whether all creatures, actions, and events throughout the whole of nature have relations to each other. But as it is obvious that all events have future unknown consequences," &c. &c.

Note 6. p. 270.

See the long chorus at the beginning of Sophocles' Ajax, particularly the words at line 236, *δύο δ' ἀργίποδας κριοὺς.... παίει λιγυρᾷ μάστιγι διπλῇ κακὰ δεινάζων ῥήμαθ' ἃ δαίμων κοὐδεὶς ἀνδρῶν ἐδίδαξεν.*

Note 7. p. 271.

These words refer to Herbert's Poem on Affliction, p. 71: "Thy Life on earth was grief, and Thou art still Constant unto it, making it to be A point of honour now to grieve in me, And in Thy members suffer ill." And, a little before, Bp. Butler's words in pt. ii. ch. v. are alluded to, where he says, that "the objection referred to is urged not against Mediation in that high, eminent, and peculiar sense in which Christ is our Mediator, but absolutely against the whole notion itself of a mediator at all,"—words which ought to silence those who may be disposed to complain that this great divine took a meagre view of Christ's Mediation.

Note 8. p. 272.

This alludes to the 65th Psalm, ver. 13, where the words of the original seem to admit of a rendering in their ordinary sense, if taken of spiritual and not of literal sheep. For if winning souls to Christ covers a multitude of sins, then the sheep may be said to be clothed with those they win.

Note 9. p. 274.

This will, I believe, be found to be a common view in antiquity of what is now viewed as the sin of David only in numbering the people. For it is *the anger* of the Lord which is spoken of as tempting David ; and that anger is kindled not against David, but against Israel. Theodoret, (Quæst. ad loc.) even, who is not given to mystical interpretation, takes v. 17 in the sense here given as St. Austin does, c. Faust. xxii. § 66.

Note 10. p. 275.

What is here said of fables is said with a full recollection of the way in which the Indian collection styled 'the Hitopadesa' travelled over the world: still there seems something unaccounted for in the fact, that so many nations referred to some greater intercourse between man and brutes in earlier times: the fact is a striking one, whatever becomes of the use here made of it. The following passage from St. Cyril, book iii., against Julian, will show whence some ideas in the text have been taken. It may be found at p. 86 of Spanheim's magnificently but incorrectly printed edition, where in reply to Julian's assertion that the account of Eve and the serpent was fabulous, he says, ἀλλ' *ἡμεῖς, ὦ τᾶν, οὐ τοῦτο φαμὲν περὶ τῆς ἁγίας καὶ θεοπνεύστου γραφῆς· μυθικὸν γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ παντελῶς οὐδέν· ἀληθείας δὲ πάντα μεμέστωται. θαυμάζω δὲ ὅτι καί τοι ἰσχνὸς ὢν ἄγαν καὶ μαθημάτων, ὡς γοῦν οἴεται καὶ φησὶν, ἐσωτερικῶν οὐκ ἀνήκοος καὶ παρὰ τῶν αἰσθητῶν ἐσθ' ὅτε τὸν νοῦν ἐνιεὶς οὐ συνῆκεν, ὅτι τῇ τοῦ πονηροῦ καὶ ἀρχεκάκου δαίμονος ἐνεργείᾳ γέγονεν ἡ φωνὴ προκάλυμμα τῆς ἐνούσης αὐτοῦ σκαιότητος ποιουμένου τὸν ὄφιν. Ζώου γὰρ τὸ τηνικάδε λογικοῦ μὴ ὄντος ἑτέρου, ἐξ ἁπλότητος τῆς ἄγαν ᾠήθη τὸ γύναιον ταχά που καὶ ἑτέροις ζώοις δεδόσθαι ἀνθρωπείᾳ δύνασθαι κεχρῆσθαι φωνῇ. Ὅτι δὲ χαλεπὸν οὐδὲν τοῖς ἀκαθάρτοις πνεύμασι τὸ καὶ ἐσθ' ὅτε τισι τοιούτοις ἐπιχειρεῖν μάλιστα μὲν ἀξιόχρεώς τε καὶ μόνος* Μωσέως *ὁ λόγος εἰς τε τὸ χρῆναι πληροφορεῖν.* And then he proceeds to show how their own writers, when asserting similar things, were not counted absurd. Compare Ephr. ii. p. 482, d, and note 14.

Note 11. p. 276.

Origen, c. Cels. p. 216, lib. iv. *εἴπερ κατὰ πρόνοιαν ὁ κόσμος γεγένηται καὶ Θεὸς ἐφέστηκε τοῖς ὅλοις ἀναγκαῖον ἦν τὰ ζώπυρα τοῦ γένους τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀρξάμενα ὑπό τινα γεγονέναι φρουρὰν τὴν ἀπὸ κρειττόνων, ὥστε κατ' ἀρχὰς ἐπιμιξίαν γεγονέναι τῆς θείας φύσεως πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους· ἄπερ καὶ ὁ Ἀσκραῖος ποιήτης ἐννοῶν εἶπε· Ξυναὶ γὰρ τότε ἔαῖτες ἔσαν, ξυνοὶ δὲ θόωκοι Ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι καταθνητοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις· καὶ ὁ θεῖος δὲ κατὰ Μωυσέα λόγος εἰσήγαγε τοὺς πρώτους ἀκούοντας θειοτέρας φωνῆς καὶ χρησμόσυνα ὁρῶντας, ἐσθ' ὅτε ἀγγέλων Θεοῦ ἐπιδημίας γεγενημένας [-νης ?] πρὸς αὐτούς· καὶ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἐν ἀρχῇ τοῦ κόσμου ἐπὶ πλεῖον βεβοηθῆσθαι τὴν ἀνθρώπων φύσιν, ἕως προκοπῆς γενομένης εἰς σύνεσιν καὶ τὰς λοιπὰς ἀρετὰς καὶ τὴν εὕρεσιν τῶν τεχνῶν, ξυνηθῶσι καὶ καθ' ἑαυτοὺς ζῆν οὐ χρήζοντες ἀεὶ ἐπιτροπευόντων καὶ οἰκονομούντων αὐτοὺς μετὰ παραδύξου ἐπιφανείας τῶν ὑπηρετούντων τῷ τοῦ Θεοῦ βουλήματι.* And soon after he observes, *οὐκ ἀθεεὶ ἐμηχανήσαντο σφίσιν αὐτοῖς οἱ ἄνθρωποι σωτηρίαν ἀπὸ τῶν θηρίων καὶ τὴν κατ' ἐκείνων ἐπικράτειαν.* 'That thoughtful man,' Bp. Butler, 'traced on some obscure hints' from this passage when he wrote part of the 3rd chapter of book i. of his Analogy.

Note 12. p. 276.

The Vishnu Purana reminds one of Heb. xiii. 2, when at p. 325 we read, "[The householder] will give food to any guest who arrives at the time, or who is desirous of victuals, or who is passing along the road; for holy saints and ascetic benefactors of mankind are traversing the earth disguised in various shapes."

Note 13. p. 277.

Pliny, N. H. ii. c. 46, complains of the few additions to science in his days, about the time the Gospel was beginning to spread,—"pace tam festâ, tam gaudente proventu rerum artiumque principe, omnino nihil addiscitur novâ inquisitione, immo ne veterum quidem inventa perdiscuntur." One could wish this beautiful and instructive author was more read.

Note 14. p. 278.

The following remarks are from a passage of St. Ephrem, vol. ii. p. 481, in which he is arguing against the Manichæan notion that matter is evil :

" In the Ark the creatures He so moulded as to teach mankind
How in it the diverse tribes had all of them their natures changed.
Lo ! every nature there proclaim'd that evil is no natural thing.
Let them show me then of evil, that its nature brooks no change ;
Both in nature and in evil they saw in these that they were changed.
Lo ! vanquish'd are our enemies, and our side by feeble things
Hath gain'd itself the victory.
But and if a man should say of devils, that to them belongs
Nothing of material kind, and neither was their nature changed,
To persuade him let there be the pard, the serpent, and the bear,
Which beneath restraint were laid :
For if natures dumb and frantic, with no reason, changéd were ;
Albeit to our Lord the devils criéd, saying, God Thou art.
If again they say, that evil to the devils doth belong,
Guilty then they plead themselves, the arguers — all evil, then,
Of mankind and beast, alliance with the Evil One hath none ;
Of consequence, no forced constraint the Good One upon evil lays.
Yet the evil that was in them by constraint He did o'errule.

'Twas not that they might be made evil, but to strip the evil off
That was in them, that they so were subjected to this constraint.
In this its half, see thou the whole! Fish on dry land did He drive;
Swine in waters choked He. Yet no confusions wrought His force,
For that Good One forced not nature; but did force and render fair
Beings that were evil, and did all of them from all withhold."

This passage (though to me not without its difficulties) seems to bring strikingly before one the miraculous suspension of the natural state of things in the Ark. I shall place beside it one given by St. Austin from St. Chrysostom, who looks upon the present relation of man to the animal world as the result of the Fall. The passage is the more striking, because St. Chrysostom does not very frequently dwell upon things of that nature. It occurs in the first book against Julian the Pelagian, c. 25: "Tractat idem Johannes in sermone quodam hujusmodi quæstionem, cur bestiæ vel lædant homines vel interimant, cum sententia Domini manifesta sit, quâ eas homini subdidit, ut earum habeat potestatem. Quam quæstionem sic solvit ut dicat ante peccatum omnes bestias homini fuisse subjectas, quod autem nunc hominibus nocent pœnam primi esse peccati. Prolixa tractatio est; ideo huic operi non a me inseritur, sed aliquid tamen inde oportet ut ponam. 'Timemus,' inquit, 'bestias, et pavemus, non contradico; et a principatu decidimus; et hoc dico ipse etiam. Sed non hoc ostendit legem Dei esse mendacem: ab initio enim res non ita erant dispositæ; sed timebant et tremebant et subjiciebantur domino. Et quoniam a fiduciâ decidimus, profecto et ab honore. Unde hoc manifestum est? Adduxit bestias ad Adam videre quid eas vocaret. Et non resiluit Adam tanquam timens.' Et paulo post: 'Hoc unum,' inquit, 'signum quod non fuerint homini ab initio terribiles bestiæ: secundum, aliud isto manifestius, quæ fuit ad mulierem per serpentem disputatio. Si enim essent terribiles hominibus bestiæ, non utique mulier viso serpente mansisset, non accepisset consilium, non ei cum tantâ sermocinaretur fiduciâ, sed

statim ad ipsum et expavisset et resiluisset adspectum. Nunc autem et disputat et non timet. Nondum enim erat timor iste, sed quia peccatum ingressum est, ablata sunt ea quæ honoris erant.' Itemque post paululum: 'Quamdiu quidem,' inquit, 'habebat ad Deum fiduciam, terribilis bestiis erat, sed quia offendit, extremos etiam conservorum suorum jam pavet. Quod si hoc non est, inquit, tu mihi ostende, ante peccatum quod terribiles erant hominibus bestiæ—sed non habebis. Si autem post tanta [tantus?] ingressus est timor, et hoc tutela Domini est. Si enim mandato, quod datum est, moto ab homine et soluto, honor, qui ei datus erat a Deo, mansisset immobilis, non facile resurrexisset.' Nempe manifestum est sanctum Johannem hac disputatione monstrasse illud quod per unum hominem ingressum est, commune omnibus factum esse peccatum, quandoquidem omnibus terror communis est bestiarum, quæ utique nec infantibus pareunt, quos profecto secundum istum tractatum Johannis, nullo modo lederent sive terrerent nisi essent veteris illius peccati obligatione constricti."

Note 15. p. 280.

St. Paul was universally thought to be intended by the wolf, to which Benjamin is herein compared. The following is a portion of what St. Ambrose (de Ben. Patriarch. c. xii.) says upon the subject: "Plurimos habet lupos diabolus quos ad Christi oves dirigit, et ideo intelligibilis Joseph, ut oves servaret suas, ipsum inimicum venientem ad diripiendas oves rapuit lupum, Paulum faciens ex lupo pastorem. De quo dicit Jacob, sicut scriptum est, *Benjamin lupus rapax; mane comedet adhuc, et ad vesperam dividit escam principibus.* Lupus erat cum dispergeret et devoraret oves Ecclesiæ. Sed qui lupus venerat, pastor est factus. Lupus erat cum Saulus erat, quando intrabat in domos et viros ac mulieres trahebat in carcerem. Lupus erat quando spirans minas, &c. . . . . Ideo Rachel cum pareret Benjamin vocavit nomen ejus, Filius doloris mei, futurum prophetans ex eâ tribu Paulum qui affligeret filios Ecclesiæ persecutionis suæ tempore, et gravi matrem dolore vexaret. Sed tamen idem postea principibus escam posteriore divisit tempore, evangelizans gentibus Dei Verbum et plurimos ad fidem provocans; quo disputante, sicut legimus, Paulus proconsul et Publius princeps Domini gratiam

receperunt." And to go to another corner of the Church, St. Ephrem on Genesis says, "*Benjamin is a ravenous wolf*, that is, Paul that was a wolf to the wolves, and snatched from the evil one all souls: *and in the evening* shall he divide that which he hath seized, that is, in the end of the world shall gain himself an excellent reward for his labours:" and on Deuter. p. 288, *And over him shall hover all the day, and between his shoulders shall He dwell.* By these words he shadows out that voice that hovered over him from Heaven, and showed him the intelligible Heavens [the word 'intelligible,' here and in St. Ambrose, is used as opposed to sensible, and answers to the *νοητός* of the Greeks]: or that again which He said to Ananias, that he shall carry My Name among the nations, and a chosen vessel is he unto Me. Allusion is presently made to St. Hilary's explanation of the parable of the Householder; who understands the peny of the gift of justification, which was alike to all; the evening, of the time of Christ's coming, at which those who are called start from where all before them ended, viz. a state of righteousness.

Note 16. p. 281.

St. Jerome, who with all his vigour in maintaining the literal sense of Scripture, can use allegory with great dexterity where he is afraid of Millenarian views, upon Isaiah xi. 6, writes as follows: "Hæc breviter diximus ut Judaizantes nostros (sc. Millenarios) gravissimo somno stertere convincamus. Cæterum juxta vivificantem spiritum facilis intelligentia est. Lupus enim Paulus, qui primum persequebatur et lacerabat Ecclesiam, de quo dictum est, *Benjamin lupus rapax*, habitavit cum agno, vel Ananiâ a quo baptizatus est, vel Petro Apostolo cui dictum est, *pasce agnos meos*. Et pardus qui prius non mutabat varietates suas, lotus in Fonte Domini, accubuit cum hædo non qui à sinistris est, sed qui immolatur in paschâ Domini. Et hoc notandum quod non agnus et hædus habitent et accubent cum lupo et pardo, sed lupus et pardus agni et hædi imitentur innocentiam. Leo quoque, prius ferocissimus, et ovis et vitulus pariter morabuntur. Quod quotidie cernimus in Ecclesia, divites et pauperes, potentes et humiles, reges atque privatos pariter commorari et a pueris parvulis, quos

Apostolos intelligimus et Apostolicos viros imperitos sermone sed non scientiâ, regi in Ecclesia. *Simul requiescent catuli eorum*, Leo quoque non carnes comedet sed paleas, quod scilicet vescatur cibo simplici. Et hic observandum quod non bos carnes, sed leo paleas comedat. Paleas puto in Scripturis Sanctis verba simplicia intelligi. Triticum autem et interiorem medullam, sensum qui invenitur in literâ. Et frequenter evenit ut homines sæculi mystica nescientes simplici Scripturarum lectione pascantur." I wish it to be observed here, that Jerome denies the literal sense will hold. I am not saying that he is wrong: I merely notice that this great opponent of Origen does so. It is curious to place beside this passage one very similar from St. Ephrem: "*The wolf with the lamb*, i. e. in the Church; *and the pard shall lie down with the kid*, i. e. in Baptism; *and the calf, and the lion's whelp, and the ox shall feed together*, i. e. the wise, and the cunning, and the tyrants, and the poor, shall listen to one Gospel. *And a little child*, &c. i. e. a simple shepherd, figured by the little child, shall lead them. The lion shall eat straw like the ox, i. e. the righteous along with the sinners shall eat of the living Body that is on the Altar. Yea, those that throw aside the skill in wars, which they had grown up in, and limit their knowledge within the bounds of the pure Gospel," &c. In this and the last note there is a wonderful agreement in the essentials of the interpretation, and a difference only in some points, which might be accounted for, were this the place to enter upon the discussion requisite for doing it.

Note 17. p. 282.

"Ecclesia," says Ven. Bede, "non solum parit filios, sed etiam, si forte declinaverint a viâ, iterum parturit," in Gen. col. 87. Where I have seen the 'sheep with young' applied to penitents, I cannot at present call to mind.

Note 18. p. 283.

There is a similar sentiment to this in St. Basil, Hex. vii. 3, applied to gaming: Δαίμων παρέστηκε διὰ τῶν κατεστιγμένων ὀστέων τὴν μανίαν ἐξάπτων, &c. Racing will combine both.

NOTE 19. p. 283.

The Chaldee Paraphrast thus renders Gen. xxv. 27: "And the boys grew: and Esau was an idle man, that went out into the field; but Jacob was a perfect man, that ministered in the house of doctrine."

NOTE 20. p. 284.

This passage is drawn chiefly from the two here following; Origen, c. Cels. p. 88, lib. 2. *Ἐγὼ δ' εἴποιμ' ἂν ὅτι κατὰ τὴν Ἰησοῦ ἐπαγγελίαν οἱ μαθηταὶ καὶ μειζόνα πεποιήκασιν ὧν Ἰησοῦς αἰσθητῶν πεποίηκεν· ἀεὶ γὰρ ἀνοίγονται ὄφθαλμοι τυφλῶν τὴν ψυχήν, καὶ ὦτα τῶν ἐκκεκωφημένων πρὸς λόγους ἀρετῆς, ἀκούει προθύμως περὶ Θεοῦ καὶ τῆς παρ' αὐτῷ μακαρίας ζωῆς. πολλοὶ δὲ καὶ χωλοὶ τὰς βάσεις τοῦ (ὡς ἡ γραφὴ ὠνόμασεν) ἔσω ἀνθρώπου, νῦν τοῦ λόγου ἰασαμένου αὐτοὺς οὐχ ἁπλῶς ἄλλονται, ἀλλ' ὡς ἔλαφος ὄφεων πολέμιον ζῶον, καὶ κρεῖττον παντὸς ἰοῦ τῶν ἐχιδνῶν· καὶ οὗτοί γε οἱ θεραπευθέντες χωλοὶ λαμβάνουσιν ἀπὸ Ἰησοῦ ἐξουσίαν πατεῖν τοῖς ποσὶν, οἷς πρότερον ἦσαν χωλοὶ, ἐπάνω τῶν τῆς κακίας ὄφεων καὶ σκορπίων καὶ ἀπαξαπλῶς ἐπὶ πᾶσαν τὴν δύναμιν τοῦ Ἐχθροῦ, καὶ πατοῦντες οὐκ ἀδικοῦνται.* And from St. Austin in Ps. xli. 2, 3, who among other remarks has these: "Curre ad fontem, desidera fontem; sed noli uteunque, noli ut qualecunque animal currere: ut cervus curre. Quid est, ut cervus? Non sit tarditas in currendo: impigre curre, impigre desidera fontes; invenimus enim insigne velocitatis in cervo. Sed forte non hæc Scriptura solum nos in cervo considerare voluit, sed et aliud. Audi quid aliud est in cervo. Serpentes necat, et post serpentium interemtionem majori siti inardescit: peremtis serpentibus ad fontes acrius currit. Serpentes vitia tua sunt; consume serpentes iniquitatis, tunc amplius desiderabis Fontem Veritatis."

NOTE 21. p. 285.

The Indians represent Dharma, or moral and religious duty, as an ox whose feet keep dropping off one by one, as mankind grow worse; and the cow is esteemed a sacred animal with them. Apis

was also worshipped under this form, and supplied, no doubt, the Jews and Israel with their idolatrous worship, as indeed some of the Fathers have noticed. It seems that this was an instance, among many others, of the mistaking the symbol for the thing signified, which Confucius is reported to have said to be the source of all error.

Note 22. p. 287.

This is noticed as a probable reason of the infliction, in a very old Jewish commentary upon Exodus, styled the Mechita, in Ugolini's Thesaurus, xiv. p. 77, "*All the first-born of beasts*, and why of beasts? What sin had they done? it was only that the Egyptians might not say, 'our idol hath wrought upon us the vengeance. Mighty is our idol, which itself standeth safe! Mighty is our idol, on which the vengeance hath no power!'"

Note 23. p. 288.

St. Austin on Ps. xxx. En. iii. § 5: "Eos quidem quos Domino lucramur, quodammodo manducat Ecclesia. Quid est, manducat? in corpus suum trajicit. Quicquid enim manducamus, in corpus nostrum trajicimus. Hoc egit Ecclesia per sanctos. Esurit quos lucrari vult, et quos lucratus fuerit aliquo modo, manducat quodammodo. Cujus personam gerebat Petrus quando ei de cœlo submissus est discus plenus omnibus animalibus, quadrupedibus, serpentibus, et volatilibus, quibus generibus omnes gentes significantur (conf. Jerom. ad Esai. l. c.). Præfigurabat Dominus Ecclesiam, quod omnes gentes erat transvoratura et in corpus suum conversura. Et ait Petro, Macta et manduca. O Ecclesia (hoc est, Petre, quia super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam) macta et manduca. Occide quod sunt, et fac quod es."

Note 24. p. 290.

The application here of the following passage of St. Ephrem, was told me by a friend; the passage itself runs as follows: vol. ii. p. 224, f. on Daniel, x. 14, *There came then to my assistance Michael, one of the first Princes*, [*saying*] *Lo! I have come to-day to*

cause thee to understand. 'This that he says I understand in this way, that the Godhead so ordered things, that the Angels should strive with one another in love. There was one that strove to keep the people in the servitude that their free choice had been content with: and there were two that struggled for the bringing of them forth, to which also the prayer of Daniel was urging. And again, likewise, to every one of the nations after the confusion of the tower, was an Angel attached, as a Prefect and Ruler. For the people of the Hebrews, then, the presidency over them was given in particular to Michael the Angel. And when the people was led captive to Babylon, and had fulfilled the seventy years according to the decree which was passed concerning them, then did Daniel pray unto God to bring about the return of the people. For until the seventy years were fulfilled, the Prophet did not pray for the sending forth of the people. Then there prevented the sending forth of the people and stood against Michael and Gabriel, the Ruler or Angel of the people of Persia. One reason of his doing so was, that he grieved for his presidency's sake, it being over the unbelieving people of Persia, and he comforted himself at the sight of the people of Israel, that kept the Law and the Prophets, and the Righteous men that were among them: and another was, that he expected that if the people stayed and went not up, they would soon provoke the people of Persia to jealousy by the beauties of the law, and lead them to the fear of God; especially as Daniel and the young men, his companions, had yielded them good cause to bear witness and cry that there is no god, save the God of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.' The holy man's words seem to me like inspiration, and remind one of what St. Paul teaches of the vision of heavenly things under the Gospel—God *hath* revealed them unto us by His Spirit.

NOTE 25. p. 292.

Alluding to what St. Just. Martyr says against Trypho, c. 12: Σαββατίζειν ἡμᾶς ὁ καινὸς Νόμος διὰ παντὸς ἐθέλει· ὑμεῖς δὲ μίαν ἡμέραν ἀργοῦντες εὐσεβεῖν δοκεῖτε: words which are an excellent summary of the old Christian doctrine of the Sabbath, as held by the Fathers.

NOTE 26. p. 293.

See Butler's Anal. p. 172, pt. i. c. vi. "It is a fact that God does govern even brute creatures by a method of rewards and punishments in the natural course of things." Compare p. 52, pt. i. c. ii. "Vain is the ridicule," &c.

BOOK VII.

MAN, IN SOUL AND BODY.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on the mysteriousness of man's free-will. Heathen attempts to account for the dignity of man drawn possibly from traditions of a future Church in Christ. Partial parallel to their language in the Old Testament, which, as well as the human frame, seems inexplicable without reference to things signified. The temple of the body, and its trinity the mind, made in God's Image. Man's temple a symbol of several things in the greater Temple, the Church. Probable typical account of the senses and the organs of language as in the head. Other parts and affections of the body not without their Archetypes in higher things. Concluding consolation for the Church, in the consideration that She is said to be to God as the apple of His Eye.

BOOK VII.

How oft with heart unheeding have we read
The solemn question—Lord, and what is man?
Man is the chiefest of Thy works, most high,
Most glorious in capacities, in act
Most weak and wavering—at one moment made
The brother of His God, and at the next
Inclinable to be again the slave
Of hellish powers: amidst a world of ills
That may entice him, and to outward look
The merest thing of circumstance, and framed
By parents and instructors, at a chance,
Into a demon's or an angel's mould;
In his beginnings plastic as a tree
When but a shoot, yet strangely made to hang
For all that follows after, upon these,
As though his destiny were in the hand
Of creatures like himself, the toys of chance.
But when we put this vain deceit aside,
And see him gifted with a power to will
And act upon his will, view him apart
From these imaginable obstacles,

Arm'd with a conscience, which himself may wield
Or fling aside, thus having in himself
And in his grasp the issue of his being;
Then truly man is awful! Some few years
Of giddy joy are able to entail
Eternal woe, yea, earn it at the Hand
Of Mercy's Self. This is the fearful truth,
Than which no Angel writing on the wall,
Could write more terrible—that man himself
Hath in himself the power to choose or shun
Eternal happiness or endless pain.
Gird it with mysteries and Gospel truths
Immovable, encircle it with grace,
Shroud it with e'en predestination's self,
And still it standeth firm: a shape of awe
Which neither these, nor mysteries untold,
(Consistent with it haply in the eyes
Of higher beings, though mankind in vain
May seek to ken its form with reason's eye,)
Can ever force to leave its resolute claim
Upon the heart, of earnestness possess'd.
But he that in a contemplative mood
Shall fix the eyes of faith upon its shape,
And holding true those other mysteries
On this in reverence and fear shall dwell,
Will ever find the form is standing still,
And that his hairs, while looking on it, stand
An end with wonder. Vainly would he strive

By closing up his eyes, to disbelieve
That it was real: for every thing he meets
Repeateth to him, 'man is free to choose
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt misery and joy.'
Little it matters whether freedom's self
Was forfeit at the fall, and then by grace
Renew'd immediately, or whether still
Enough survived t' accept of proffer'd grace—
Abstractions such as these are idle play
For creatures on their trial under GOD.
Whatever theory be the truest one,
This is enough in practice, I am free,
And here, before Almighty GOD I stand,
Made out of nothing, with Eternity,
Eternity of misery or of joy
Before me, and myself am call'd upon
To act and not to speculate, to choose
Eternal life. Of all the mysteries
That hover round us, scarcely one more high
And wholly inconceivable than this!
A creature gifted with capacities
To be a god[1], because the Very WORD
Hath come to him, yet left to choose himself,
Whether he wills to waste the chiefest work
Of the Almighty, whether life and being
Substantial to eternity is worth
His painful forethought, whether gifts of grace,
As well as life, deserve his turning off

From the vain pomps and business of the world.
That the All-wise entrusts capacities
So vast into a creature's hands, to use
Or to pervert, this is the mystery
Which men who lack the faith to realize,
Account it sin to dwell on. Surely this
Is profitable for the loving heart
To dwell upon—that on itself depends
The wasting or the keeping of that Love.
For, shall not each that feels this awful power,
More earnest sue for His mysterious Grace,
Till strong in love for Christ he e'en forgets
The power to disobey Him who is Power?
He bade thee to continue in His love,
And on thy will to do His Father's Will,
Based promise of instruction, never won
Without obedience, though the fastless pride
Of man eschews to walk except by sight.

Yet what is man that God should condescend
To take his Flesh, through it to love Him more?
Why was *he* chosen from the Universe
Of other beings? Why this little earth,
His trim abode, alone among the worlds,
Invited Him, who took a servant's form
And while illimitable still became
A Human Being, in human limits pent,
Although the fulness of the Godhead dwelt
In Him. Unalter'd and unalterable

His Majesty, yet still He pitch'd in Man
His Tent, and with the Uncreate did blend
In union unconfused the creature Man.
The Son became a Servant, and the LORD
Of countless universes was a Slave.
LORD, what is Man, Thou *so* regardest him?
Search in the ancient books of heathen lore,
And thou wilt see that they too busied them
To give some theory, that so portrayed
Man's state and bearings upon higher things,
As if, with reason, this mysterious frame
Was given to him. The Indian held that high
In Heaven a mighty Archetype of man
Was first created, from whose diverse limbs
Beings of diverse caste[2] and order came;
This figment he in his astrology,
Gifted with gist and bearing on the type,
And deem'd that from such heavenly counterpart,
Bedeck'd with stars appropriate, there came
A kindred influence on the earthly frame,
Whose members, wondrously correlative
To that in Heaven, were fitted to receive
The subtle agency in each. The Cabbalist
Held that an earlier Adam marshall'd forth
The hosts of Heaven, calling by their names
The waves of being unnumber'd at his word
Before him: others fancied that a state
Like to a man in magic symmetry,

Existed in the Heavens: other some
Held theories, which poesy may cast
Aside, as doth the weary student cast
The book he seized but now with eager hand
T' allay his feebleness and flagging mind.
Yet in these theories one truth prevails,
A sense that man was shadow in himself
Of somewhat greater, whether then it were
Or was to be—a sense that some High Power
Was destined to be blended and concern'd
With human beings—a fragmentary light
Of hoar tradition, haply from the age
Of Enoch—handed on for thoughtful minds,
Though tinged too soon with error's gathering mist,
Which marr'd its comeliness to heathen's eyes.
Hence, too, though borrowing oft from Eastern lore,
The Greek philosopher to man compared
His perfect state, throughout whose limbs was stretch'd
A wondrous band of secret sympathy,
Which pour'd a vital oneness through the whole,
And by the guiding power[3] of the heart
Community of feeling circulates,
And interchange of sensibilities,
With speed electric every where convey'd.
As though men felt this flesh with bone compact
Was builded as the type of somewhat great
As yet unknown, and eagerly took up
Traditions of a Church one time to be

Such as the promise first for comfort given
To Eve, for faith within itself contain'd:
The lowest member of that mystic House
Should Satan bruise, but Christ its glorious Head
Unscathed for aye remain'd.
Nor seem'd alone
The Pagan mysteries to speak of man
In Heavens archetypal, but, lo! the scroll
Which, in the awful Tabernacle, sounds
Of holiest Heaven echoed, for the Jew
Had language kindred to these heathen tales;
It spake of God as though of parts composed
And limbs distinct. As if for minds too gross
To lift themselves above material thoughts,
It fain would yield a stumbling-block, and those
Who at the sacerdotal lips inquired
The meaning of such phrase, alone would know
What they might secretly to love suggest—
The thought of future King, who should be God
And Man, of One who by His foresight shaped
The letter of that earlier Testament
To suit His little ones, whose forward Love
Fell on the necks of human kind as yet
A great way off, and foretaste thus supplied
Of better things to come. For things to come
Are ours, and how much more were by-gone things,
Now magnified and honourable made,
Design'd for us, and meant to feast our thoughts,
When with the Law and Prophets we converse,

With a perpetual memory of Him
To whom alone such members do belong.
And as the Law, though teaching moral rules
Of guidance to such sanctifying grace,
As then in measure from the royal line
Of Israelites indeed was not withheld;
Yet had full many a part of meaning void,
Save as it shadow'd out those better things
Not then fulfill'd: so may the human frame
Have sundry parts, which neither surgeon's skill,
Nor proud philosophy with answers arm'd
For every question, can distinctly tell
What end they serve. But when the house of man
Is held to be a temple shadowing forth
The Body Mystical, then haply we
May read the meaning of some ornament
That heretofore was useless in our eyes,
And solve the riddle of the furrow drawn
By the all-fashioning Hand of God imposed
Along the back, if only we will plough
With Christ's fair heifer[4], the Belovèd Church:
Or looking where He laid His Hand before,
May read upon the Christian hero's breast
The meaning of the marks, which in the fight
With spiritual foes, are guidance to his hand
In tracing on himself the awful Sign
Of that wherein he hopes for victory.
And as we seem to be the appointed types
Of some mysterious whole, so haply too

The sins which will this lesser house defile,
Spread out their cankering[5] influence far and wide
Through something further, marring antitype
As well as type, and carrying, by the deeds
Of hellish daring, fearful insolence
Into the very Presence of the LORD.
For see we not when beats the heart with fear,
Each pulse beats high, with sympathy constrain'd,
As doth the heart; nor can the culprit nerve
His hand or tongue to steady utterance
Of their own pregnant purpose, but the heart
Its fluttering solicitude betrays
In every member. And when outward cold
Benumbs some distant limb, it too affects
The inmost heart; and while it strives to sit
With eagle stateliness upon remember'd sin,
This distant cold can from its purpose pluck
The half resettled throbber, shedding thus
Through the whole body somewhat of the chill
Itself hath gender'd first. Not otherguise,
So far as little types of higher things
Are faithful chroniclers, methinks may they
Who chill the vital warmth of Heavenly Love
Through the whole Body mystical, infuse
A chill of sorrow answering to that
The higher faculty of conscience feels
When sin hath crush'd the strivings of its voice
In the heart's inner shrine. 'No eye beheld,'
The sinner oft may say, 'no other man,

By my example led, the rays of grace
Hath from his soul repell'd—herein I joy
That against God alone my sin hath been.'
Go then, and hide the foeman's wedge of gold,
Bury it within the tent of thine own heart
And solitary conscience. But around
See Israel's armies fleeing, and with awe
Bethink thee, whether thou art not the cause;
Whether for thee the Strength-inspiring Light,
Which by its secret access nerved to fight
The men of courage, from their inmost soul
Hath not withdrawn its presence. Thou art he
That troublest Israel, thou who hast been made
Son of the Vineyard [6] of the Lord of hosts.
Nay, if within thy fleshly tabernacle,
Where God should dwell, thou hast a golden wedge
Of Satan's hire, which ever and anon
He driveth further in, oh draw it forth,
Tell it the priest, and glory so to God
By thy disclosure give, nor further let
The Armies of the Lord: for that thy tent
Must be the Holy Spirit's shrine serene.
Hallow that shrine by fast-won temperance,
By keeping duty's precepts through the zeal
For trying counsels of perfection learnt
Most deeply ever: then at last within
The soul, that image of the Trinity,
Shall live and move uncumber'd by the dog
Of sense and lust, which while they mar and spoil

The movements of the trinity of man,
Prevent the fuller Presence of the LORD
That made it, o'er the Church His larger Shrine.
For rightfully, each time we heave our breasts
In breathing, ought the lungs[7] as cherubs set
Above the heart to draw, in thankfulness,
The breath He gives us in, and evermore
To live, and move, and have our being in Him
Who, as the invisible Support of all,
Would raise from us the incense, smelling sweet
To Angel powers, of never-ceasing prayer;
And in the heart, as holiest of all,
Would tend the light of joyousness within,
With psalmody continually inspired
To charm the evil Serpent far away.
  But as of old there was a glorious light
Attesting Heavenly Presence, so within
The body of each single saint, there dwells
The Triune SUN of Light: each body hence
Is a small Church with temple and with shrine,
In which the mind hath likeness unto GOD.
And were no stain of fleshly joy within,
Then were it of perfections wondrous fair,
An undivided trinity[8]. Memory
Might haply not indecently be said
To have a personality distinct
From reason and from will, and these from each,
Though each mysteriously encircle each,
And penetrate with omnipresent power,

Through all that either of the three, or is,
Or does, or meditates. No act of will,
But memory and reason likewise do:
No act of reason but from memory,
(So far at least as we can ponder them,)
Begotten, nor can memory's self beget
The reason in succession, but at once
She coexists with memory that begets,
And will is present too while it begets:
All are in each, and each is one with all.
And though the mind be no material thing
Tissued with parts, yet functions so distinct
Aim at the imaging of Persons Three
In One, unsever'd Essence Spiritual.
The might of these three faculties in man
Comes not at once to light, but from the womb
As tender plants from the embosoming soil,
Spring up by gradual process, though the whole
Be folded up within the soul unborn.
Nor did the blessed Trinity disclose
To other than Himself, His hidden powers
At once, but in Eternal Rest abode.
  But when the bane of grosser wickedness
Has clogg'd the will and clouded reason o'er,
And memory's paternal majesty
With devilish idolatries hath stock'd,
Then is the reason reft of nimble power
To hold discourse in man's small trinity,
And be the WORD's faint antitype, the will

No longer is coequal with the word,
And man is waning toward the lower brutes,
That lack 'discourse of reason,' memory flags
With conscious indistinctness, travailing
Upon the thought it cannot bring to birth:
While will and reason, feeling their shorn powers,
In vain desire to quicken it as of yore.
And if in grosser vice, that clearly forth
In palpable apparency stands out
Before the enfeebled and distorted spirit,
'Tis like that in all lesser instances
The same is true, and were the spirit clear
With the glad perfectness of duty kept
In smallest instances, then, though in youth,
From the mere dint of nature's order'd course,
'Twere wiser than the agéd. May I stand
Unblamed among the Doctors, and in thought
Through faith survey that pure Humanity
Which was in GOD, and think that not alone
The Personal Unity of that Humanity
With GOD, that wisdom gave Him, but a life,
Unspotted of the smallest stain of sin,
In Him disclosed the skill of innocence
In communing with doctrines hard to scan.
For with the other attributes of Man
He took his ignorance, and did not know
The day and hour when He would judge the world:
He from His early youth in Wisdom grew;
Nor hear we that at manhood's fuller age

He ceased to grow, nor may we dare to seek
What things were hidden, or if aught at Death
Was seen, that deepen'd that forgiveness cry;
Suffice it for us thus to learn that God
Was one with perfect Man, as in the Womb,
So even to the hour when all was done.
And if we trace Him further through the gate
And door of death, let mournful Heman's dirge
Be that wherewith we follow Him, a dirge
Devoid, alone of all the unfathom'd Psalms,
Of aught that gleams the feeblest ray of joy.
That Manhood dread was taken into God
That we might have the likeness seal'd again
Upon us, that the soul regenerate
Might have its memory, and word, and will,
Freshen'd and bright for mighty energies.
Hence all whom memory within its womb
Shall now conceive, may by the word of prayer,
And will, according to the Will of God,
Be brought to spiritual life again,
While every deed by Scripture's lessons set
In memory's bosom, may by reason bent
To give its body, faith, the quickening [10] spirit
Of works, be freely by the will perform'd.
That all the Creeds, the Church's sacred words,
Or those by which man lives as well as Bread,
Might in the fruitful and impregnate memory
Be treasured, as dim antitype, perhaps,
Of God's predestined acts before the world.

For they at first to man no conscious use
Possess, but when the Daystar shall arise,
May shine from out of memory, in the heart
Of conscious reason beating, on the tongue
Of Glory, breathing everlasting song
To Him who made, redeem'd, and sanctified
The image of Himself, which, keeping pure,
These holy words may evermore retain.
  Oh happy they who in a virgin heart
Thus, in our humble dwelling-place, conceive
The Truth Himself, who deigneth from the earth
Of human hearts to flourish,—on the path,
The narrow path of ancient Creeds desire
To hold their duteous course, and sucking in
From that whose sweetness leaves the honeycomb,
Pass'd in forgetfulness, behind itself,
Continual nutriment of sanctity
Unconsciously supplied, to sweeten still
The earthen vessel which the golden Creeds
Containeth, who with undivided mind
Sing on their notes of joyous innocence,
Till having done with this world, they depart
With seeds within them which a brighter Sun
Shall one time draw to everlasting light.
These are the chosen [11] from the chosen ones,
Who draw aside their little bark to lurk
In some secluded shore far from the storm
Of this world's wrath and movements, who desire
No meed from man, but blush if any hap

To praise their goodness, from their own sweet souls
Supplying all encouragements which men,
From sin recovering, at others' praise
Be apt to seek, and scorning to disclose
The unutter'd mysteries which evermore
Find an abiding refuge in their hearts.
For them the world its wonted course maintains,
Their prayers procure our blessings, and with them
The fleeting scenery of nature's self shall fail.
  If then the memory be counterpart
In man of the Most High, if of the WORD
And Spirit too there be a counterpart
In human spirits set, let this small shrine
Thus typical ascend by links between
Unto its Archetype. The Church shall stand
As the fit mean, whereon mankind should rest
Ere they ascend to loftier things than these.
In her it seems the happiest time to be,
When memory, that power that scans the past,
Holding in clearest view the ancient ways
Of doctrine accurate and life severe,
Blends in a triune closeness reason's power
For shaping ancient things to present needs,
And will subdued beneath her laws promulged
By secret interference from Above.
And though revolving in one's mind the past,
One deem some fate prevails, which suffers not
A privilege once lost to be regain'd,
Yet still approaches may be made to gain

What memory eyes with love, nor ever need
The Arm of Heaven be shorter than of old,
Save through man's hopelessness: yet hopelessness
Too surely visiteth the spirit that broods
With sorrow on the past, which greedily
Devours with its guilt the might of hope.
They truly teach, who say man only need
To look confidingly to heavenly love,
If but their words were followed by the deed
In quiet earnestness, and not in fancy wild
Or fearless ecstasy. As if the need
Were one of easy and off-hand supply,
Or drunken boldness would suffice to fill
The place of guiltless confidence of air,
And wisdom fresh from garments ever white
With purity baptismal unalloy'd!
But how can conscience, issuing from the lair
Of sin-stain'd memory, with undaunted voice
Baptize the soul afresh? Or who shall put
The words into her mouth, or who ordain
The matter requisite, or measure out
What streams of tears shall wash the guilt away?
Thou only need to trust, degraded soul!
Thou who hast marr'd the image, though restored,
Thou bid to trust, to do the very thing
Thou canst not, ought'st not, wouldst not wish to do!
Thyself accuseth thee of guilty things;
Wouldst thou intoxicate thyself with trust,
And dream that power is thine perpetually

Which in the fit thou feelest? Nay, for fear
And dim distrust and fearful lookings forth
Are meet for thee: in these indulge thyself;
And feel amongst it such a humble trust
As *will* spring up amongst it: while due love
Encircleth awe, trust most in thy distrust.
  Oh that a spirit, like in most to this,
Would shake the entire fabric of the Church!
Oh that each branch the very semblance lack'd
Of using Babylon's self-blinding boast,
'I am and none beside me. I am pure,
In me salvation safely may be earn'd!'
Or, 'I alone am apostolical.'
The Church (if single men may venture guess
Without presumption) first must feel distrust
And guilty conscience for her past misdoings,
And humbled hopes before the Throne of Love;
Else dare we look for Mercy? Is the past
The voucher for it? Is this envying
'Twixt Ephraim and Judah any sign
Of love to man, the proof of love to God?
Who shall decide which hath the precious fruits
Of Christ, the righteous Sun, and precious things
The Church, the Moon, puts forth? or which the Staff,
Which all his brotherhood shall greet with praise,
When goods in store for him at length arrive?
They be to me as Judah, which confess
In down-struck humbleness that they can see
No tokens left, and no anointed Seer!

Till we have cast all odious self-trust
Aside as menstruous cloth, what hope to rear
The trembling offspring to the stature full
Of Christian manhood ?—if the symptoms sure
Of health returning in man's lesser shrine
Have in them aught of a prophetic light
To guide us, while the entire world is full
Of darkness and of habitations fierce.
The axes and the hammers of the state
Make daily inroads on the carvèd work
Of holy Church : the children have been spoilt
Because the Mother's rod of discipline
Throughout all Christendom in divers ways
To please earth's dainty lordlings hath been spared.
Whether the inward mind or outward frame
Of man invites our musings, we may learn
Sufficiently from either emblem, much
Relating to the growth of holy Church.
For when a child she acted as a child,
And needed nursing at the hand of kings
And queens her servants ; when of fuller age
She bow'd them down before her ministers.
In youth we deem that much is certain truth
Which afterlife instructs the teachable
To modify the use of, with deep sense
Of dove-like wisdom mingling serpent's skill :
While arguers rude imagine, principles
Are things of mutability with us,
And cannot have explain'd what conscience sees

And gentle sternness knows to realize.
And hath the Church no inward principles
Develop'd diversely at divers times?
Once sabbath-days were Jewish bondage deem'd
Throughout the Christian world, now suitable
They have become to those who would return
For grace unmeasured measures of their time.
And other adaptations wonderful
To alter'd times, with love should be explored,
To see if inward guidance, minister'd
By that which every joint and band supplies,
These changes of the Body may have wrought.
Moreover, if some type of holy Church
Be on man's trinity impress'd within,
May there not on his body, framed to be
Correlative unto his spirit's make,
In outward semblance written, sundry marks
And notices of her capacities
Be read by careful eyes, awake to see
Some consolation even in doubtful things
For losses which they wail and haply dread?
See we not then the faculty of sight
By illness oftentimes is snatch'd away,
At birth sometimes unknown, or closed by sin;
Meanwhile the man remains: his inward being
Lives unimpair'd, and to his grosser powers
Of touch and feeling gradually pass
The eye's nice sensibilities to hue
Of diverse tinge, or over to the ear

Capacities of nerve for sight design'd
Appear to be transferr'd—to him the voice
Of the bold sparrows, that have built their nest
Hard by the Altars of the Lord of Hosts,
Hath, spite of inharmonious chatterings,
A music and a sweetness, yea, a sound
Of melody, which he who with his eyes
Beholds the light that issues from the Sun,
(Head of this visible economy,)
Cares not to listen to, by sights enrapt
Which leave sensation strengthless for the joys
The ear supplies. And may not England's Church,
Though having not the light of Sacrifice
In ancient form before her very eyes,
And *seemingly* by priestless priesthood fed,
Yet have for those who from her humbled shrine
Have grace attain'd to chatter sparrow-like
Over the stones of Sion in the dust
Some special blessing left, a secret gift,
Supplying what her other sense hath lost,
And working through their soul unconscious good—
A gift which helpeth them to drop His Blood,
Who by His sorrows won for loneliness
A mightier blessing, and from darkness thick
Shone widely through the world? Is Calvary
By interpretation flowing locks of hair,
And outward emblem of gigantic strength,
Or is it baldness? Nay, dear mother Church,
Bald as thou art, and shorn of every grace

By Delilah thy queen, I wot that still,
If in thy blindness thou shalt lift the voice
Of patient suffering to thy Thorn-crown'd Head,
Thou, even thou, shalt pull the idol state
Down into ruin on Philistine lords
And on the estranged insulters, so to rise
Triumphant o'er the disuniting foe.
Yea, even now thy gracious pangs I view,
Thou from the womb of near futurity
Art putting forth a hand that may be bound
With blood-red thread of suffering as of old
Did Thamar's son—meet emblem he of saints
Who in the darker [12] testament were born
As members of the Spouse—and we have come
Nigh to their state of darkness when we keep
The sabbaths like the Jews, are slaves of forms,
And lack the Spirit which should fill the life
With presence all-pervading as the Sun,
Which, when it passes through the window chink,
Upon the little motes and idle flues [13]
Disporting in its rays, a lustre sheds
The while it fills the entire house with light.
So should the candle of the Spirit be
In man beneath no legal bushel set
Of measured sabbath space, but every where
Present to turn the Christian's businesses
Into materials of very rest,
Till all their proper toilsomeness be burnt
In sacrifice of love by rest within.

Though two within this Church be struggling now,
And one regardless of the breach may claim
The name of Pharez, haply future days
May show that breach repayeth all its pain,
And some who now for suffering's scarlet badge
Have little sympathy, partakers grow
Themselves of Gospel sufferings, and be
Among the men who long by patient pain
To see Jerusalem once more at one!
But turning from these gloomier passages
Of hope unrealized, 'twere well to muse
Again upon the body, as the type
Of that Communion of the Holy Saints
Who are the Body of their glorious Head.
And though it may be that the fanciful
Should over-realize the symbol given,
And dwell on parts and offices minute
With prying eagerness, insisting still
What must be and what not, until they bind
Into a gross and a material whole
The things for guidance partial here at least
Intended, if hereafter more exact—
Yet still where'er revered Tradition holds
The reins of fancy in her guiding hand,
It may be that minuter likenesses
Are traced without irreverence by man.
As when the child [14] within the silent womb
Is form'd, and life is from conception given,
(For all we can disprove,) a sacred gift,

Which they who hinder with the murderer's guilt
Are tainted, as the infant's head is first
To come to light of all the members writ
In Heaven's book, and fashion'd day by day:
So is it with the Church, her mighty Head
Hath first ascended to the realm of Light,
And in predestination's heavenly scroll
Are all His Members written, there to stay
Unless for sin outblotted; secretly
He fashioneth their inward man with Life:
Himself their very Life with God is hid.
As too the Head alone hath in itself
All senses[15] perfect, sight that kens afar
The hosts of stars, that one in brightness gleams
Above another, spread through boundless space;
The smell that is for diverse savours waked,
Or those to life, or savours unto death;
The taste that trieth meats, and may select
Which to incorporate as healthy food,
Supplying what the waning body needs;
The hearing which, for music's shyest tones
Discriminative, ever those imbibes
With greatest joy, which secretly express
A kindred feeling; and the touch which dwells
Along with these, but through the body pour'd
Feels also what the lowest limb affects:—
So dwell in Christ our Head more ample gifts
Than to His Church belong; for on the Head
The Unction fullest fell, though on the skirts

Of His whole healing garment, of His Church,
Which now envelopes His all-present Self,
Still dwelling with Her, portions of His grace
In fulness due are copiously bestow'd.
The Oil of gladness by the FATHER pour'd
Upon His Human Nature, was on Him
In measure without measure [16], far above
His brethren's share, bestow'd, and though to them
He so is linkèd, as to feel the touch
Of what infirmities soe'er befal
His lowest member: as the foot of man
Cannot without the feeling of the head
Be ever hurt. Yet the expansive Sight
Of Him who hath before Him all the Hosts
Of Angels and of men in bareness thrown
Open before Him, is not granted these:
Nor yet the trying smell that surely knows
Which be the men that by self-sacrifice
Wrought deeply into them, and growing still
Onward and onward, verily fill up
That which is lacking of His Sufferings.
He only knoweth which of all the beasts
Upon the mountains and a thousand hills,
He, who the literal bullock's blood declines,
Will once incorporate into His Church
What time He kills and eats the Gentile world,
Destroying their old man, that they may live
In Him and on Him. He alone can hear
The notes of prayer, that utter'd in His Spirit

Hath with His hunger sympathy, and looks
With lowly faith for recompense in souls
Made with His Body mystic to be one.
And haply language carefully survey'd
Herein, would oft bewray that it is propp'd
By secret underworking of the WORD,
For often doth it seem in mere self-will
Of arbitrary pleasure to describe
The functions of one sense by words and thoughts
Expressive of another, and to turn
From sense to sense, as though it recognized
There is a sense [17], which ministereth all
From the soul's chambers, being all in all:
So typifying Him who on Him took
That Nature which was in His likeness made.
For who shall clearly mark the boundary line
Where common language hath its starting place,
And holy words their end, say what inspired,
What surely not? Without the quickening SPIRIT
Who did in tongues upon the twelve descend,
We could not frame to speak that sacred Name
Which things in Heaven and things beneath the earth,
As well as they on earth, must hear with awe.
Hence in the head the tongue is also set,
That tongue which weakly shadoweth the SPIRIT,
The ready Writer [18] who on stony hearts
Commandments writeth, not with ink and pen,
But His own Presence printed durably.
That, these firm set within, the glorious Gift

Might issue forth in praise by virgin heart
Conceived and from the heart transferring on
The name and gift of Glory to the tongue.
And who that thinketh how mysteriously
The Scripture multiplies its earnest rules
Against the trespasses that member small
Committeth, may not fancy lawfully
That these be therefore heinous, with the flame
Of hell-fire lit, because they ne'er subsist
Without a shock to the whole order'd course
Of types that speak from e'en the outward form
Where dwells the likeness of the TRINITY!
'Twas so when Moses smote the stony rock,
He marr'd the type he had to execute
By word of power, and therefore fell on him
Sad wrath, preventing him from name and thing
Which shadow'd JESUS and baptismal waves.
  Let us descend more deep into the sounds
By this small member utter'd, and for us
A system, yea, a small creation, spoilt
By evil use of it, before our eyes
Shall stand, not useless for its warning voice
To penance summoning and hopes of cure.
If then the tongue be type in very deed
Of Him who did in cloven tongues descend,
What office hath it closest likeness to
Among His many ministries of love?
Is it the great and overshadowing Power
Whereby He on the Angel's voice did ride,

That through the ear of Mary in her womb
The WORD Himself might dwell as in a shrine?
For when we use the common[19] daily gift
Of speech, that speech proceedeth from the heart,
There doth the reason shape it, with discourse
Internal speaking in the bosom's depth.
Reason it was at first, and reason still
When utter'd it remains, though clothed in words
To human sense by them perceptible.
And Christ from out the Spiritual Womb,
His FATHER's Bosom came, wherein at first
The counsel of His Love was form'd unseen,
Ere He in Form perceptible to sense
Was clothed: thus speech hath semblance to the WORD
So veil'd in Flesh, for speech in part alone
Can show the word in man's small trinity;
Discourse internal partially reveals
The mind by outward words to sense disclosed:
And through the tongue that revelation comes,
As through the SPIRIT man may know in part
The Counsel of the Counsellor of GOD.

Not then without a cause (if possibly
These things were by Creative Art design'd
To shadow greater forth) a watch we need
Upon our lips, the watch which secret life
Of prayer habitual and determinate,
And Psalmody[20] in stated round fulfill'd,
By often repetitions knows to set.
Nor were it wrong, methinks, upon the mouth

To trace the potent Cross; for nature's self
Anticipates the fitness of the sign,
Since on the ascetic who from lengthened fast
Escaping with the skin upon his teeth
Close pressing, plainly may we often see
A furrow passing downward to the beard
Athwart the mouth, through which the holy Oil
Pour'd on the great High Priest must onward pass
Down to the skirts of garments fringed with power.
That Oil of Holiness if on us shed
By lips which growing innocence of life
Sets free from stains of guile, will also fill
Our smallest actions and pervade our frame.
Nor let our head refuse the sterner Oil
Of lengthen'd fast, that furrow so to win;
That first among the workings of the Spirit
Which when baptized He show'd, to which He gave
The faculty of gladness, which in Him
Led forward to the victory on the Cross.
So haply may that Cross when outwardly
Impress'd, such gentle influence exert
Upon the lips of men of heart austere,
As may prevent disturbances of types
Seal'd on the outward substance of man's frame
To speak of Heaven's deepest mysteries,
Wash'd by the lasting Water[21], ever sure
And visited by Bread, that they may live
Secure from being set on fire of Hell.

Yet sadly must he muse upon these types

Whose conscience tells him of disturbances
Indulged in wilfully, and even sadly he
Who with a life to winning for himself
Exact obedience in the smallest things
Directed, yet withal is falling short
Continually in little acts of wrath
And transient angers, marring so the types
Which Heaven ordain'd, which Angels' eyes perchance
(While they have access to the Brighter Image)
May watch with jealousy, with sorrow see
These records of that Majesty confused.
So have I seen upon the bosom clear
Of wide-spread water many a tree and tower
Reflected marvellously, while their shade
Seem'd too far off to fall upon the lake.
And with them too the azure vault of Heaven
Was seen in closeness disproportionate,
So that they touch'd it with their spired tops
Or little Crosses which had pointed long
With baby fingers, anxiously outstretch'd
To feel its tranquil blue—when sudden dash
Of whirling stone destroy'd the witching scene
As though by hellish magic ; tower and tree,
And Cross, and spire, and intermingled Heaven
Were dash'd together as in warlike fray,
And all their new-reveal'd relationships
Were in an instant sever'd from the sight.
Such seemeth sin's mad havock of the types
And vocal semblances that would reflect,

If man were holy, in his very frame
And outward build, the Everlasting Three.
The head hath on itself such impresses
Of things Divine; the members likewise tell
Of agencies Divine. The hand was made
To be the emblem of the blessed Son
Whom Scripture nameth oft the Hand of God.
And when the miracles foreshadowing those
Which in the Church He worketh, in the waste,
(The symbol of the world) were wrought of old
By Moses, then his hand to leprous [22] turn'd,
As teaching how the Lord of all would take
Our leprous nature on Him, and would cleanse
That nature when ascending up on high
He to the Father's Bosom was restored.
The hand upon the penitent is laid,
Conveying thus the Church's borrow'd light
Of pardon and of grace: the Bishop's hands
O'ershadow those who need to dwell beneath
The shadow of the Rock when youthful lusts
Are waxing stronger, and a shield of might
Against the evil one is more required.
So did the hands of Priests, by hands ordain'd,
Imposed upon the novice, drive away
The evil powers [23] from him, and prepare
The dry land of his natural heart to take
The kindly influence of baptismal sea,
That sea which He hath made for cleansing sin.
The fingers too, in other rites, are used

For tracing the majestic Sign along
The forehead of the worshipper, and they
Not without mystic hint were so applied
Of Him who is the Finger[21] of the Lord,
The Holy Ghost, by whom the maniacs
Had devils cast from out them, miracle
Foretokening the Church's healing powers.
Saint Paul when teaching Christian warriors
How they shall arm their fingers for the fight,
Hath not unmindful been of attitude
In prayer, but lifting up of holy hands enjoins.
As though the emblem of the Energy
Of that most Holy One who dwells within
The heart of each true Catholic (a shrine
Himself hath purified) should *with* the voice,
In which He groaneth, then be lifted up,
That so lay priesthood also may effect
Its proper miracles, its healing gifts
By secret prayer on sin-struck hearts may pour.
And one of yore unsoldierlike esteem'd
The man who fled with hanging down of hands
Unworthy of the soul[25] that was possess'd
Of every virtue. And, possess'd of Christ,
His members have all virtues in their Lord.
Oh ye that never knew the taint of sin
Destructive of His Presence, be not faint
As deeming you unworthy of a Guest
So infinite in Majesty, but lift ye up
In prayer unceasing, lift ye up your hands

That now hang down, and lift ye up the gates
Of this your fleshly temple, lift your lips
In prayer, that so in Eucharist the King
Of Glory may come in, enkindling so
The tongue, your Glory, till it shall rejoice.
Nor let not any yield him to despair
Who grows in glad obeying, but at last
He will not be as a wayfaring man,
That spends a night of fast and prayer with such,
But shall at last immovably abide
Within that temple, burning constantly
With Light which not provokings of all men,
Not loss of all things, not unconsciousness
Of that dear Presence dread, shall ever quench.
Thus were the bodies of the saints of old,
As Judah's shrine, by ever-burning light,
Anticipations of the glorious House
Which with the Lamb its Light shall ever shine.
  But should it be forbidden to believe
That aught significative of a Truth
Mysterious by their lifting of the hands
Was meant, at least this sweetness comes to all
By following ancient saints in little things,
That we have somewhat more thereby on us
Bestow'd to do that lacks apparent use:
Whence groweth dutiful submissiveness
To forefathers in faith. And when the tears
Of penitents that mourn for Sion's woes
Are dropping from them, fellowship accrues

To them with Asaph[26], whose uplifted hand
Ran down with water flowing from his eyes.
And haply 'twas design'd that humble souls
Who gladly follow little practices
Of former saints, should find a present meed
In understanding what to ruder minds,
That keep not godly ceremonies, would seem
Obscure, as touching not in them such string
Of sympathy with hallow'd men of old.
All that the Saints, in whom abidingly
The Spirit dwelt, have by *their* doing it
Made honourable,—or ways of spending time,
Or rules for winning grace, or petty rites,
Deserveth man's esteem. And is't not they
Who least are gifted with the inward Light
And gladness of His Presence, that despise
Small things so hallow'd, and are forwardest
To make the abuse of these by hypocrites
Their argument for scorn of little things,
Which tender hearts esteem so fair and good,
Themselves refrain from using them in awe?
Oh that the awful Presence might be found
In all around us! then such outward things
Would burst as naturally from all their hearts
As flowers toward the light when Spring returns
To pay with fragrant savour rains from Heaven.
  Nor is it only in the frame of man,
But in its accidents and movements all[27],
His rising up from sleep, his lying down,

His ailments and his sinkings, or his feel
Of awe at darkness, or his early state
When hidden from his brethren in the womb,
As well as all the language in his tongue,
Are typical of things that have befallen
The Lord who took his nature, and perhaps
Foreshadow somewhat for the Church reserved
When She shall after Jesus' likeness wake.
Such then the frame of man! so wonderful
In all its parts and movements, as a type
And prophecy of truth, or as a book
On which are written hieroglyphic signs
Of mysteries too hard for utterance
In language more explicit—fearful too
Because the heralds of augustest things
When used in holy or permitted acts,
May be perverted to profaneness dire.
As when the careless talker helps his wit
By turning holy texts that speak of One
Anointed with the Father's gladdening Gift,
To blasphemous appliances, unskill'd
Himself in mystic lore, but filling those
That seek to love it tremblingly, with dire.
And such perversion seems by hint to tell
How dreadful to the eyes of holy spirits
Must be the fierce perversion of the shrine
And temple of the body which beneath
The curtains of the night in all estates [28]
And ranks of life the wicked one inspires.

As they then suffer tares which he hath sown
To grow until the Harvest, be it ours
Then to be found amid the holy seed,
The body so to treat at all our meals
As that wherein the Altar-rite may sow
The LORD for whom the body hath been made.
When then our eyes are weary while they look
For Him who is their Light, remember we
Their very tenderness of slightest touch,
Susceptible of long-enduring pain
Thereon ensuing. When we see the Church
Torn with disunion and by policy,
And men of politics and merchandize,
So sorely trampled down; and when we think
That if the body be indeed the type
And emblem of the Church, then every pain
Should thrill throughout the whole, and when we miss
Of sympathy at home, and intercourse
With those who love and pray for us abroad;
When we are forced to hear the reckless words
Of such as sell their birthright for the mess
Of kingly patronage, despise great Athanase
(Yet living in the Creed, at prayer in Heaven)
And fling the name of 'Catholic' away.
Or say, because themselves are not the eye
Which seeing hath for truths mysterious,
They are not of the Body, though baptized
And in it by Communion, (if indeed
They go not unbelieving to the Host,

And see not what hath flowéd from His Side,)
When we have in us tendency to court
Impatience as a vent for grief within;
Then think we of the eye, the only sense
That feels the presence of the starry Heaven,
So easily assaulted with the heat
Of mighty pain at trivial incident!
Then bow we patiently to prophecy,
Believing that the wicked who assault
The Church of God, the apple of His Eye
Are touching. If He so endure their touch,
Lets the blunt ignorance of statesmen's skill
Attempt their coarse appliances to cure
The ills they see therein, or false or real,
Lets paltry gluttons joke upon their lack
Of worldly prudence, as the soldiers did
Upon His very Self, allows the thorns
Of pain and grief this intimate approach
To that which is the apple of His Eye[29].
Then weep thou on in patience, with thy sin
Before thee always! Only do not see
For weeping; then thy sin shall not remain.
This sickness of the Church is not to death,
Though vital warmth be wanting to the parts
To us most pleasing. Make, oh only make,
Great lamentation for her, and at length
The Man who is thy God shall visit her,
And from that Flesh, now deified, bestow
Throughout His Body, Wine that is His Blood,

And Bread to strengthen and revive the Heart
Of her thou lovest, till throughout the whole
A living warmth is kindled, and again
The one man upon earth be growing on
To perfectness, the Church invisible
In the Church visible its likeness find.

NOTES

ON

BOOK VII.

Note 1. p. 317.

St. Athan. c. Arian. i. 39. Πῶς δὲ καὶ θεοποίησις γένοιτ' ἂν χωρὶς τοῦ Λόγου καὶ πρὸ Αὐτοῦ, καίτοι λέγοντος Αὐτοῦ πρὸς τοὺς ἀδελφοὺς τούτων Ἰουδαίους· Εἰ ἐκείνους θεοὺς εἶπε πρὸς οὓς ὁ Λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐγένετο ; εἰ δὲ πάντες, ὅσοι υἱοί τε καὶ θεοὶ ἐκλήθησαν, εἴτε ἐπὶ γῆς, εἴτε ἐν οὐρανοῖς, διὰ τοῦ Λόγου υἱοποιήθησαν καὶ ἐθεοποιήθησαν, Αὐτὸς δὲ ὁ Υἱός ἐστιν ὁ Λόγος, δῆλον ὅτι δι' Αὐτοῦ μὲν οἱ πάντες, Αὐτὸς δὲ πρὸ πάντων, μᾶλλον δὲ μόνον Αὐτὸς ἀληθινὸς Υἱὸς καὶ μόνος ἐκ τοῦ ἀληθινοῦ Θεοῦ Θεὸς ἀληθινός ἐστιν οὐ μισθὸν ἀρετῆς ταῦτα λαβὼν, οὐδὲ ἄλλος ὢν παρὰ ταῦτα, ἀλλὰ φύσει καὶ κατ' οὐσίαν ὢν ταῦτα. The same text was urged also against the Nestorians by St. Cyril. c. Nest. p. 79, c.

Note 2. p. 319.

Alluding to the Indian notion, that the different castes came from different parts of the body of Brahmà. See Manu's Institutes, i. l. 31, a book which contains many partial parallels to the

scripture accounts of things, although (if I may be allowed to say it) there seems to be a tendency in the translation to make them *more* parallel, than the original will perhaps always warrant.

Note 3. p. 320.

Reference is here made to a famous passage in the fifth book of Plato's Republic, which has been thought like St. Paul's account of the Body Mystical. Whether it struck Plato himself, or whether he took it from Eastern traditions akin to that just alluded to, I shall not pretend to decide. It is in the tenth section, and runs thus: *Ἐν ἥτινι δὴ πόλει πλεῖστοι ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ κατὰ ταῦτα τοῦτο λέγουσι τὸ ἐμὸν καὶ τὸ οὐκ ἐμόν, αὕτη ἄριστα διοικεῖται; Πολύγε. Καὶ ἥτις δὴ ἐγγύτατα ἑνὸς ἀνθρώπου ἔχει· οἷον, ὅταν που ἡμῶν δάκτυλός του πληγῇ, πᾶσα ἡ κοινωνία ἡ κατὰ τὸ σῶμα πρὸς τὴν ψυχὴν τεταμένη εἰς μίαν σύνταξιν τὴν τοῦ ἄρχοντος ἐν αὐτῇ, ἅμα σύνεσθέτό τε καὶ πᾶσα ἅμα ξυνήλγησε μέρους πονήσαντος ὅλη, καὶ οὕτω δὴ λέγομεν, ὅτι ὁ ἄνθρωπος τὸν δάκτυλον ἀλγεῖ· καὶ περὶ ἄλλου ὁτουοῦν τῶν τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ὁ αὐτὸς λόγος, περί τε λύπης, πονοῦντος μέρους, καὶ περὶ ἡδονῆς, ῥαΐζοντος. . . . Ἑνός τε οἶμαι πάσχοντος τῶν πολιτῶν ὁτιοῦν ἢ ἀγαθὸν ἢ κακὸν ἡ τοιαύτη πόλις μάλιστά τε φήσει ἑαυτῆς εἶναι τὸ πάσχον, καὶ ἢ ξυνησθήσεται ἅπασα ἢ ξυλλυπηθήσεται.*

Note 4. p. 322.

St. Ephrem on Judges xiv. "His wife revealed the riddle to them: this is a type of how in the Church Immanuel revealed His Mystery to His saints." And again: "In that on the seventh day the riddle of Samson was disclosed, it shows that at the seventh thousand [of years] there will be disclosed all the riddles and types that have been spoken, before the preparing of that Table of the spiritual Marriage-Feast of the Church, the Bride of Christ, appeareth." The same interpretation of Samson's wife, as meaning the Church, occurs also in St. Augustine, c. Faust. xii. 32, in Ps. lxxxviii. § 10.

Note 5. p. 323.

Origen upon Josua, Hom. v. § 6: "Vide quantum profeceris ex homunculo terreno! In templum Dei progressus es sine dubio, in quo habitare debet Deus, et qui caro et sanguis eras, profecisti, ut membrum Christi sis. Sed sicut magnus est iste profectus, ita et discessus terribilis atque irremediabilis pæne lapsus. Jam tibi enim non licet templo Dei, nisi in sanctitate uti, nec membra Christi ad indignum revocare negotium. Et ideo, si quando te malæ concupiscentiæ pulsat illecebra, memor horum quæ nunc audis hosti illi occurre, qui de te ipso, hoc est, de tuo corde procedit, et resiste ei in talibus verbis, et dic quia non sum meus; emptus enim sum pretio sanguinis Christi et membrum Ipsius effectus sum. Non licet mihi tollere membrum Christi et facere membrum menetricis. Dic ei, quia templum Dei effectus sum, non licet mihi immundum aliquid illuc inducere, nec fas est mihi violare templum Dei. Sed et illud adde, quoniam *qui fornicatur, in corpus suum peccat:* non in istud corpus solum, quod templum Dei effectum est, sed et in illud, quod dicitur, quia omnis Ecclesia corpus Christi est, et in omnem Ecclesiam videtur delinquere, qui corpus suum maculaverit, quia per unum membrum macula in omne corpus diffunditur." Although only the latter part of this passage immediately bears upon the text, yet the whole of it embodies a doctrine to which frequent reference has been made in this work, and particularly in this last book. It may also be taken as a specimen of the beautiful practical lessons every where given us in Origen, whose merits as a writer of that kind can perhaps hardly be overrated, whatever becomes of the question of his orthodoxy.

Note 6. p. 324.

The expression "Son of the Vineyard," &c. alludes to the name of Achan's father, Carmi, which means "my vineyard." The Fathers commonly dwell upon the meanings of scripture names, as indicative of something below the surface. A good sample of this will be found at the beginning of St. Thomas Aquinas's Catena Aurea. Though their knowledge of Hebrew was imperfect, still

the principle is one, which one seems entitled to avail oneself of, and is often of great practical value.

Note 7. p. 325.

St. Ephrem, vol. ii. p. 316: "The mind is in the likeness of God, dwelling in the heaven of the brain: there minister to it spiritual things, by fancy its auxiliary. In the temple of the heart it moves about; that is the king of thoughts. There run before it, as its messengers, intellect and wisdom. In the reins there dwell thoughts, in them too discrimination hath its abode: to distinguish true from false, the odious and the comely, there is mind with conscience too. In the midst of the stomach is a partition, the diaphragm its name and style,—a band, or door of flesh it is, separating between sanctuary and sanctuary: within the one is the outer sanctuary, and within the other the Holy of holies, in the midst whereof dwells the soul. In the heart is the likeness of the ark: the cherubs with their two wings are the lungs that overshadow the heart. Betwixt the censers of pure gold the breath there is, and inspiration giving life unto the heart. The lungs indeed do not receive either drink or food. The candle with seven lights is put in the sacred place of the sanctuary. The light is a symbol of life. The liver is the mother of nourishment, which gives the body sustenance," &c.

Note 8. p. 325.

The belief that the mind of man was made in the Image of the Ever-blessed Trinity, is one too clearly implied by the words of Creation ("let *Us* make man in *Our* Image") to require proof—for the general doctrine. As to the particular faculties insisted upon, as those which make the resemblance exact, so to speak, there may be some discrepancy, so far at least as the *primâ facie* appearance of the statements of the Fathers goes. Obviously it would be out of place to attempt to reconcile at any length here such seeming discrepancies; neither shall I endeavour to do more than give a very limited number of passages bearing upon the point. The author who, of all others that I am acquainted with,

has treated the subject most fully, is St. Austin, who, in several parts of his work on the Trinity, has traced out the resemblances or types to the Trinity in man's mind, and the operations of it. In all such cases the remarks of St. Ephrem (above, note 1 on book vi.) as to the inadequacy of all types to express the thing signified, should carefully be kept in remembrance. St. Austin's 9th and 10th books are occupied almost exclusively with treating of these resemblances. The following is a passage from ix. 12, 13: "In illâ æternâ Veritate, ex quâ temporalia facta sunt omnia, formam secundum quam sumus, et secundum quam vel in nobis vel in corporibus verâ et rectâ ratione aliquid operamur, visu mentis aspicimus, atque inde conceptam rerum veracem notitiam, tanquam Verbum apud nos habemus et dicendo intus gignimus, nec a nobis nascendo discedit. Cum autem ad alios loquimur, verbo intus manenti ministerium vocis adhibemus, aut alicujus signi corporalis, ut per quandam commemorationem sensibilem tale aliquid fiat etiam in animo audientis, quale de loquentis animo non recedit. Nihil igitur agimus per membra corporis, in factis dictisque nostris, quibus vel approbantur vel improbantur mores hominum, quod non verbo apud nos intus edito prævenimus. Nemo enim volens aliquid facit, quod non in corde suo prius dixerit. Quod verbum amore concipitur sive creaturæ sive Creatoris, id est aut naturæ mutabilis, aut incommutabilis Veritatis. Ergo aut cupiditate aut caritate: non quo non sit amanda creatura, sed si ad Creatorem refertur ille amor, jam non cupiditas, sed caritas erit. Tunc enim est cupiditas, cum propter se amatur creatura. Tunc non utentem adjuvat, sed corrumpit fruentem. Cum ergo aut par nobis, aut inferior creatura sit, inferiore utendum est ad Deum, pari autem fruendum sed in Deo. Sicut enim te ipso non in te ipso frui debes, sed in Eo qui fecit te; sic etiam illo quem diligis tanquam te ipsum. Et nobis ergo et fratribus in Domino fruamur, et inde nos nec ad nosmet ipsos remittere et quasi relaxare deorsum versus audeamus. Nascitur autem verbum, cum excogitatum placet, aut ad peccandum aut ad recte faciendum. Verbum ergo nostrum et mentem de quâ gignitur quasi medius amor conjungit, seque cum iis tertium complexu incorporeo, sine ullâ confusione constringit. Conceptum autem verbum et natum id ipsum est, cum voluntas in ipsâ notitiâ conquiescit, quod fit in amore spiritualium." The love (elsewhere

the will) is made to answer to the Holy Spirit in consideration of the text "God is Love," which is thought to be more especially said of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Of memory as the type of the Father, so much is said that the difficulty is to select: perhaps the following passage, on the general similitude, will be a useful one, as showing also in some degree wherein the type is inadequate. It occurs in xv. § 42: "Verum hæc quando in *unâ* sunt personâ *sicut est homo* potest nobis quispiam dicere, Tria ista, memoria, intellectus, amor, mea sunt non sua; nec sibi sed mihi agunt quod agunt, immo ego per illa. Ego enim memini per memoriam, intelligo per intelligentiam, amo per amorem; et quando ad memoriam meam aciem cogitationis adverto, et sic in corde meo dico quod scio, verbumque verum de scientiâ meâ gignitur, utrumque meum est et scientia utique et verbum. Ego enim scio: ego dico in corde meo, quod scio. Et quando in memoriâ meâ cogitando invenio jam me intelligere, jam me amare aliquid, qui intellectus et amor ibi erant, et ante quam inde cogitarem, intellectum meum et amorem meum invenio in memoriâ meâ, quo ego intelligo, ego amo, non ipsa. Item quando cogitatio memor est, et vult redire ad ea quæ in memoriâ reliquerit, eaque intellecta conspicere atque intus dicere, meâ memoriâ memor est, meâ vult voluntate non suâ. Ipse quoque amor meus, cum meminit atque intelligit quid appetere debeat, quid vitare per meam non per suam memoriam meminit et per intelligentiam meam non per suam, quicquid intelligenter amat, intelligit. Quod breviter dici potest, ego per omnia illa tria memini, ego intelligo, ego diligo, qui nec memoria sum, nec intelligentia, nec dilectio, sed hæc habeo. Ista ergo dici possunt ab unâ personâ quæ habet hæc tria, non ipsa est hæc tria. In illius vero summæ simplicitatis natura, quæ Deus est, quamvis unus sit Deus, tres tamen Personæ sunt Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus." If, then, any thing in the text appears to deny the oneness of man's personality, (though I am not aware of any thing to that effect,) it must be ascribed to an unintentional indefiniteness of language. Greg. Naz. Orat. xxiii. § 11, *αὐτοὶ δὲ μίαν καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν εἰδέναι φύσιν θεότητος ἀνάρχῳ καὶ γεννήσει καὶ προόδῳ γνωριζομένην, ὡς νῷ τῷ ἐν ἡμῖν καὶ λόγῳ καὶ πνεύματι, ὅσον εἰκάσαι τοῖς αἰσθητοῖς τὰ νοητὰ καὶ τοῖς μικροῖς τὰ μέγιστα*, &c. Greg. Nyss. de Opif. Hom. cap. vi. *Εἰ ἀνόμοιος κατὰ φύσιν τῷ Πατρὶ ὁ Υἱὸς, πῶς*

μίαν κατασκενάζει τῶν διαφόρων φύσεων τὴν εἰκόνα, ὁ γάρ. ποιήσωμεν ἄνθρωπον κατ' εἰκόνα ἡμετέραν, εἶπών, καὶ διὰ τῆς πληθυντικῆς σημασίας τὴν Ἁγίαν Τριάδα ἐδήλωσας, οὐκ ἂν τῆς εἰκόνος μοναδικῶς ἐμεμνήσθη, εἴπερ ἀνομοίως ἔχει πρὸς ἄλληλα τὰ ἀρχέτυπα: and in xi. Ποιήσωμεν, φησίν, ἄ. κατ' εἰ. τ. ἡ. ἡ γὰρ εἰκὼν ἕως ἂν ἐν μηδένι λείπηται τῶν κατὰ τὸ ἀρχέτυπον νοουμένων κυρίως ἐστὶν εἰκών. καθ' ὃ δ' ἂν διαπέσῃ τῆς πρὸς τὸ πρωτότυπον ὁμοιότητος κατ' ἐκεῖνο τὸ μέρος εἰκὼν οὐκ ἔστιν. Οὐκοῦν ἐπειδὰν ἐν τῶν περὶ τὴν θείαν φύσιν θεωρουμένων, ἐστὶ τὸ ἀκατάληπτον τῆς οὐσίας, ἀνάγκη πᾶσα καὶ ἐν τούτῳ τὴν εἰκόνα πρὸς τὸ ἀρχέτυπον ἔχειν τὴν μίμησιν. The truth of this will be felt by any one who considers how *distinct* the faculties of will and reason appear to our consciousness, although we know that we have but one person in our nature, as was just now noticed. The following passage from St. Ephrem may be added to these, as containing the germ of a similar view to that given from St. Austin, although not so explicit in the distinctions. It is taken from the 57th Sermon against the Intruders into things not seen, and shall conclude this note: "Who hath searched out his soul, and touched it ever with his hand, how and where it culls and lays up in itself its harvest of knowledge, supplying by repetition books which are in its heart, gathering by recollection, multiplying by reflection, minishing by remitted exertion? for in all these there is a wonder, and musings on Thy Majesty. Who is there that can enter into it, and understand how that place sufficeth for so much knowledge, and yet the soul lacketh? And is there any wonder at all greater than the memory that taketh in, yet filleth not, that giveth and yet lacketh not? in the heart there is every thing, while yet there is nothing in it. Who can gaze upon the brightness of the memory, which is a shadow of the Creator, who cannot be comprehended, what He is? It taketh in without trouble the names of the creatures, and though there be no space in it, yet for every thing is there space in it. And how doth it by the names contain all things, while its strength weareth not out! Who can enter into the midst of the memory, and feel, where they are, those names of the creatures, since neither it nor they are to be felt! in the mind and in the Essence they wholly dwell. Thus in the Very Father is the Very Son, while neither He nor They may be felt [to know] where they are."

Note 9. p. 325.

See the first note on book vi.

Note 10. p. 328.

This alludes to St. James's words, ii. 26 : "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

Note 11. p. 329.

St. Clement, Quis dives salv.? § 36, *Πάντες οἱ πιστοὶ καλοὶ θεοπρεπεῖς καὶ τῆς προσηγορίας ἄξιοι, ἣν ὥσπερ διάδημα περίκεινται. οὐ μὴν ἀλλ' εἰσὶν ἤδη τινὲς καὶ τῶν ἐκλεκτῶν ἐκλεκτότεροι καὶ τοσούτῳ μᾶλλον ἧττον ἐπίσημοι, πρὸς τὸν λιμένα ἐκ τοῦ κλύδωνος τοῦ κόσμου νεωλκοῦντες ἑαυτοὺς καὶ ἐπανάγοντες ἐπ' ἀσφαλές, οὐ βουλόμενοι δοκεῖν ἅγιοι κἂν εἴπῃ τις αἰσχυνόμενοι, ἐν βάθει γνώμης ἀποκρύπτοντες τὰ ἀνεκλάλητα μυστήρια, καὶ τὴν αὐτῶν εὐγένειαν ὑπερηφανοῦντες ἐν κόσμῳ βλέπεσθαι. οὓς ὁ Λόγος φῶς τοῦ κόσμου καὶ ἅλας τῆς γῆς καλεῖ. τοῦτ' ἔστι τὸ σπέρμα εἰκὼν καὶ ὁμοίωσις Θεοῦ καὶ τέκνον Αὐτοῦ γνήσιον καὶ κληρόνομον, ὥσπερ ἐπί τινα ξενιτείαν ἐνταῦθα πεμπόμενον, ὑπὸ μεγάλης οἰκονομίας καὶ ἀναλογίας τοῦ Πατρὸς δι' οὗ καὶ τὰ φανερὰ καὶ τὰ ἀφανῆ τοῦ κόσμου δεδημιούργηται, τὰ μὲν εἰς δουλείαν, τὰ δὲ εἰς ἄσκησιν, τὰ δὲ εἰς μάθησιν αὐτῶν καὶ πάντα, μέχρις ἂν ἐνταῦθα τὸ σπέρμα μένῃ, συνέχεται, καὶ συναχθέντος αὐτοῦ ταῦτα τάχιστα λυθήσεται.*

Note 12. p. 336.

St. Austin on Ps. lxi. § 4 : " Ipse ante adventum Incarnationis suæ præmisit quædam membra sua, post quæ prænuntiantia se venturum venit et Ipse connexus iis. Refer ad similitudinem nascentis illius : quia manus ante caput procedens et cum capite est et sub capite,"—referring to Gen. xxxviii. 27.

Note 13. p. 336.

This is suggested by St. Clement, Strom. vii. 3, § 21 : *Ὀνπερ τρόπον ὁ ἥλιος οὐ μόνον τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ τὸν ὅλον κόσμον φωτίζει γῆν τε καὶ θάλασσαν ἐπιλάμπων, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἃ διὰ θυρίδων καὶ μικρᾶς ὀπῆς πρὸς τοὺς μυχαιτάτους οἴκους ἀποστέλλει τὴν αὐγήν· οὕτως ὁ Λόγος πάντη κεχυμένος καὶ τὰ σμικρότατα τῶν τοῦ βίου πράξεων ἐπιβλέπει.*

Note 14. p. 337.

Pliny, N. H. vii. 8 : "Neronem . . . . toto principatu suo hostem generis humani pedibus genitum parens ejus scribit Agrippina. *Ritu naturæ* capite hominem gigni mos est, pedibus efferri." Compare St. Hilary's interpretation of Ps. 138=139, as referred to in note 27 ; and see note 12.

Note 15. p. 338.

St. Austin on Ps. xxix. En. ii. § 2 : "Secundum Deum et secundum Divinitatem et secundum id quod in Principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum, super omnem creaturam æqualis est Patri : sed agimus de Homine. Forte putat quisquam vestrum, fratres, quia Homo ille susceptus a Sapientia Dei, æqualis erat cæteris hominibus. Si in tuis membris multum distat inter caput et cætera membra, certe omnia membra faciunt corpus unum ; multum tamen interest inter caput et cætera membra. Et enim in cæteris membris non sentis nisi tactu : tangendo sentis in cæteris membris, in capite autem et vides, et audis, et olfacis, et gustas, et tangis. Si tanta excellentia est capitis ad membra cætera, quanta excellentia est Capitis universæ Ecclesiæ, id est, illius Hominis, quem voluit Deus mediatorem esse inter Deum et homines !"

Note 16. p. 339.

Compare the 1st note on book i. ; and presently the 21st note on book ii.

Note 17. p. 340.

St. Austin de Trin. xv. 18: "Nec tamen quia dicimus locutiones cordis esse cogitationes, ideo non sunt etiam visiones exortæ de notitiæ visionibus, quando veræ sunt. Foris enim cum per corpus hæc fiunt, aliud est locutio, aliud visio; intus autem cum cogitamus, utrumque unum est. Sicut auditio et visio duo quædam sunt inter se distantia in sensibus corporis, in animo autem non est aliud atque aliud videre et audire," &c.

Note 18. p. 340.

St. Cyril. de Ador. p. 7, c. Ἐν πλαξὶ μὲν λιθίναις ἐσκιαγραφεῖτο τότε τοῖς ἀρχαιοτέροις ὁ νόμος ἐν δακτύλῳ Θεοῦ, καθὰ γέγραπται· Τύπος δὲ ἦν ἐκεῖνα τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐν Χριστῷ γενέσθαι πεπιστευμένων. καταγράφει γὰρ ὥσπερ ἐν ἡμῖν τῆς ἑαυτοῦ βουλῆς τὴν εἴδησιν ὁ πάντων Δεσπότης Θεὸς, οἱονεὶ καλάμῳ χρώμενος τῷ Υἱῷ ἐν Πνεύματι. ὠνόμαζε γὰρ οὕτως Αὐτὸν διὰ Δαβὶδ λέγων, ἡ γλῶσσα μοῦ κάλαμος γραμματέως ὀξυγράφου. Ἐνεχάραξε γὰρ ταῖς ἁπάντων καρδίαις ὁ τοῦ Πατρὸς κάλαμος, τοῦτ' ἔστιν, ὁ Υἱὸς τὴν παντὸς εἴδησιν ἀγαθοῦ, οἱονεί τινι Δακτύλῳ Θεοῦ τῷ τε τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τῷ ἰδίῳ χρώμενος Πνεύματι. Δάκτυλον γὰρ ὠνόμασε τὸ Πνεῦμα Θεοῦ, λέγων ποτὲ μὲν, Εἰ ἐγὼ ἐν Πν. Θ. ἐκβάλλω τὰ δαιμόνια, ποτὲ δὲ αὖ Εἰ δὲ ἐν Δακτύλῳ Θ. κ.λ. Ἐπιστολὴν δὲ ἡμᾶς τὴν πνευματικὴν καὶ ὁ Παῦλος ἐκάλει λέγων, Ἡ ἐπιστολὴ ἡμῶν ὑμεῖς ἐστὲ, κ. λ., quoting 2 Cor. iii. St. Cyril even urged it against Julian in this sense, p. 281, ed. Spanh. St. Athan. c. Ar. iii. § 76, on the place understands it as the language of the Father to the Son, as did St. Austin on the place, nor does St. Basil materially differ, although he does refer the beginning to the Psalmist. On the whole, then, it must be considered as truly fearful to hear these words used in the light and irreverent way in which they often are. The words "my *glory* hath rejoiced," from Ps. xvi. are cited in Acts ii. 26, "my *tongue* hath rejoiced," as the Septuagint gives them. It seemed to me that light was thrown upon this version by the language of St. Cyril, just quoted. The inward strength perfects the outward praise, (to illustrate by another version of the Septuagint adopted

in the New Testament,) and in like manner the inward Gift of Glory makes the tongue an instrument whereby the Holy Spirit works upon men, so as to write permanently upon their hearts that which is uttered.

Note 19. p. 342.

What I have here to give concerning the λόγος ('discourse' in man, in the sense Shakspeare says that brutes lack 'discourse of reason') as a type of the Λόγος or Word of God, will in part have been anticipated by note 8. It may not perhaps be any harm to allow that the well-known passage in Plato's Theætetus, § 84, suggested possibly the particular use of this type, to the Fathers. It occurs in Tertullian, c. Prax. St. Dionysius in Athan. Apol. pro Sent. Dionys. § 23: Ὥσπερ ὁ ἡμέτερος νοῦς ἐρεύγεται μὲν ἀφ' ἑαυτοῦ τὸν λόγον, ὡς εἶπεν ὁ προφήτης· ἐξερεύξατο ἡ καρδία μου λόγον ἀγαθόν· καὶ ἔστι μὲν ἑκάτερος ἕτερος θατέρου, ἴδιον καὶ τοῦ λοιποῦ κεχωρισμένον εἰληχὼς τόπον, ὁ μὲν ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ, ὁ δὲ ἐπὶ τῆς γλώσσης καὶ τοῦ στόματος οἰκῶν τε καὶ κινούμενος· οὐ μὴν διεστήκασιν οὐδὲ καθάπαξ ἀλλήλων στέρονται, οὐδὲ ἔστιν, οὔτε ὁ νοῦς ἄλογος, οὔτε ἄνους ὁ λόγος, ἀλλ' ὅ γε νοῦς ποιεῖ τὸν λόγον ἐν αὐτῷ φανείς· καὶ ὁ λόγος δείκνυσι τὸν νοῦν ἐν αὐτῷ γενόμενος· καὶ ὁ μὲν νοῦς ἐστιν, οἷον λόγος ἐγκείμενος ὁ δὲ λόγος νοῦς προπηδῶν. καὶ μεθίσταται μὲν ὁ νοῦς εἰς τὸν λόγον, ὁ δὲ λόγος τὸν νοῦν εἰς τοὺς ἀκροατὰς ἐγκυκλεῖ. καὶ οὕτως ὁ νοῦς διὰ τοῦ λόγου ταῖς τῶν ἀκουόντων ψυχαῖς ἐνιδρύεται συνεισίων τῷ λόγῳ· καὶ ἔστιν ὁ μὲν οἷον Πατὴρ, ὁ νοῦς τοῦ λόγου, ὢν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ· ὁ δὲ καθάπερ Υἱὸς ὁ λόγος τοῦ νοῦ. πρὸ ἐκείνου μὲν ἀδύνατον ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ἔξωθεν πόθεν σὺν ἐκείνῳ γενόμενος, βλαστήσας δὲ ἀπ' αὐτοῦ· Οὕτως ὁ Πατὴρ ὁ μέγιστος καὶ καθόλου νοῦς πρῶτον τὸν Υἱὸν ἑρμηνέα καὶ ἄγγελον Ἑαυτοῦ ἔχει. And there are several other passages which might be produced. The following is from St. Austin de Trin. xv. 20: "Verbum quod foris sonat signum est verbi quod intus lucet, cui magis verbi competit nomen. Nam illud, quod profertur carnis ore, vox verbi est: verbumque et ipsum dicitur propter illud a quo, ut foris appareret, assumtum est. Ita enim verbum nostrum vox quodammodo corporis fit, assumendo eam in quâ mani-

festetur sensibus hominum, sicut Verbum Dei caro factum est assumendo eam in quâ et ipsum manifestaretur sensibus hominum. Et sicut verbum nostrum fit vox nec mutatur in vocem ; ita Verbum Dei caro quidem factum est, sed absit, ut mutaretur in carnem. Assumendo quippe eam, non in eam se consumendo, et hoc nostrum vox fit, et illud caro factum est."

Note 20. p. 342.

This advice is taken from a very striking passage in St. Clement of Alexandria, (Strom. vi. § 113.) in which he is pointing out the means of higher spiritual progress. *Αὕτη ἡ εὐσυνειδησία τὸ ὅσιον τὸ πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν καὶ τὸ πρὸς τοὺς ἀνθρώπους δίκαιον διασώζει, καθάπερ τὴν ψυχὴν φυλάττουσα διανοήμασι σεμνοῖς καὶ λόγοις ἀγνοῖς καὶ τοῖς δικαίοις ἔργοις—οὕτως δύναμιν λαβοῦσα κυριακὴν ἡ ψυχὴ μελετᾷ εἶναι Θεός· κακὸν μὲν οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν ἀγνοίας εἶναι νομίζουσα καὶ τῆς μὴ κατὰ τὸν ὀρθὸν λόγον ἐνεργείας· ἀεὶ δὲ εὐχαριστοῦσα ἐπὶ πᾶσι τῷ Θεῷ δι' ἀκοῆς δικαίας καὶ ἀναγνώσεως θείας, διὰ ζητήσεως ἀληθοῦς, διὰ Προσφορᾶς ἁγίας, δι' εὐχῆς μακαρίας αἰνοῦσα, ὑμνοῦσα, εὐλογοῦσα, ψάλλουσα, οὐ διορίζεται ποτὲ τοῦ Θεοῦ κατ' οὐδένα καιρὸν ἡ τοιάδε ψυχή.*

Note 21. p. 343.

St. Just. Mart. Dial. c. Tryph. p. 296, interprets Isaiah xxxiii. 16 : *Ὅτι μὲν οὖν ἐν ταυτῇ τῇ προφητείᾳ περὶ τοῦ Ἄρτου ὃν παρέδωκεν ἡμῖν ὁ ἡμέτερος Χριστὸς ποιεῖν εἰς ἀνάμνησιν τοῦ τε σωματοποιεῖσθαι Αὐτὸν διὰ τοὺς πιστεύοντας εἰς Αὐτὸν δι' οὓς καὶ παθητὸς γέγονεν....φαίνεται.*

Note 22. p. 345.

St. Greg. Nyss. de Vita Mos. p. 193 : *Τοῦ νομοθέτου ἡ χεὶρ προβληθεῖσα τοῦ κόλπου πρὸς τὸ παρὰ φύσιν ἠλλοιώθη χρῶμα· καὶ πάλιν ἐν κόλποις γενομένη πρὸς τὴν ἰδίαν αὐτῆς καὶ κατὰ φύσιν ἐπανῆλθε χάριν· καὶ ὁ μονογενὴς Θεὸς ὢν ἐν κόλποις τοῦ Πατρὸς,*

οὔτ' ἐστιν ἡ Δεξιὰ τοῦ Ὑψίστου, ὅτε δὲ ἡμῖν ἐκ τῶν κόλπων ἐφάνη, καθ' ἡμᾶς ἠλλοιώθη. ἐπεὶ δὲ τὰς ἡμετέρας ἀσθενείας ἐκμάξας πάλιν ἐπανάγαγε τὴν ἐν ἡμῖν γενομένην χεῖρα καὶ καθ' ἡμᾶς χρωσθεῖσαν ἐπὶ τὸν ἴδιον κόλπον (κόλπος δὲ τῆς Δεξιᾶς ἐστὶν ὁ Πατήρ) τότε οὐ τὸ ἄπαθες τῆς φύσεως εἰς πάθος ἠλλοίωσεν, ἀλλὰ τὸ τρεπτόν τε καὶ ἐμπαθὲς διὰ τῆς πρὸς τὸ ἄτρεπτον κοινωνίας εἰς ἀπάθειαν μετεστοιχείωσεν. And St. Cyril. de Ador. p. 71, explains it in the same way.

Note 23. p. 345.

On the rite of laying hands upon catechumens, see Bingham, vol. iii. p. 271 (last edition).

Note 24. p. 346.

The Finger of God is spoken of as a Name of the Holy Spirit very frequently by the Fathers. The following passage of St. Basil may serve, along with the one already given from St. Cyril in note 18, as an instance of this. C. Eunom. v. Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁ Δάκτυλος τοῦ Θεοῦ, ὁ μεταβαλὼν ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ τὸν χοῦν εἰς ζῶα τὴν ἀρχῆθεν τῶν ζώων ἀναδείξας γένεσιν, ὁ Παράκλητος ἦν, τὸ Πνεῦμα τῆς ἀληθείας· τῶν γὰρ τριῶν Εὐαγγελιστῶν φησάντων πρὸς Ἰουδαίους εἰρηκέναι τὸν Κύριον, Εἰ δὲ ἐγὼ ἐν Πνεύματι Θεοῦ ἐκβάλλω τὰ δαιμόνια, ἄρα ἔφθασεν ἐφ' ὑμᾶς ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ· ὁ Λουκᾶς φησὶν εἰρηκέναι Αὐτὸν, Εἰ δὲ ἐγὼ ἐν Δακτύλῳ τοῦ Θεοῦ, κ. λ. Οὐκοῦν καὶ τὰ διὰ Μωσέως γενόμενα ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ σημεῖα, ἅπερ Δακτύλῳ Θεοῦ ἐγένετο καὶ τὰ παράδοξα τοῦ Θεοῦ σημεῖα ἐτελεσιουργεῖτο σὺν τῷ Πνεύματι· Δάκτυλος δὲ Θεοῦ ἐν τούτοις τοῖς ὑπὸ Μωσέως καὶ τοῖς τοῦ Κυρίου σημείοις εἴρηται τὸ Πνεῦμα, οὐχ ὅτι σμικρά τίς ἐστι τῷ Θεῷ συνοῦσα δύναμις καθάπερ σώματι Δάκτυλος, ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴ ἕν τι τῶν κατὰ διαίρεσιν χαρισμάτων Αὐτοῦ ἐστι τὸ χάρισμα τῶν σημείων καὶ ἰαμάτων, τὸ ἓν τι καὶ οὐχὶ τὰ ὅλα Δάκτυλον καλεῖ. Vid. St. Austin on Ps. viii. § 7. Didymus de Sp. Sancto, 20, 21.

Note 25. p. 346.

This alludes to Aristotle's character of the μεγαλόψυχος, Eth. Nic. 4, p. 1123, b. 31, Bekk.

Note 26. p. 348.

This is an attempt to give a literal interpretation of the words ידי נגרה in Ps. lxxvii. 2, taking the phrase to mean, that 'the hand runs down' with tears.

Note 27. p. 348.

St. Hilary takes the 138 (= 139th) Psalm to contain a deeper meaning than a mere description of the mysteriousness of a common man's conception, birth, &c.—an interpretation which had struck me before I read it in St. Hilary. His view of the Psalm is thus given by himself in some prefatory remarks: "Non est ambiguum quin in Psalmis de Eo scriptum sit (ex Luc. xxiv. 44). Nam tametsi plerumque in his talia sunt, ut ad personam Patriarcharum, Apostolorum et Martyrum generationis quoque primæ et generationis sequentis referri oporteant: tamen quia omnia in Christo et per Christum sunt, quicquid illud in Psalmis est, sub diversorum personis prophetarum omne de Ipso est: quia doctrina omnis diversis licet præceptorum generibus multiformis, hoc per diversos præstat, ut Ipse noscatur. Hæc nobis propter præsentem Psalmum commemoranda necessario fuerunt; ne forte improbabili auctoritate præsumsisse existimaremur, ut ad Personam Christi omnem hanc prophetiam ejus referremus." Of course, however, the common actions referred to, may be always types of something further. See Mr. Keble's Preface to his exceedingly accurate translation of the Psalms.

Note 28. p. 349.

I had in my mind, when writing this, some very impressive remarks of De Maistre du Pape, liv. iii. ch. 3, as to the Celibacy

of the Clergy, particularly his words, "Combien y-a-t-il de mariages irréprochables devant Dieu?"

NOTE 29. p. 351.

This is taken from Zach. ii. 8, where Jerome says, "Qui sanctos Domini tetigerit, sic est quasi vexare cupiat pupillam oculi ejus et Illum nititur clarâ luce privare de quâ loquitur in Evangelio, Vos estis Lux Mundi."

THE END.

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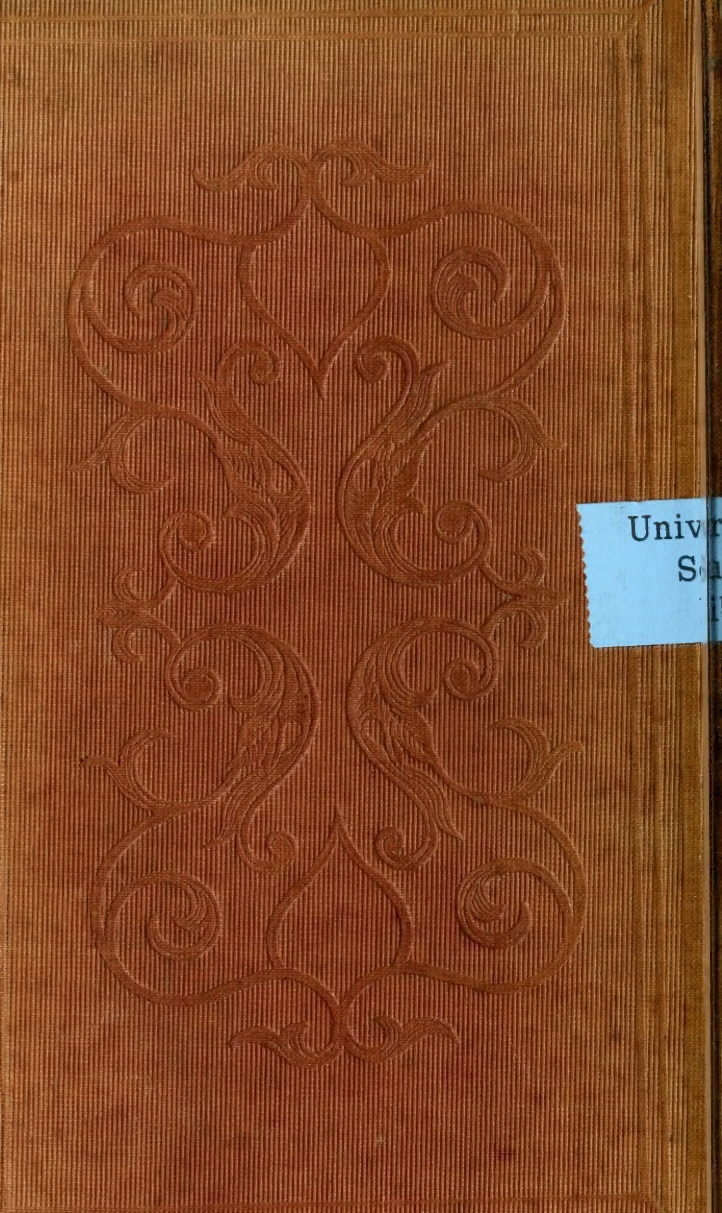
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